The Saturday Evening
POST
June 4, 1960 – 15¢

A VISIT WITH JASCHA HEIFETZ

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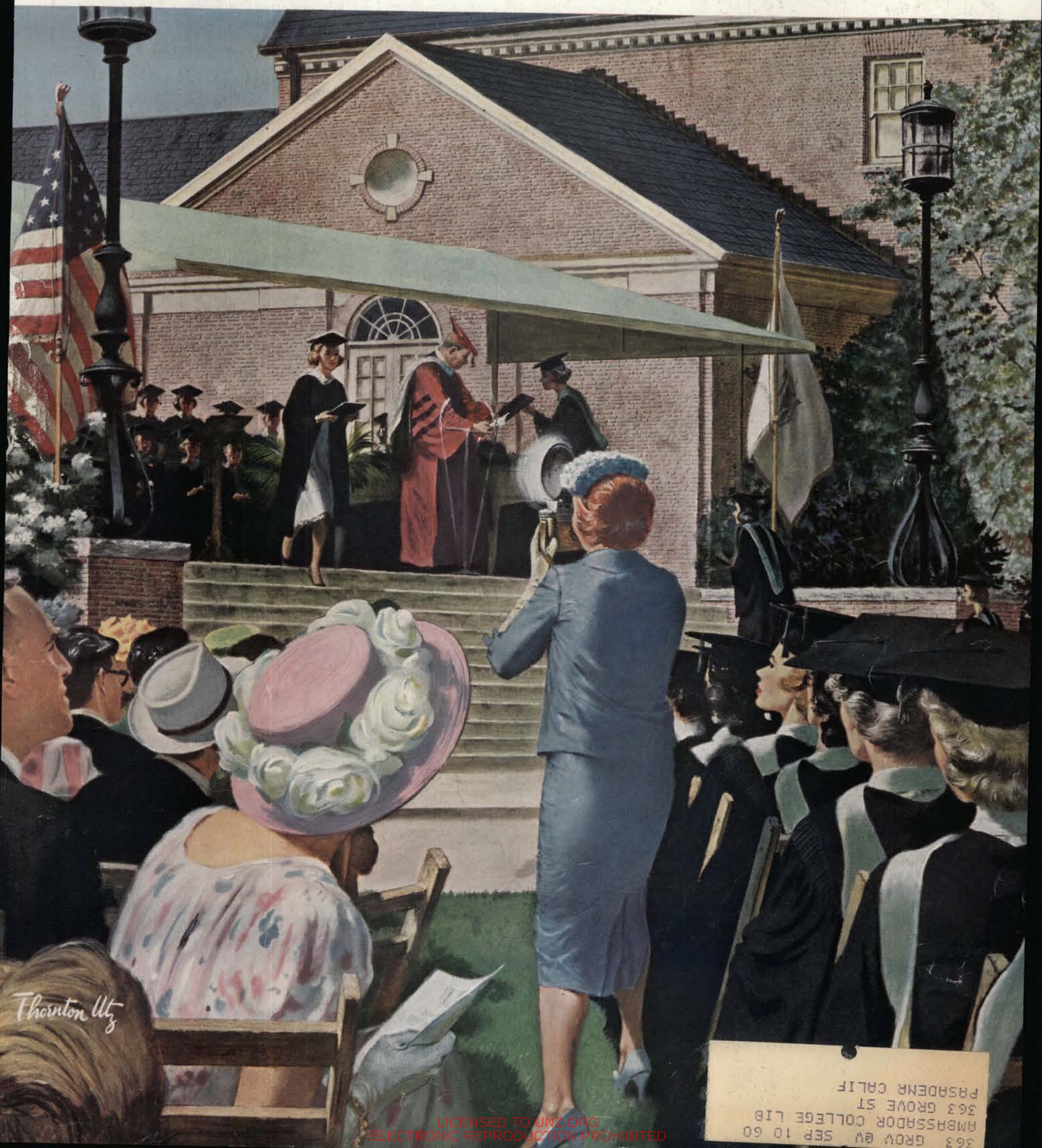

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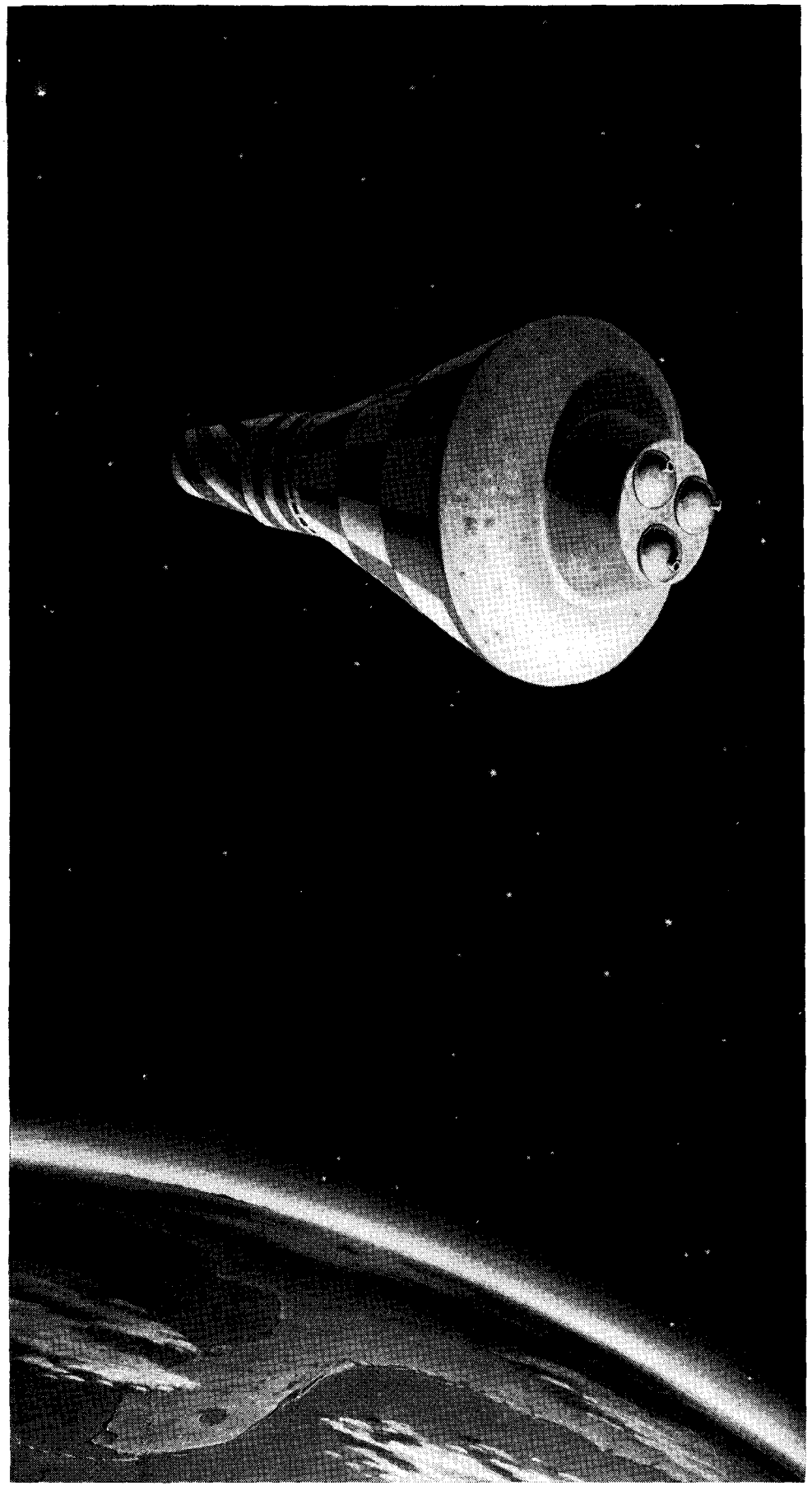
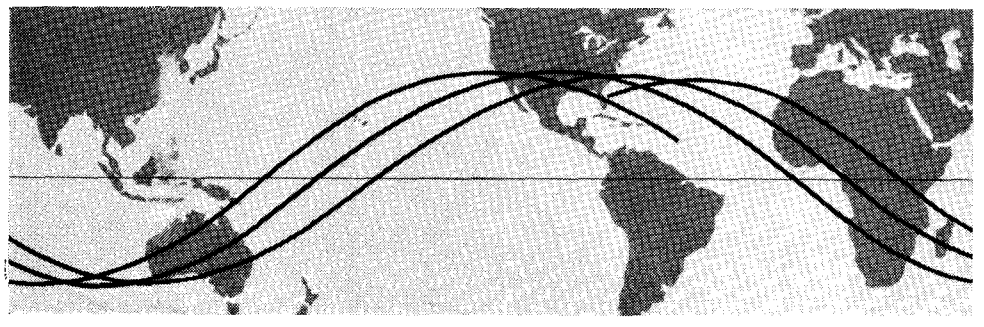


An artist's conception of the astronaut's capsule in orbit



Black lines represent expected orbits of the astronaut's capsule. Project Mercury ground stations will be close to the orbital path

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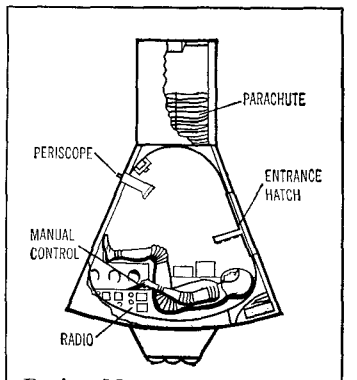
In all, 18 stations around the world are being constructed for the network, using existing radar and communication facilities where possible. The network's mission: to track and monitor the flight of the space capsule, transmit signals to its operating instruments, and provide a dependable voice channel between the astronaut and his colleagues on earth.

Creating communications systems for the space era which are as reliable as man can make them is familiar work for the Bell System. It's a natural development of the telephone system which serves you so well today, and will serve you still better in the future.



Project Mercury space capsule

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THE COVER

To the click of camera shutters and the ring of stirring oratory, some 400,000 students will step forward this spring to receive diplomas from the colleges and universities of our land, thus marking their return to earth from the lofty perch of the senior class. Tomorrow our cover ladies may be married, but today they're concentrating on becoming bachelors—of science and arts. Artist Thornton Utz's scene is Smith College, in Northampton, Massachusetts, where Congressman Chester Bowles will deliver the commencement address on June fifth. The congressman's daughter Sarah will be among the 500 young ladies receiving bachelor degrees, and Bowles' kinsfolk in the audience no doubt will be rising at appropriate moments, camera in hand, to record the event for posterity.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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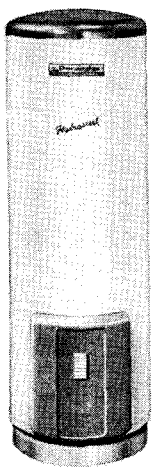

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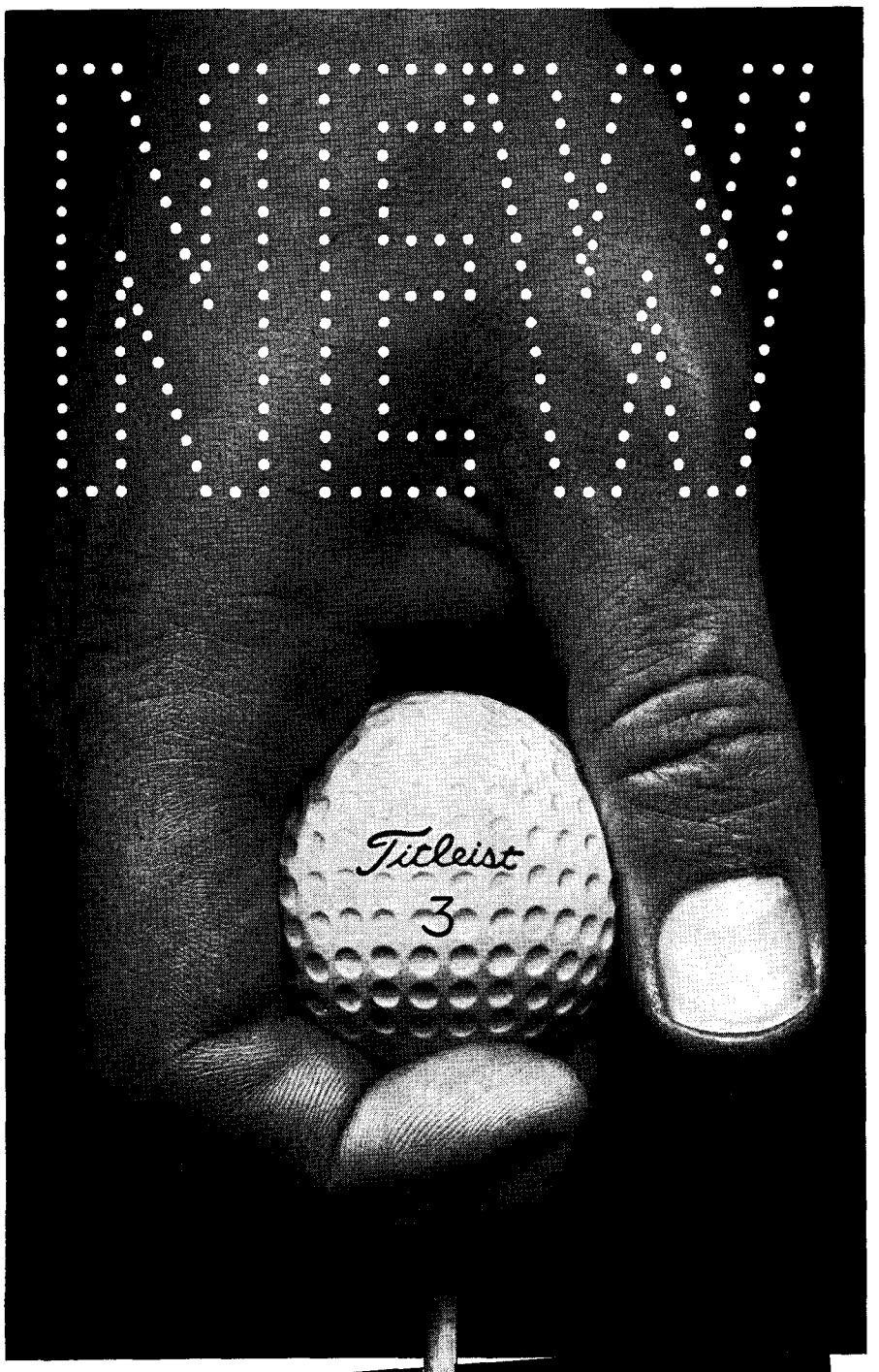

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And remember; no one is paid to play the Titleist!

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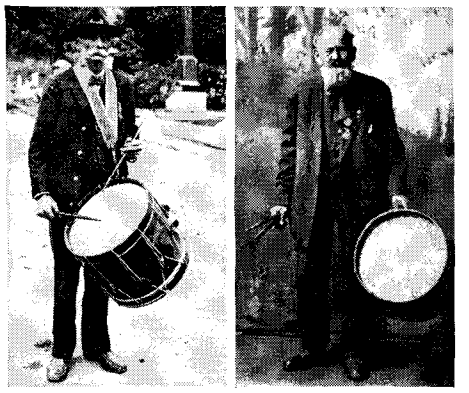
Letters

NO DEARTH OF DRUMMER BOYS

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH by Ray Bradbury [Apr. 30]. I enjoyed it especially because my grandfather, George Frederick Voeth, was a drummer boy in the Battle of Shiloh at the age of fourteen, like the boy in the story.

GRETCHEN V. DENT
Starke, Fla.



Dear Sirs:

There was a Drummer Boy of Shiloh [see photo, at left, above] and he spent the last years of his life at the Soldiers' Home in Sawtelle, California. . . . He was an amiable and friendly old fellow. Unfortunately I do not have his name.

LT. COL. E. O. SAWYER JR., *U.S.A., Ret.*
Hollywood, Calif.

P.S. I don't know his name because everyone always greeted him with, "How's the drummer boy?"

Dear Sirs:

The family has urged me to send you this picture of my grandfather, Sumner Flint Hartshorn [above, right], late of Lansing, Michigan, who *was* the Drummer Boy of Shiloh.

DOROTHY HARTSHORN NIELSEN
Bowness, Alberta

Dear Sirs:

Excitement reigns at our home, for the Drummer Boy of Shiloh was my grandfather, John J. Downey, of Whitewater, Wisconsin.

DON T. HACKBARTH
Grafton, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

The fictionalized Drummer Boy of Shiloh was in real life the late Gen. John L. Clem, United States Army, who was reputedly the youngest, and certainly one of the youngest, of Union soldiers.

He was born in August, 1851, and was less than eleven years old when he participated in the Battle of Shiloh in April, 1862.

L. B. MOODY
Washington, D.C.

From Our Arab Readers

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading your rather amusing article about the Middle East [THE MIDDLE EAST: EXPLOSIVE, ENIGMATIC, by James Morris, Apr. 30]. Yes, it is amusing because it shows me how ignorant and biased your writers can be.

I have been studying in the States for six years and have subscribed to twelve magazines and three newspapers and I have yet to see an honest, unbiased report about the Middle East. . . .

Just what do you want from us? Or in plain American, what is bugging you?

SABRI EL FARRA
U.C.L.A. Medical Center
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Thanks to James Morris—a man who can foresee—for his brilliant article on the Arabs. . . . Though I have some reservations toward some of his hints, predictions and implications, I cannot but compliment him for his honest attempt to understand the Arabs and for his deep insight.

SAMIH ABU-HAJAR, *an Arab student*
Glendale, Calif.

Big-Boys' Game

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations for a magnificent article, PILOTS AREN'T OBSOLETE YET [by Clay Blair Jr., Apr. 23]. Our present administration has done an excellent job of remodeling our budget, but it seems they have remodeled it for the Russians. Our Air Force is being turned into a muscle-bound freak.

GERRY TAYLOR
Eugene, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

It is a fine article, and Mr. Blair makes a strong case for the B-70 Valkyrie bomber. However, I am afraid that he puts the blame for the cancellation of the B-70 program in the wrong place. . . . Congress cannot be blamed. . . .

In response to a presidential budgetary directive, the Department of Defense "cut back" and "stretched out" the development program for the B-70 bomber to a point where it no longer represents any serious attempt as a weapons system.

CLAIR ENGLE
Committee on Armed Services
U. S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS:

THE B-70 HAS NOT BEEN CANCELED BY CONGRESS, BUT HAS BEEN SLOWED DOWN BY THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH. FUNDS APPROPRIATED BY CONGRESS FOR THE B-70 LAST YEAR ARE BEING WITHHELD FROM THE PROGRAM, AND A MUCH REDUCED B-70 PROGRAM IS PROPOSED IN THE PRESIDENT'S PENDING BUDGET. PLEASE CORRECT THE RECORD.

GEORGE H. MAHON, CHAIRMAN
DEFENSE APPROPRIATIONS
SUBCOMMITTEE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON, D.C.

● *The misstatement was not in Blair's article but in the subtitle, which Blair did not write.—ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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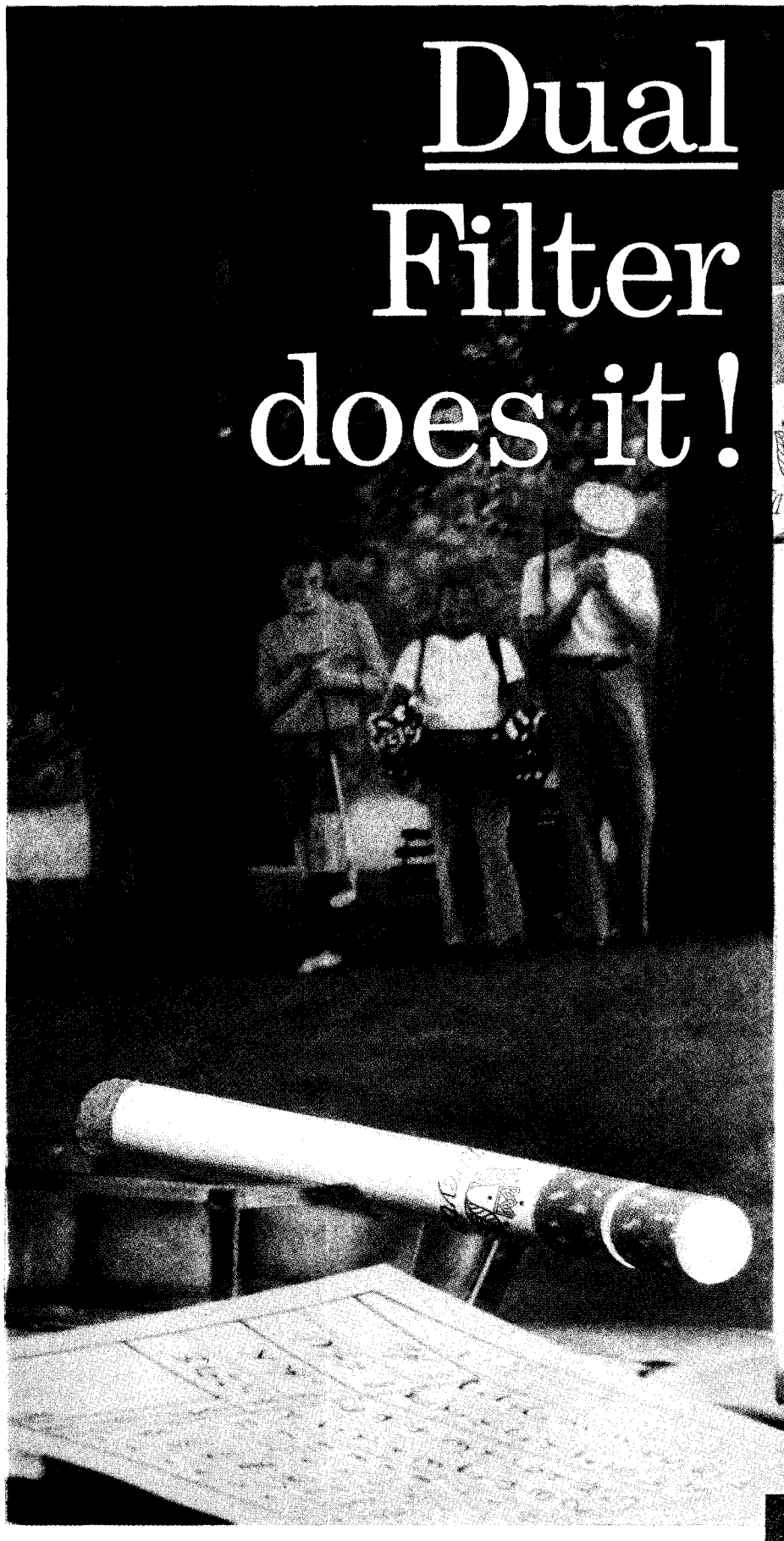
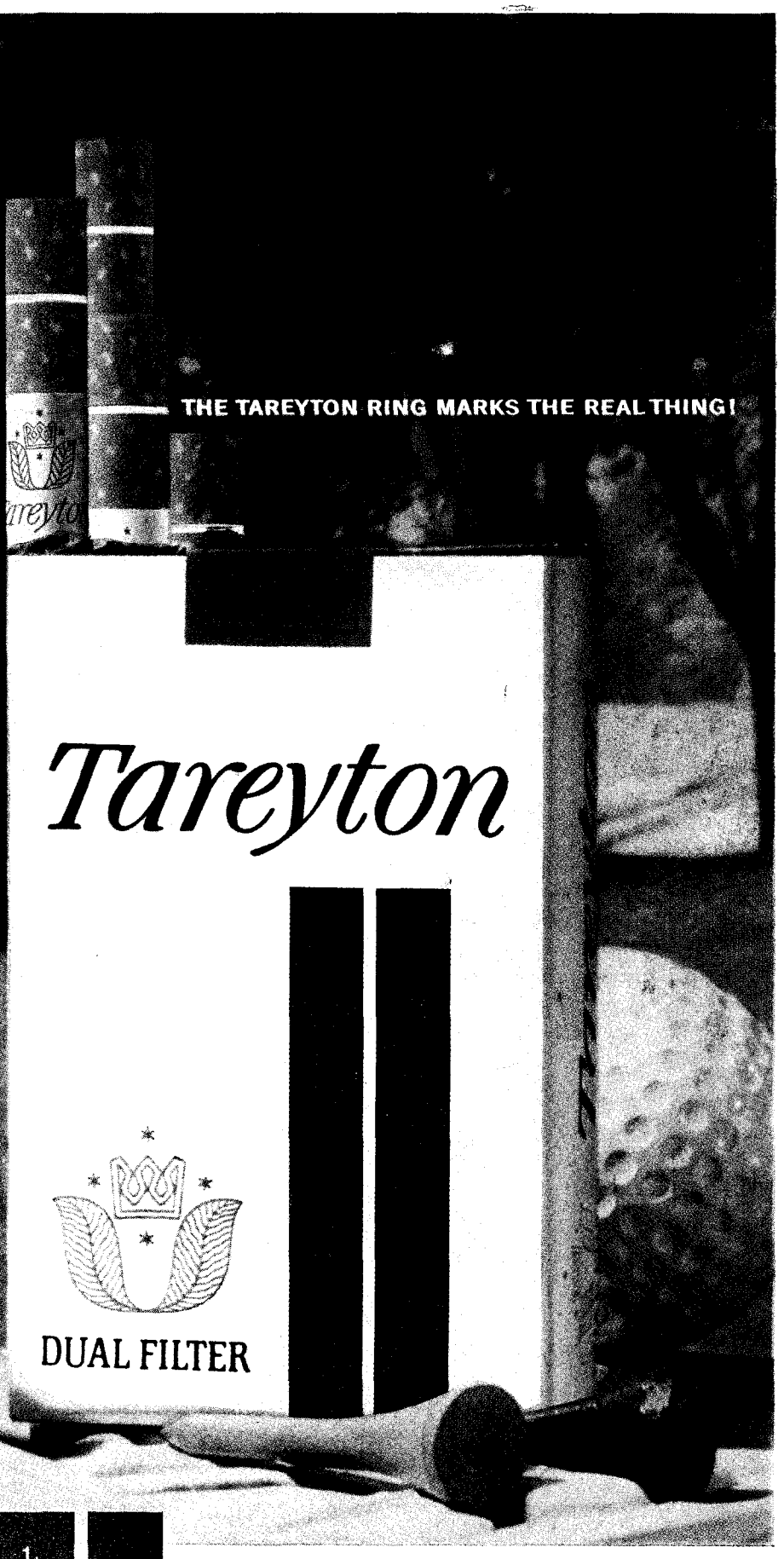
Dual Filter does it!





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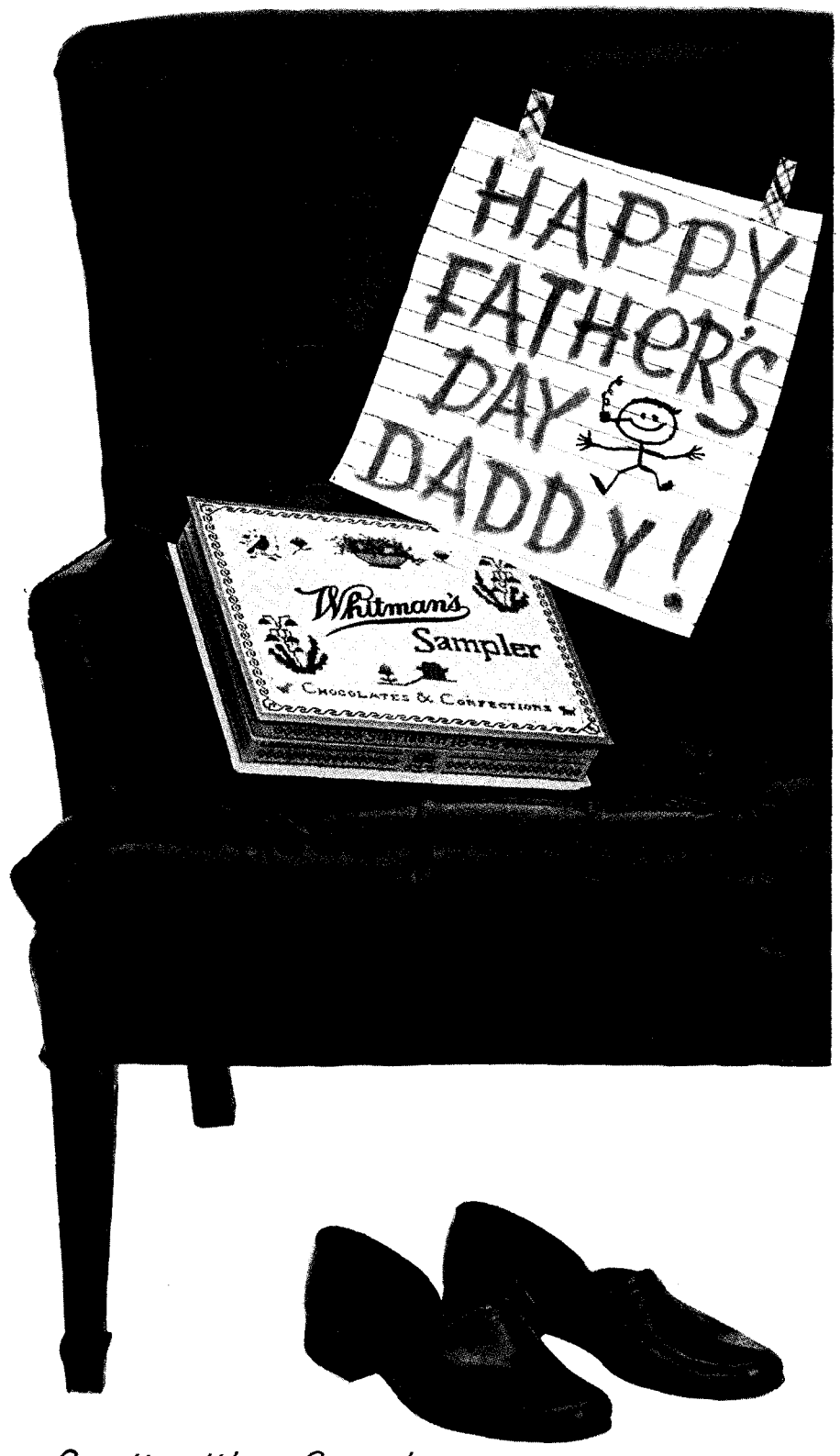

Say it with a Sampler

FATHER'S DAY

SUNDAY JUNE 19

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

Blair has performed a public service by bringing out the degree of subtlety and sophistication required for serious discussion of the problems of war and peace in this age.

A good deal of the confusion in the public debate over national defense lies in the fact that we are looking for cheap and easy answers to an expensive and complicated problem. . . . This is a big-boys' game and, if we can't afford to play, we'd better get the hell out.

JOHN F. LOOSBROCK, *Editor*
Air Force Space Digest
Washington, D.C.

Hugging and Kissing All Over the House

Dear Sirs:

The story HARD-LUCK GIRL by Stewart Toland [Apr. 23] is unusual, deep and quite beautiful.

The accompanying illustration is usual, superficial and quite pretty.

W. A. SIMPSON
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Is this author's vocabulary so inadequate that she found it necessary to commence 110 sentences with the word "and"?

RUBY GALETZKA
Whitehorse, Yukon

● *We count 112.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

And how about that story by Miss Toland? . . . And such power. And such beauty. And it's quite a story, if you like that style. And I don't. And I hope you didn't pay her by the word. For you would have surely taken a beating on all those "and's." And how!

JOHN M. WINKLER
Allston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

After I read HARD-LUCK GIRL (I can't believe it's fiction) I took a good look

around me and inside of me. I decided to quit griping about things that can't be helped, fix things that can, and to start appreciating my wonderful husband and all that I did have. You wouldn't believe the change! There is laughing, hugging, kissing, appreciating and loving all over the house.

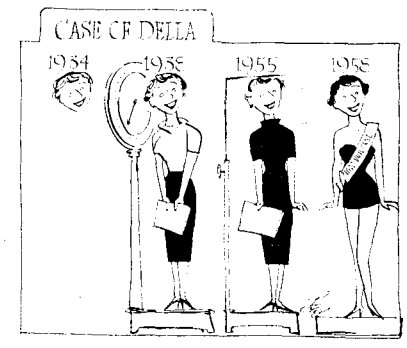
MRS. M. E. MORAN
Warren, Mich.

The Fascinating Case of P. Mason's Secretary

Dear Sirs:

It has been stated many times that Erle Stanley Gardner has never described the main characters of his Perry Mason stories. This is true except for Perry's secretary, Della Street. Over a period of years and many cases, I have pieced together a perfect description of her.

In THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG (1934) it states that her eyes are hazel. In THE CASE OF THE SHOPLIFTER'S SHOE (1938), weight one hundred and nine to one hundred and twelve pounds. In THE CASE OF THE SUN BATHER'S DIARY (1955), height five feet two and a half inches. In THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL (1958) the defendant who has brown



hair is identified in place of Della Street. In the same serial Perry states that Della has a figure like Miss Universe.

So there we have Della—brown hair, hazel eyes, five feet two and a half inches tall, one hundred and nine pounds, a terrific figure and her beauty referred to dozens of times.

In case you are wondering why I have taken so much time and effort to consolidate the above information, the fact that Perry Mason is my hobby will explain it all.

LOUISE BROWN
Los Angeles, Calif.

● *Thus enlightened, readers may begin the newest Perry Mason serial, on page 22.* —*ED.*

They've All Read It

Dear Sirs:

This is perhaps a little late to be commending you on your wonderful article of April 11, 1959, titled LOOKING FOR THE PROMISED LAND, by Bill Breisky. . . . Our organization has passed this article from member to member, until at last, after one year, we have managed to have it read by all. . . .

The article gives a true picture of the actual problems confronted by the Puerto Rican migrant to the United States. Brentwood, near Bay Shore, is the largest Puerto Rican community on Long Island. We too have been faced with problems. Articles such as this greatly help us in our continuous battle for equality. Thank you.

ELIZABETH GUANILL
North Bay Shore Taxpayers and Residents Committee
Bay Shore N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4 Two anonymous. • 19, 20, 21–Bern Keating. • 22, 23–James Bingham. • 24, 25–Larry Keighley. • 26, 27–Coby Whitmore. • 28, 29–Gus Pasquarella. • 30–Bob McGinnis. 31–U. S. Air Force. • 32–Two by Sid Avery; Culver. • 33–Sid Avery. • 34, 35–Earl Mayan. • 36–Eugene Kammerman. • 37–Mitchell Hooks. • 38, 39–Bill Shrout. 43–Larry Keighley. • 45–Austin Briggs. • 112–Andrew Pavlin; George F. Weld; From Marion Bell Wilhelm.

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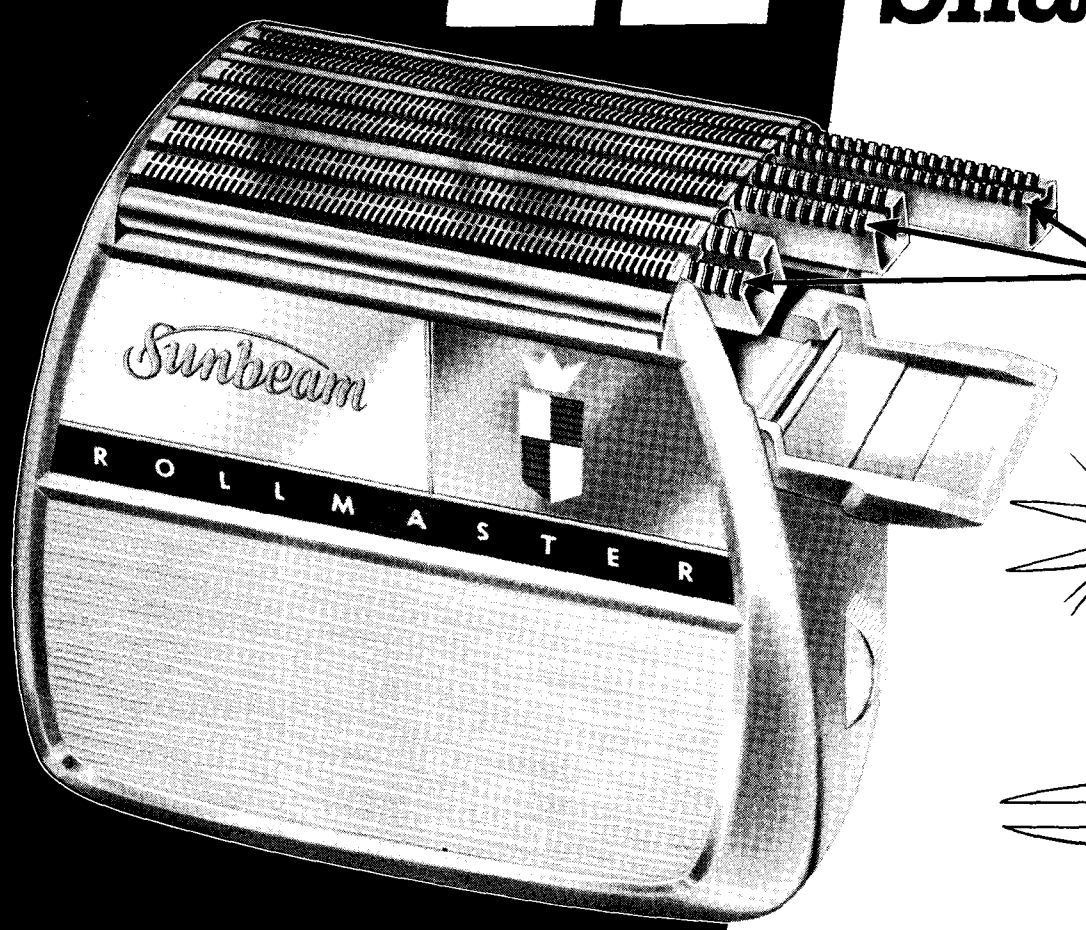

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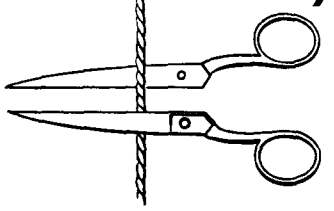

are like separated scissor blades — they aren't angled...can't cut as clean!

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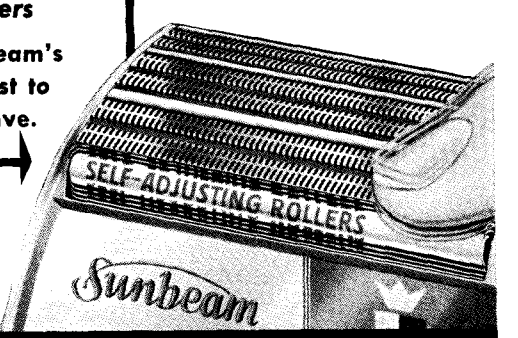

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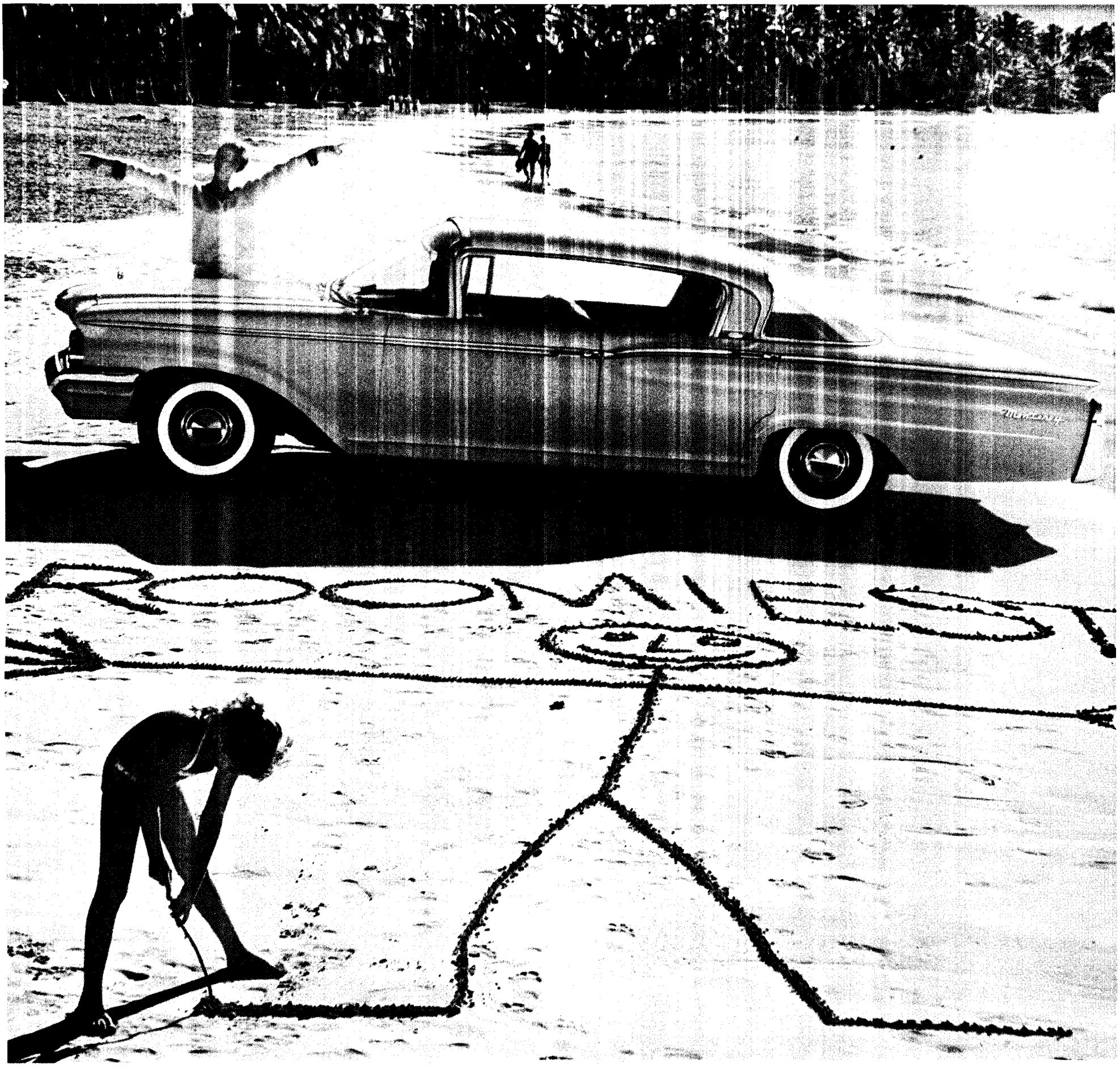

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Mercury out-values the other low-price cars: Mercury is up to 494 pounds heavier, with a 7- or 8-inch longer wheelbase—you get a smoother, steadier ride. And Mercury has far more body insulation—is quieter, more restful to drive. Mercury has extra value everywhere: up to 21% more visibility, 652 cubic inches more foot room, heavier bumpers, frame, and grille. So why take less? Mercury's big price reductions over last year add up to the hottest price and value story in the industry. See your Mercury dealer soon and get the *better* low-price car for less.

*Based on comparison of manufacturers' suggested 1960 retail base prices for lowest-priced V-8 models.

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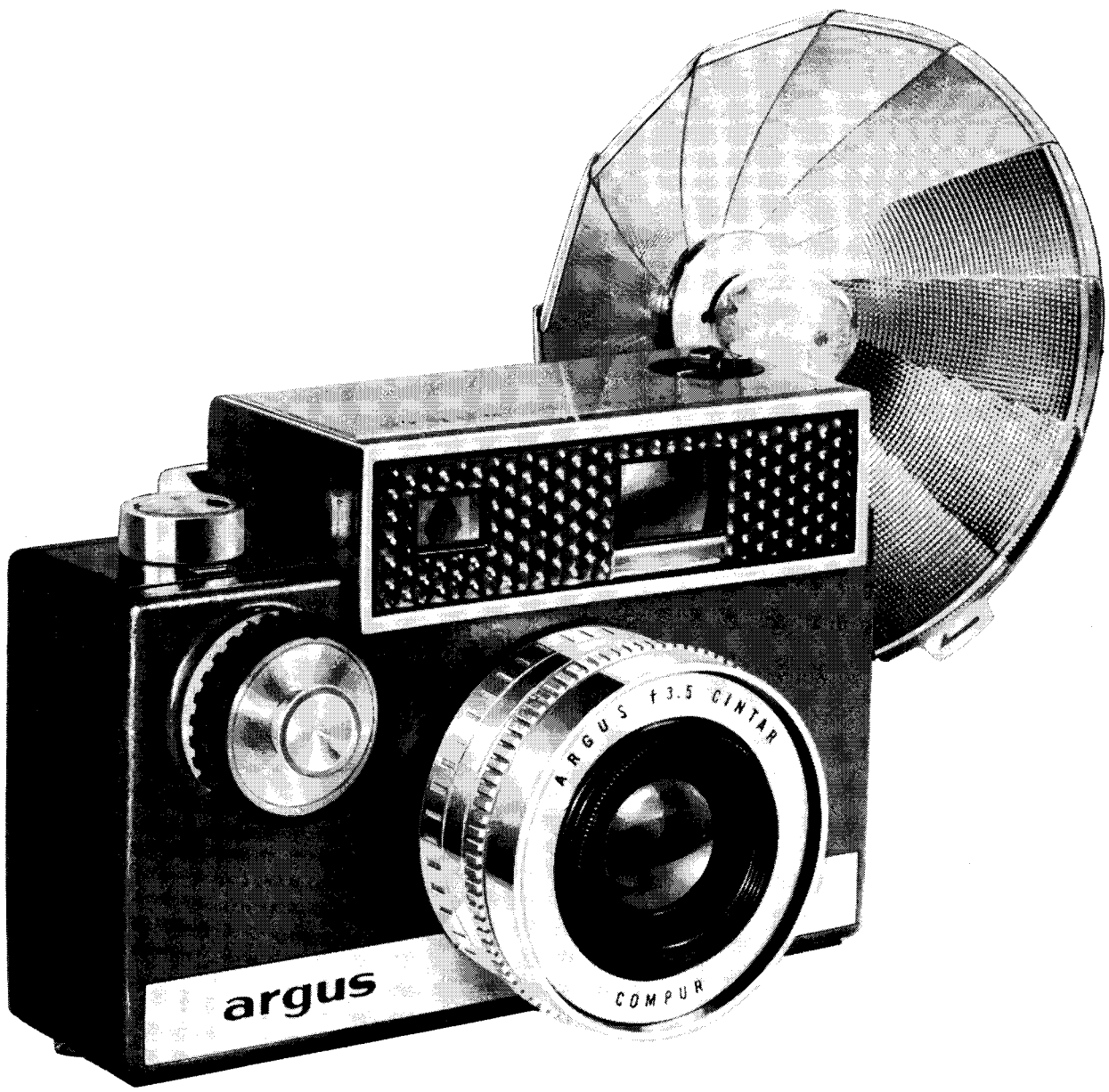

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Editorials

Latin America Has No Cause to Feel Neglected

It is routine to blame the United States for everything that goes wrong in Latin America. The current charge is "neglect."

When President Eisenhower visited Chile, a delegation purported to represent 25,000 university students greeted him with an open letter. Referring to the Marshall Plan and NATO, they complained that we extended this aid to Western European nations which needed it far less than the underdeveloped countries of Latin America. This was coupled, of course, with a warning that they might have to turn Communist in desperation.

The students ought to know better. When the Marshall Plan was launched in 1947, Western Europe lay in ruins, desperately in need of cash, credit and materials. What was the situation then in Latin America? A preliminary report by the newly established International Monetary Fund in December, 1946, summarized the position as follows: "United States exports are needed in Latin America to ease dollar oversupply and inflation. Most Latin-American nations are stuffed with dollars that cannot be spent."

Latin America had piled up huge credits in exchange for food and strategic materials furnished this country and the western allies at a time when we could ship them very little in return. It would have been senseless to propose a Marshall Plan for the Western Hemisphere, which had money, but wanted goods.

The goods were forthcoming, and the surplus dollars duly disappeared. If the epidemic of inflation was not checked and if the money was often put to unproductive uses, that was not our fault.

Furthermore, Latin America benefited largely from the recovery of Western Europe, which includes some of its oldest and best customers. In addition, like all the other countries of the free world, the Latin-American republics have had access to liberal financing by public and private institutions. The Export-Import Bank, the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (World Bank), the International Finance Corporation and the International Development Association are all available to any nation willing to meet their basic principles of sound banking.

Essentially a country borrowing from the World Bank, for example, must be in a position to show that it can repay the loan, and that the money will finance constructive, feasible programs designed to strengthen the country's economy. Obviously it is not easy to meet these conditions in nations with a tradition of unstable governments, irrational management and extensive corruption, not to mention the obsession that to expect the return of money loaned is sinister imperialism.

But the way is wide open for all countries willing to set their houses in order. That includes Latin America, most of whose responsible leaders recognize that 140 years of independence ought to be enough to warrant an adult attitude toward a world that isn't easy for anybody.

The Best Place to Store Surplus Water Is in the Ground

Lamentation over our shrinking national water supply suggests the need for a tighter analysis of the crisis. Until now the customary approach to the problem has been the study of visible fluid-in-the-mass, in tanks, lakes, reservoirs or rivers. Using this type of calculation, one engineer predicts that in the year 2000 we shall be "consuming all available fresh water." This would indeed be alarming.

Actually water, under scientific management, is used over and over again. Its usefulness depends upon how far it travels, performing useful functions as it goes. It isn't a one-shot gimmick, ending with its "consumption." Our most vital water supply is mostly invisible, in the form of vapor, underground veins, topsoil moisture and the liquid content of vegetable and animal life.

The underground water-storage capacity of the nation is equal to eight times the annual precipitation and two and one half times the capacity of the Great Lakes. Two questions arise: How do you put water into the ground? How do you get it out again for practical use? Nature took care of the first question before the plow came to hasten runoff. Water-retarding practices, such as terracing, contour furrowing, revegetation, reforestation, help repair the damage.

Water stored in the ground can be readily recovered by pumping, or through the action of springs and their flow into clear, ground-filtered streams, protected from the evaporation which attacks surface water. A typical instance of the latter process is the Little Monument Creek of Western Oklahoma, which, with only ten square miles of conservation-treated watershed, even in drought, produces clear water usually sufficient for a city of 12,000.

Sandstone Creek in the western edge of the state, in a watershed scourged alternately by flood and drought, now produces a constant stream sufficient to take care of a city of 25,000, according to L. L. Males, past president of the Oklahoma Bankers Association. A farmers' conservation program accounts for the tremendous change.

Blind acceptance of the water-in-the-mass concept, contrasted with modern conservation techniques, is cited by an irate but highly intelligent Pittsburgher. He contends that the proposed spending of $119,000,000 for the gigantic Kinzua dam in Western Pennsylvania is predicated on an obsolete 1928 plan and that better ways have since been devised.

Despite conventional opposition, use of the ground as storage is not new. Even in California, with its conspicuous surface impoundments, 60 per cent of all irrigation water is now pumped from the ground. Water in the topsoil, to nurture food crops, is, of course, the magic fluid that means survival for everybody who eats. What we must do is to keep the water we get as long as possible where it will do most good. Therein lies survival. The national problem, to a large extent, is not so much concerned with water measurement as by the far-reaching management of "little waters."

By Soviet Standards Our Poor Teachers Live Life of Riley

In the barrage of complaints about the hard lot of our teachers, one sometimes wonders whether they realize how well off they are compared with, say, teachers working under the Soviet system.

Take tenure, for example. In his *Inside Russia Today*, John Gunther points out that in Russia university teachers are hired for five-year periods, but are dropped without ceremony if their work doesn't measure up. "There is no such thing as permanent academic tenure in the Soviet Union," reports Mr. Gunther. What would the American Association of University Professors think of that one? But in matters more important than pay or tenure, teachers under the Soviet system have a tough time of it. A recent report by a special committee of the World Confederation of Organizations of the Teaching Profession, concerning East German teachers, provides a shocking example.

The report, distributed in this country by the National Education Association, is based on interviews with some 40,000 teachers who have been expelled from Soviet East Germany since 1945 and thousands more who have come over to the West voluntarily as refugees. It cites a resolution of the all-powerful Politburo of the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party of Germany, which says the main job of East German schools is to "train patriots . . . who will keep eternal friendship with the Soviet Union." That's the main pitch—at the time when some American teachers reserve the "civil right" to emphasize the defects of their own country.

German teachers under Communist control have to act as informers on their own pupils and the pupils' parents. They are required to teach atheism, to influence children to reject confirmation in Christian churches, to teach pupils disrespect for human rights. Nor is the Communist teachers' union of any help to them. "The teachers' union is a part of the state and party apparatus," the confederation report says.

Obviously American teachers, even under the worst conditions, have much to be thankful for.

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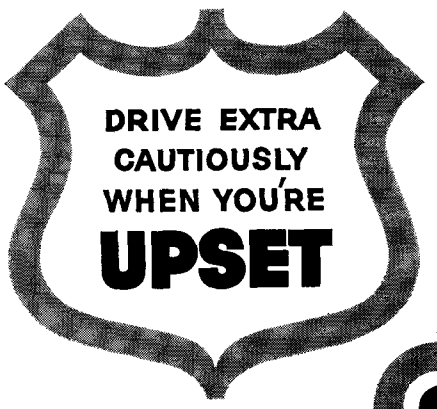

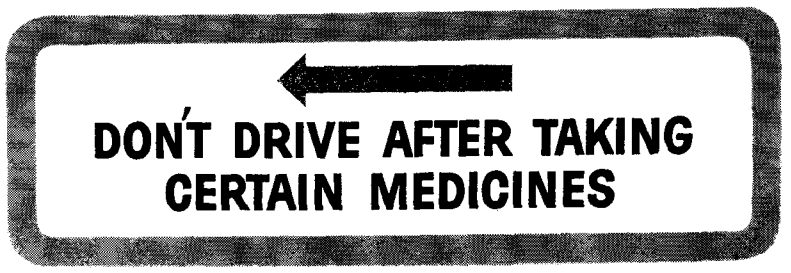

Traffic signs you don't see

...but should always remember

The "traffic signs" shown here are as important to your safety as the familiar ones posted along our streets and highways. Let's consider these "signs" and how they could help you avoid accidents.

Drive extra cautiously when you're upset. When you're worried or upset, you may not give the alert attention to driving that today's highway conditions require. This is the cause of many needless accidents. Emotional stability is as important as any single factor in maintaining traffic safety.

Be sure your eyes are all right. Have your eyes examined regularly. If you notice changes in vision between examinations, see your doctor for another eye test. To reduce eye strain, wear properly fitted sunglasses, but take them off after dark.

Never drive after drinking. No driver can take much alcohol without becoming a potential menace to himself and to others. Always remember that alcohol and gasoline are a dangerous combination!

Stop when you feel tired. Driver fatigue plays a part in many accidents, especially those that occur at night. With increasing fatigue, driver efficiency falls, until finally, nodding at the wheel results. Accidents that occur when the driver is dozing are generally very serious ones.

Don't drive after taking certain medicines. Sedatives may dull your reflexes; tranquilizers can cloud your judgment. Ask your doctor about the side effects of drugs, including antihistamines and cold tablets.

On long drives, take turns at the wheel. Share the driving with others—or stop now and then for a rest or refreshment. Prolonged driving—and its attendant eye, muscular and nervous strain—can impair your efficiency without your being aware of it. It's wise for drivers to rest every two hours on long trips.

Drive only when you're physically and mentally fit, and keep both hands on the wheel—for your own safety and that of your fellow motorists.

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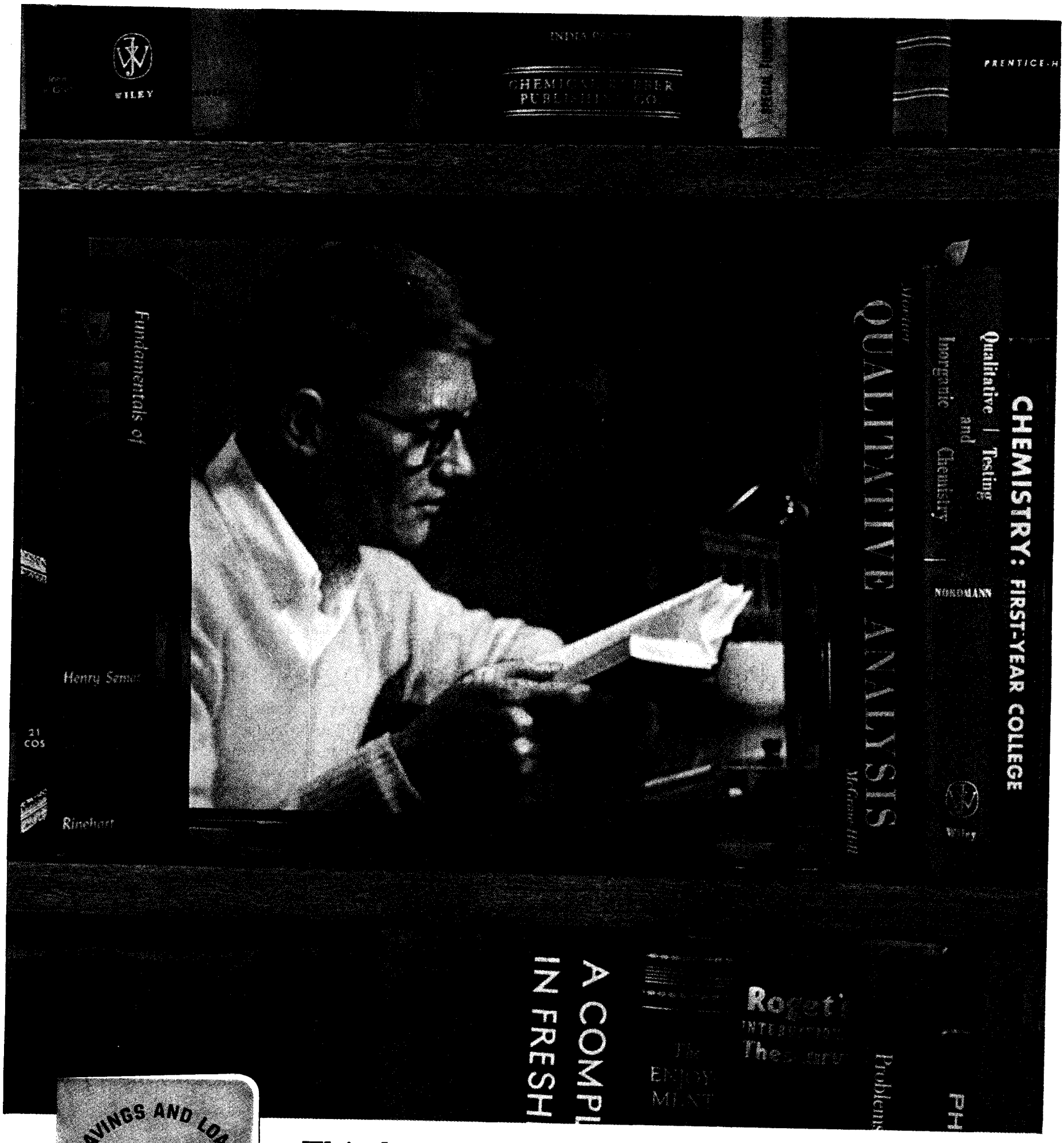

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Dow announces a major *automotive development*

USE OF WATER OR ANTIFREEZE CHALLENGED BY NEW PRODUCT

DOWGARD*

World's first year 'round cooling system fluid

New scientific formulation replaces water in summer, antifreeze in winter. Stops rust and corrosion damage, protects against freezing and overheating for 12 full months. Offers new concept of carefree motoring – summer and winter. Should be installed now for immediate benefits!

If you value performance and economy, you will want to have this new product from Dow installed in your cooling system immediately.

You see, ordinary water—even with the addition of antifreeze or a rust inhibitor—can cause rust and corrosion in your cooling system. This can lead to poor gas mileage, ping, knock, reduced heater-defroster efficiency. And, if left unchecked, burned valves, warped cylinders and heads can result.

New concept—Complete fill

However, now you can end worrisome cooling system problems by having DOWGARD cooling system fluid installed in your car. It is a complete formulation, a new blend of protective chemicals and specially treated de-ionized water. DOWGARD fills the cooling system completely from top to bottom. Nothing else is added—no water, antifreeze or rust inhibitors!

Lasts one full year

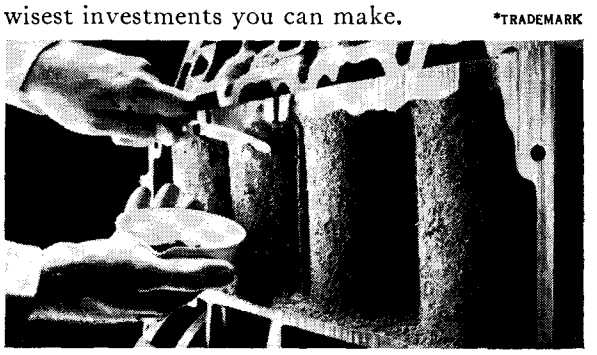
DOWGARD protects from 240°F. above zero to 40°F. below. It is the only year 'round coolant you can buy. It prevents overheating in summer, freezing in winter.

Why now? Stops summer rust

Rust and corrosion can form many times faster in summer than in winter. This is particularly true when old antifreeze is left in the cooling system. The only sure way to prevent this damage, and the trouble it brings, is to have DOWGARD cooling system fluid installed in your car *now*.

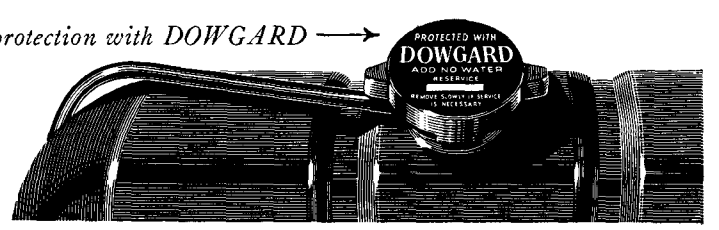
Sold only at service dealers

Get DOWGARD at your regular service dealer and enjoy the equivalent of a sealed cooling system for one full year. It's a premium product that gives your car the protection it deserves—one of the wisest investments you can make. *TRADEMARK



If left unchecked, rust coating on cylinder walls can clog water passages.

This blue cap is your symbol of complete 12-month protection with DOWGARD →



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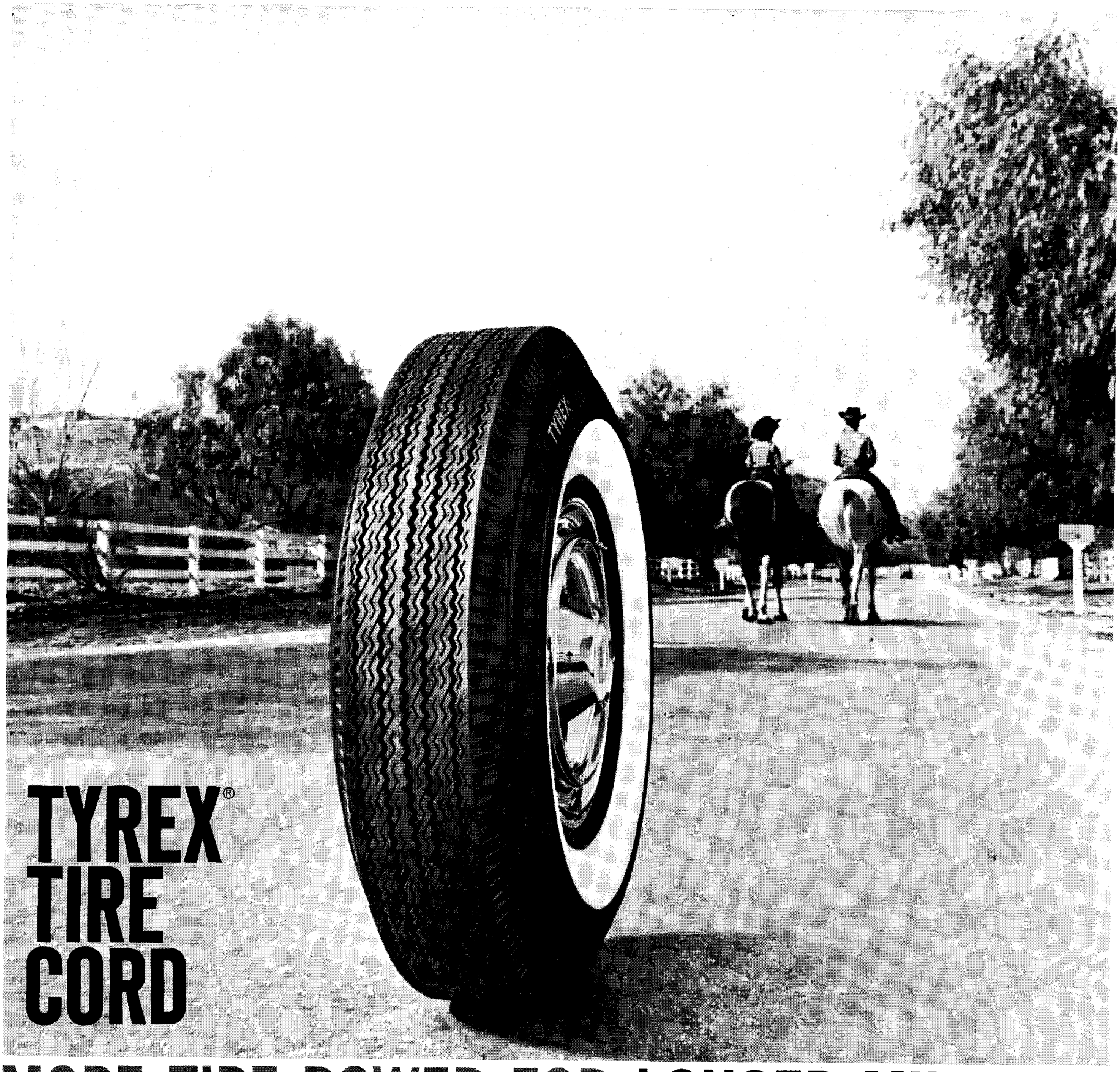

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1. Designed for better service—Tested on taxis, trucks, all models of passenger cars, tires with TYREX cord regularly give best mileage—are less affected, too, by water and moisture.

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3. More resistant to impacts—Tires made with TYREX cord meet impacts with MORE TIRE POWER—*as proven by test!* Subjected to brutal abuse in tests especially designed to measure strength, tires with TYREX cord proved better able to withstand impacts—showed *more* all-around stamina.

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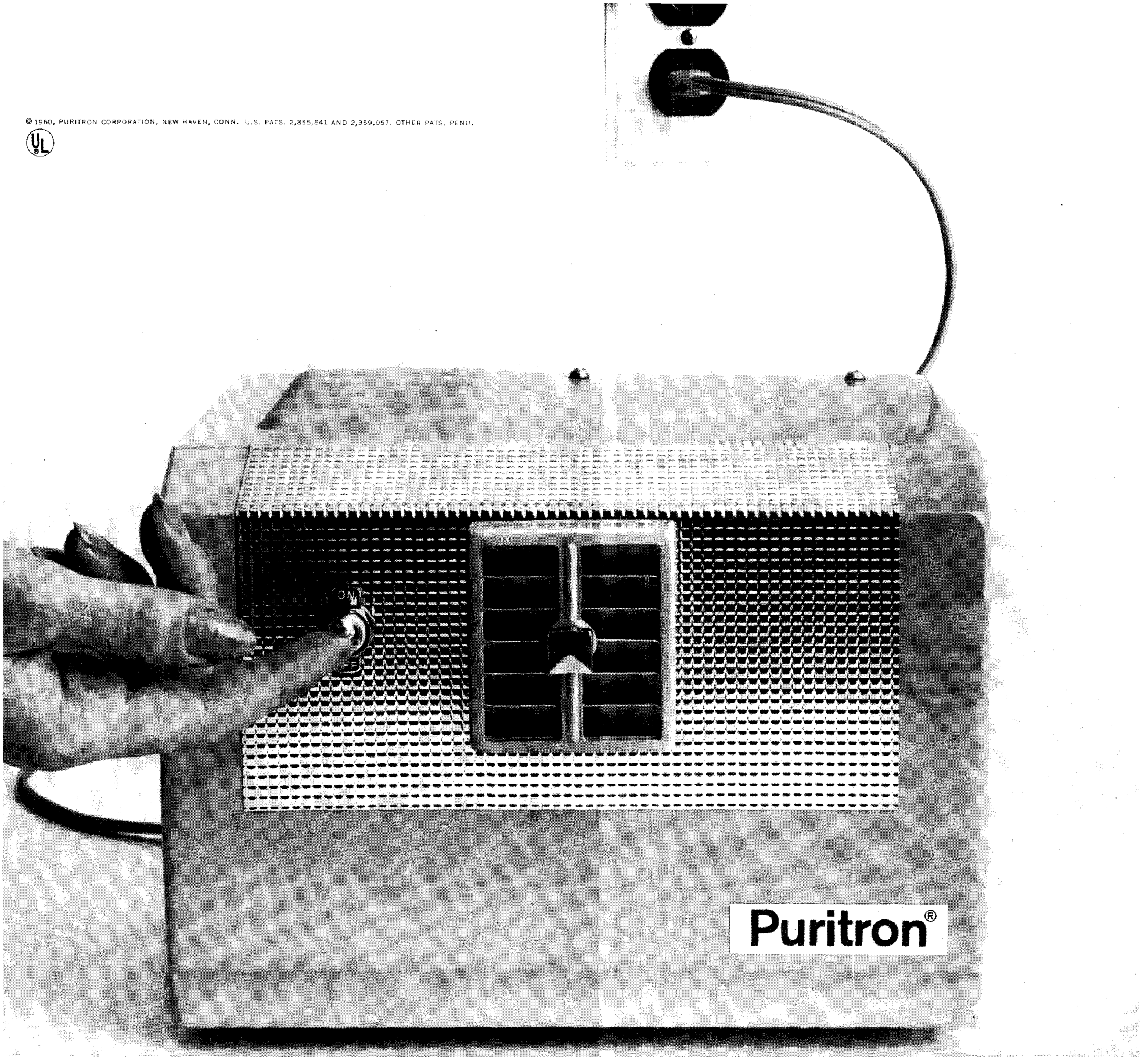

Switch on this electronic miracle—breathe purer, fresher air in minutes.

The Puritron® works electronically to help rid the air of dust-pollen, odors, and smoke

"But does it really work?" That is a question people always seem to be asking about the Puritron. You can't blame them. It does seem incredible that a portable machine no bigger than a radio can do so much for the air in a 15 ft. by 15 ft. room.

But if you could only read the stacks of letters we get up here in New Haven, it would convince you better than all our words.

For instance, a man in New Jersey writes that he found air filled with smoke and dust so annoying, he kept looking for an answer. Then one day he heard a famous radio personality tell how Puritron helps clear polluted air. Frankly, he didn't believe it. But he thought it was certainly worth a try.

"I can only say," he writes, "that the air in our bedroom seems as fresh as the air in the mountains."

The funny thing is, you will probably find the Puritron works even better than we say.

We know, for instance, that it is remarkably effective in any kitchen. It pulls cooking smoke right out of the air. It soaks up the most pungent cooking odors—even onions, garlic, and cabbage.

As a woman with a tiny inside kitchen writes, "There isn't a cooking smell in the house, not even when I fry bacon!" (She can't understand how the Puritron works in an unventilated room, without windows. But it does.)

But we didn't know about grease, until another woman wrote that she didn't have to have her kitchen repainted. There were no yellow grease stains! Sure enough, we found the Puritron actually "inhales" grease particles before they can stain kitchen walls.

We also make the Puritron in a range hood. And our Puritron Range Hood is getting fan letters, too.

"We were pleased only two screws put it up," writes one mother, "and we didn't have to open our walls for vents. It works better than any other range hood, and we've seen them all."

And so it goes. You might want to know the Puritron starts at $39.95 and Puritron Range Hoods at $79.95. Any department, appliance, or drug store near you should have them. If not, write: Puritron Corp., New Haven, Conn.

Does it work? Just plug it in and see.

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You can prevent most highway troubles,
give your family an enjoyable vacation with far greater safety
by making sure all is in readiness before you go

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it's a pretty cool customer who won't warm up to this wagon!

Where else will you find a wagon that adapts so handily and handsomely to almost anything you want to do? Whether you're toting a noisy tribe of youngsters to a Fourth of July picnic or just heading off by yourself with nothing but a cargo of summer breezes frolicking between you and the roll-down rear window, these new Chevrolets are beautifully, dutifully built to suit your needs. You have your choice of five wagon models with the widest seating, widest cargo area and widest selection of engines and transmissions in the low-price field. Check your dealer and see how convenient he can make it for you (and your budget) to be in one by vacation time.

Roomier Body by Fisher *with a lower and narrower transmission tunnel that gives more foot room.*

Pride-pleasing style (*you'll like the way it combines good looks with good sense—that convenient one-piece tailgate, for instance*).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 *gets up to 10% more miles on a gallon of regular while giving you the "git" Chevy's famous for.*

Shift-free Turboglide*— *Chevy's the only car in its field with an automatic transmission that eliminates even a hint of a shift.*

Hi-Thrift 6 (*no other 6 has this one's knack of combining gas economy with dollar-saving dependability*).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (*with the extra cushioning of newly designed butyl body mounts, you get the kind of ride you'd expect only in the most expensive makes*).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (*designed for surer stops with less pedal pressure*). **Optional at extra cost.*

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

I'LL NEVER LEAVE MY TOWN

By HODDING CARTER

For nearly twenty-five years I have been the editor and publisher of the *Delta Democrat-Times*, a daily newspaper in Greenville, Mississippi, a community of some 50,000 in the flat, fertile Yazoo-Mississippi Delta.

This fact is more satisfying than surprising to me. But many friends and well-wishing strangers elsewhere in our country tell me, with an admixture of sympathy and indignation, that they can't understand the how or the why of it. They are especially commiserative when a Mississippi legislature resolves that I am anti-Southern and a liar; when a state legislative investigating committee proclaims that I am Red tainted; or when our most powerful figure in state politics, the elderly speaker of the House of Representatives, intones publicly that I am unfit to mingle in decent Southern society.

My reassuring answers vary. Sometimes I point out that politicians and newspapermen are not natural allies. But mostly I tell them that whatever the spiritual, mental or democratic climate elsewhere in my state or the South or the nation, it is my happy lot to live in an oasis. Greenville was already an oasis when I came here from my native Louisiana. It is even more an oasis now.

A Pulitzer prize-winning newspaper editor tells why his adopted home town is an oasis of hopefulness during these troubled times for the South.

The author and his wife, Betty, at home. They live just outside the city limits of Greenville, Mississippi.

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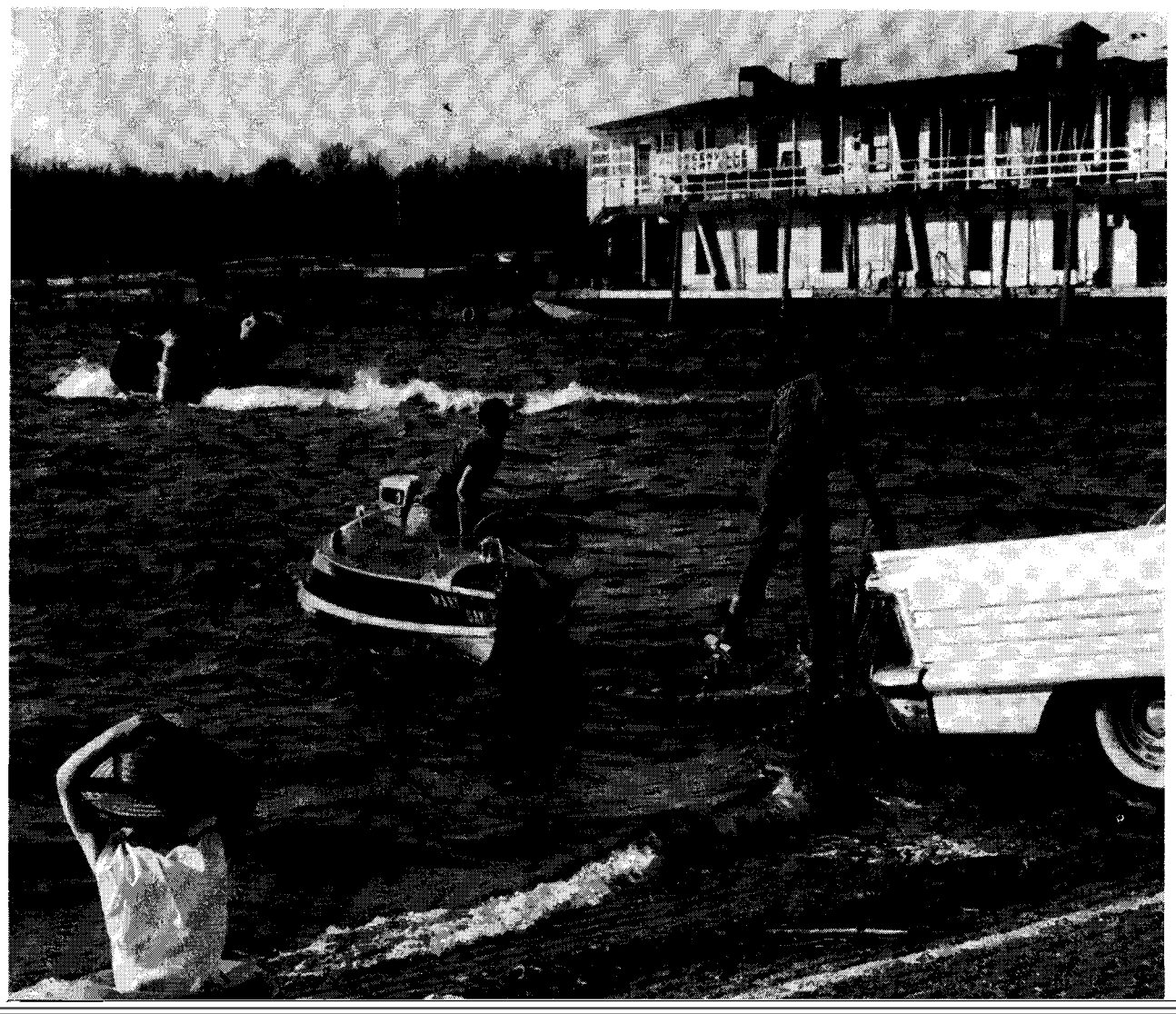
Hodding Carter (left) and his son, Hodding III, in the newsroom of the *Delta Democrat-Times*, of which young Hod is now the managing editor. Sports editor Charles Kerg, right, has been with the paper 47 years.



So this is an unabashed account of why one man loves his town and why he knows it to be all but unique in a sad, arid time of regional travail. I would like to begin with four lines of a poem written about Greenville by the late William Alexander Percy, a gentle, courageous aristocrat and gifted poet. He also was one of the eight Greenvillians who in 1935 invited me to establish a competing newspaper in their town and backed up their invitation with cash to match my own. This is what Will Percy wrote.

> The river town that water oaks
> And myrtles hide and bless,
> Has broken every law except
> The law of kindliness.

So, first I will tell of the kindliness and a rare toleration, a respect for the dissenter and the dissimilar, which are the spiritual hallmarks of my town. These are the qualities which have made it possible for us to go our own way in Greenville—happily, hopefully and profitably.

Eight out of ten of Greenville's citizens are Protestants. In the past thirty years we have had only two city judges, each serving by appointment of our city council. One is Emmet Harty, an Irish-American Catholic who voluntarily resigned ten years ago. The second is Earl Solomon, a Jew. They epitomize a religious harmony concerning which I can cite many an example—such as the dinner meeting a few years back at which some thirty Protestant and Jewish citizens raised more than $20,000 to help our Catholic fellow citizens complete their new parochial high school; the ten consecutive years when Catholics and Protestants united to contribute an average of $5000 a year to the United Jewish Appeal; the year the Methodists worshiped in the Greenville Synagogue while their own new church was abuilding.

I have personal verification. Through all our years in Greenville the *Delta Democrat-Times* has been a controversial newspaper. No matter what else the morning mail may bring, there will be some letters giving me unshirted hell. An unending spate of political candidates have found it useful to make our newspaper and me their favorite whipping boys—I am "a nigger-loving, Yankeefied Communist" who advocates "the mongrelization of the race"; the *Democrat-Times* is "owned by a millionaire Northern Negro" who uses me as his mouthpiece; my office is "the secret headquarters of the N.A.A.C.P." It has even been said—oh, slander of slanders—that I am Yankee born, and conversely that I was "run out of Louisiana." It has also been said that my home is a haven for visiting subversives from Europe, Africa, Asia and New York City, that our editorial support of any candidate is proof positive that he is a radical, a liberal or, current in Mississippi the dirtiest word of all, a moderate.

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fraternity gave my name to their newly organized chapter. The very day last winter when the legislative investigating committee encouraged a professional witness to link me with Communist-front organizations, I addressed high-school students on flora and fauna of darkest Africa.

The next day, twenty-five citizens of Greenville—including our four incoming members of the legislature, Greenville's only lieutenant general, our rabbi and the chancery-court judge—joined in a public statement of confidence in my patriotism and, more meaningfully, denounced the smear tactics. The board of directors of the Rotary club reacted similarly. Three weeks later I was re-elected senior warden of St. James Episcopal Church. My wife is, or has been, president of just about every woman's organization in Greenville—garden clubs, P.T.A.'s, church auxiliary, study clubs, music associations and the like—despite the repeated calls from clarion voices elsewhere in the state calling for our "ostracism."

Ostracism—during our prolonged Christmas season we even yearn to be ostracized a little, for the Delta celebrates Christmastime in a fantastically thorough manner which leaves us weak from an almost endless succession of cotillions, debutante balls, eggnog gatherings, duck-hunt breakfasts and rounds of visiting.

To be more practical, there has not been a year in which the circulation of our newspaper hasn't increased. If my books sold as well elsewhere as they do in my home town, many a bookseller would be happy. And all this happens during a tragic, frustrating interval in the life of the nation, when the American genius for honest compromise seems dead.

I am certain that Greenville's nonwhite population, nearly one half of the total, is not as contented to live in Greenville as I am. As the black man in the South draws nearer abreast of the white, the two move farther apart. Yet I believe that the Negroes of Greenville would rather live here than in any other place I know (Continued on Page 58)

Crossing guard Neely Strickland with children of the all-Negro Sacred Heart parochial school. "Segregation is a fact in Greenville," says the author, "and will remain a fact for a long, long time to come. Yet, I do believe that the Negroes of Greenville would rather live here than any other place I know of in Mississippi, or indeed in the South."

FBI-trained Chief Bill Burnley, addressing members of the Greenville police force, which includes four Negroes. There are only three other towns in the entire state of Mississippi which employ Negro law-enforcement officers.

Greenville High School's unusually large library. The Chinese-American students seated at the table live in a segregated section of town but they attend school with the whites.

Residents of Greenville and nearby Leland built this playhouse for members of the Twin City Theater Guild, shown here removing props after a rehearsal.

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Stepping inside the workshop, Muriell was shocked to find the floor covered with money. Then she saw the sinister red stain.

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The Case of the Duplicate Daughter

Beginning a new Perry Mason mystery

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The evidence pointed to murder, but one thing was missing... the victim.

Muriell Gilman, moving from the dining room into the kitchen, was careful to hold the swinging door so it wouldn't make noise and disturb her stepmother, Nancy Gilman, who usually slept until noon, or Nancy's daughter, Glamis, whose hours were highly irregular.

Muriell's father, Carter Gilman, was hungry this morning and had asked for another egg and a slab of the homemade venison sausage. The request was unusual, and Muriell felt certain the order would be countermanded if she only gave her father an opportunity to reconsider, so she had hesitated over actually starting to warm up the frying pan; but after it appeared her father not only definitely did want the added food but was growing impatient at the delay, she eased through the swinging door and turned on the top right-hand burner of the electric range, leaving her father trying to conceal his impatience by pretending to be engrossed in the morning paper.

It was a huge, old-fashioned, three-story house in which they lived. Muriell had been born in this house, knew its every nook and corner and loved it. There were times when she felt a qualm at the idea of Nancy's occupying her mother's bedroom, but that was when Nancy wasn't physically present. There was something about Nancy, a verve, an originality, a somewhat different way of looking at things, that made her distinctive and colorful. One could never resent Nancy Gilman in the flesh.

The sausage, which had been frozen, took a little longer to cook than she had anticipated. Having delayed starting to cook it until her father had shown signs of impatience, she had then put the egg in a frying pan that was a little too hot. As soon as she saw the white begin to bubble she lifted the pan from the stove. The egg sputtered for a moment in the hot grease, then subsided.

Muriell turned the heat down and cautiously returned the frying pan to the burner. She tilted the pan, basted the yolk with hot grease so as to expedite the cooking process and then skillfully turned the egg over for a few seconds before removing it from the frying pan.

Arranging the egg and the sausage on a clean plate, she gently applied her toe to the swinging door between the kitchen and dining room and gave the door a shove, catching it on the rebound with her elbow so that the jar of the return swing would be minimized.

"Well, here you are, dad," she said. "You ——"

She broke off as she saw the empty chair, the newspaper on the floor, the filled coffee cup, the smoke spiraling upward from the cigarette balanced on the side of the ash tray.

Muriell picked up her father's empty plate, slid the new plate with the egg and sausage into place, put a piece of toast in the electric toaster and depressed the control. As she stood there waiting for her father to return, her eye caught an ad in the paper. She picked up the paper and became engrossed in garments and prices. When the hot toast popped up in the toaster, she dropped the paper, frowningly aware that her father hadn't returned.

She tiptoed to the door of the downstairs bathroom, saw the door was open, looked inside. No one was there. She moved around the downstairs rooms and then she called softly, "Daddy, your food is getting cold."

She returned to the dining room; then, suddenly alarmed, she made a complete search of the downstairs part of the house.

Could it be possible that her father had gone to work without so much as putting his head in the kitchen? He certainly wouldn't have left the house without an explanation. Even if there had been some sudden emergency at the office he would have let her know. But there hadn't been any emergency at the office because the telephone hadn't rung. There was an extension in the kitchen, and Muriell would certainly have heard the bell.

Something must have happened which caused her father to go upstairs, then. Could it be that Nancy had been taken ill? Muriell hurried up the stairs, trying to be silent, but so intent upon speed that her feet made noise, and when she tried the knob of the bedroom she was in a little too much of a hurry and the latch gave a distinct click.

Nancy Gilman wakened, looked at Muriell standing tense in the doorway and said, "Well, what is it?"

"Father," Muriell said.

Nancy glanced over at the empty twin bed with the bedclothes thrown back. "He left an hour ago," she said irritably. And then, suddenly catching herself, smiled and said, "What's the matter, child? Is he late for breakfast again?"

(Continued on Page 100)

"Mrs. Gilman is being blackmailed," he said.

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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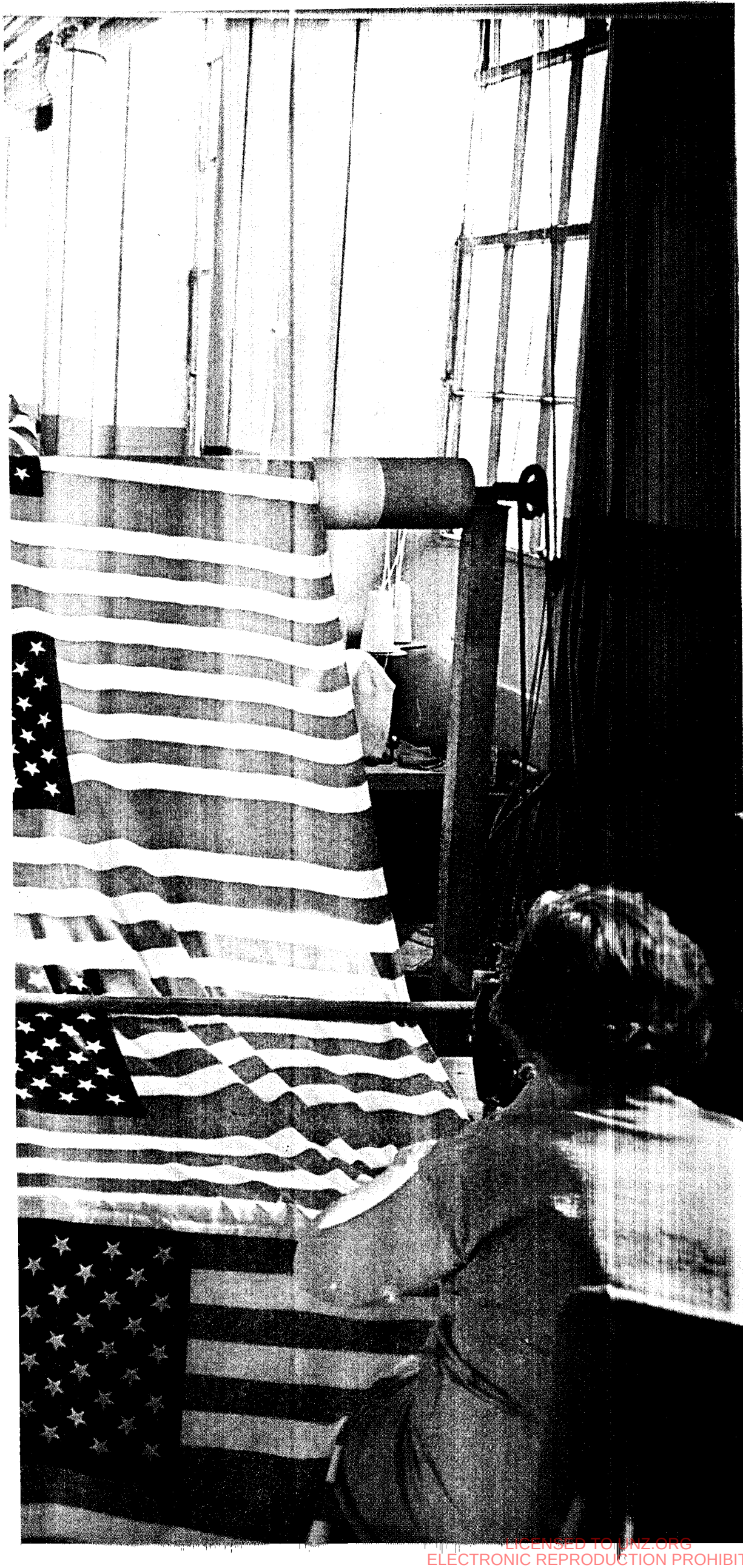

The Face of AMERICA

$(4\times5)+(5\times6)=50$

One more month and the proud new fifty-star flags you see being sewn together by the busy Betsy Rosses at left will become officially ensigns of the United States. It has been a hard two years on manufacturers such as the Dettra Flag Company of Oaks, Pennsylvania. After forty-seven years of an unchanging forty-eight-star design, two newcomer states forced the rearrangement of the flag's union, or starred blue field, twice within a year. On the double change-over, Dettra lost about $150,000 in canceled orders and unsalable inventory. The short-lived forty-nine-star flag started the biggest boom the flag business had ever known. This boom collapsed utterly when Hawaii's admission to the Union was voted by Congress in March, 1959. However, when the President announced on August twenty-first which fifty-star design was to be used, the boom revived, and by the Fourth of July Dettra will have made 2,000,000 bright new banners—twice as many as it ever made before in a single year, and about 40 per cent of the year's total for the country. • Photograph by Larry Keighley

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Her father was a psychologist, so she asked him to find her . . . THE PERFECT MATE

By SUSAN MORROW

My sister Nancy is full of zany surprises, but she capped everything the day she asked father to arrange a marriage for her. Not just waltz down the aisle and pay the bills, but a real old patriarchal match for a docile daughter.

Father choked on his waffle. "I'm not sure I understood you, Nancy. Would you mind ——" He had heard her; this was a tactical retreat while his mind ran over, as over a rosary, all the rules in his book. Since the remarkable success of father's book, *Your Child and You*, he seemed to regard Nancy as an adversary—with reason. The other consequences of fame pleased him no end: Puerta Maria College treated him with deference, young psychologists fought to teach in his department, and speaking engagements multiplied, building both ego and bank account. But public authority on parenthood demanded private omniscience, and Nancy sought to keep his crown uneasy.

I took her to task once for needling him, and she said airily, "Oh, come, Charles, we can't let him get pompous. Since you've gone off and married Beth, who else is there to keep him in hand?"

Possibly she had pushed him too far this time; he had that air of straining at the leash. Father isn't beyond es ›ing, and his rationalization is superb. Then Nancy trapped him.

"It was your lecture last night, father. I was terribly impressed by it, and suddenly I realized that it answered everything."

I looked at her sharply, trying to see if the trap was deliberate. That lecture had been a leg-pull, devised to spur a lethargic class. Father's teaching methods are not always orthodox, and he enjoys a good hoax. But if he'd known Nancy was auditing the lecture, he might have thought better of it.

Nan, who has feathery copper hair and mischievous dark eyes, also has an enchanting little half-smile which puts *Mona Lisa* in the shade, hinting at titbits tucked away. That smile, come to think of it, is most often turned on father, and I couldn't even guess what it signified now.

"Answered everything? What everything? I certainly didn't suppose there would be any—any—well, any problem in ——" Father never stuttered; this broadside had unmanned him.

Nancy said in a reasonable voice, "Father, of course there's no problem if I wanted just any marriage. But you made it very clear that the old-style arranged marriages were much more stable than modern ones. So I'd like you to pick a husband for me. After all, I'm twenty-two, I've been out of college a year and I've had some experience in working at the Child Guidance Center, which you say is valuable. And I'm healthy ——" She glanced delicately down at the evidence, displayed in brief white shorts and sleeveless top.

"But you—but Nancy, surely you have a—a very wide choice. Why, this house is always full of young men."

Nancy recognized this as evasion. She said sweetly, "Have you seen the student paper yet?" Flipping it across to him, she began to drip honey in playful whorls over her waffle.

Father winced; the lecture had been reported straight. GO-BETWEENS TO STAGE A COMEBACK! the headline said. "The eminent Doctor Todd says. . . ."

A small silence fell. At last father said, looking rather faint, "Nancy, are you quite serious about this?" This is the crucial question in the Todd household, and if Nan was pulling his leg, now was the time to confess it.

But she said, "Yes, father, I'm perfectly serious."

Father shook himself and straightened. Any grim thoughts about being hoisted on his own hoax were manfully concealed, and naturally a confession from him was unthinkable—that would really put him at Nan's mercy. He turned an appraising eye on her, and you could almost hear him ticking off data from a punch card. I. Q. 132, Protestant, indubitably female. Bad habits only minor, such as leaving her shirttails out and never closing a door. Major interests: everything human, mobile or unknown.

Satisfaction glazed father's face, and a missionary gleam lit his eye. "Well, Nancy, this should be very interesting. *Very* interesting. It's only fair to ask, have you any prospects you wish considered first?"

Nancy shook her copper head firmly. "No, father, I want you to have a clear field. After all, you've tested—or taught—most of the men I see. And mother's taught those you haven't."

I peeked at mother to see how she was taking this. Cinda was gazing at her daughter with veiled speculation, as though assessing a new subject before putting charcoal to sketch paper. As I watched, a small smile began far back in her gray eyes, gently secretive, and satisfied too. That I didn't understand at all.

The whole thing had got beyond me. I said, "Cripes, father, you're not going ahead with this? Nan's pulled some crazy stunts before, but this is the nuttiest yet."

Nancy sent me a cool glance, and father's eyebrows went up. They're thick and scraggly, and he waggles them to intimidate people. "Now, Charles, Nancy has said she is serious."

That lofty tone shut me up; anyway, opposition only makes him dig in his heels. But I caught Nancy when she drifted out to the kitchen later. "Listen, Nan, a joke's a joke, but hasn't this gone far enough?"

"It isn't a joke," she said calmly.

"Well, all right, if you are serious for some crazy reason, aren't you considering love at all? How about that little old thing called chemical reaction?"

She slanted that maddening smile up at me and went on pouring coffee. "Charles, just one question. Have you ever looked at me?"

Nan wasn't vain, but she could see. So could I. "Oh, nuts, Nancy, I know you'd spark a mummy, but I'm talking about *you*. Father gets the bit in his teeth and no telling what ——"

She came over and gave me an exuberant bear hug. "Don't worry about me, Charles. I know what I want, believe me."

I couldn't wait to see who backed down first, and I guess Beth couldn't either; we spent more and more time over at the house. Father was being very scientific, of course. I had to laugh the day he showed me his chart, but it was impressive, all the same. Across a great sheet of analysis paper, he'd written in a list of categories. Religion, family background, education, hobbies, intelligence, health, self-confidence, initiative and so on. Whoever married Nan had to have self-confidence and initiative, for sure. Then down the side were about twenty names. He'd really surveyed the field. All but three were eliminated in his scoring.

"Ed Bartholomew I'm leaving in for now," father said. "I

(Continued on Page 72)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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"Yes, father," Nan said.
"I'm perfectly serious."

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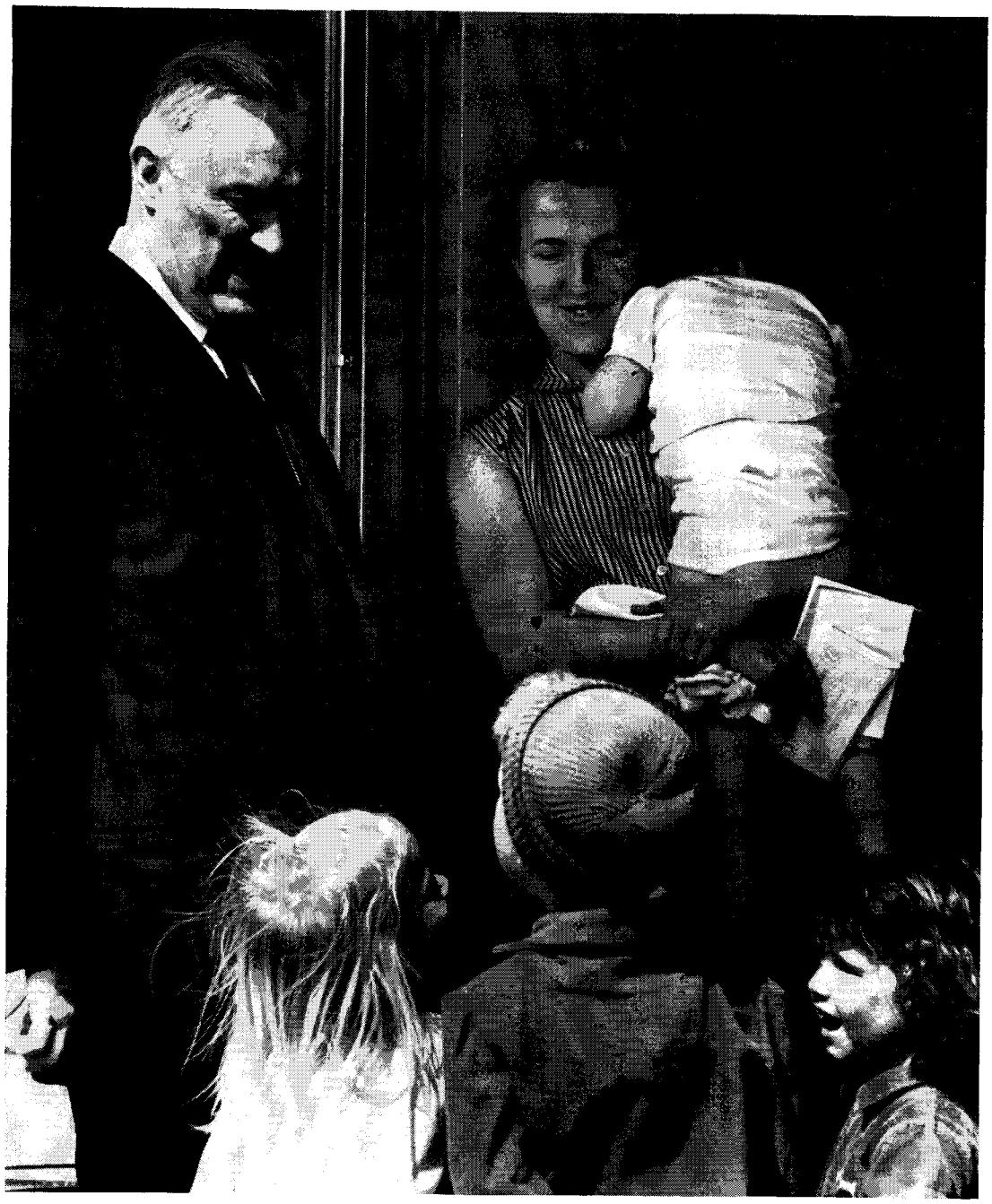
By JOSEPH B. HALL as told to Arthur W. Baum

HOUSEWIFE, YOU'RE MY BOSS

The president of the nation's third-largest supermarket chain tells what happens when he rings doorbells to learn, in person, the beefs women have against his company.



Hall in action. He begins his interviews by giving each housewife some needles and a book of trading stamps.

Within the last few months I have acquired an important new job. I ring doorbells and talk to housewives. This is, I believe, one of the most vital things I have ever done, although I am sixty years old, have had almost thirty years' experience in my business, and I am president of a company that will this year enjoy sales of almost $2,000,000,000.

If this seems rather idiotic, as if I had suddenly fallen back to the foot of the ladder, let me make my point even stronger. I should have taken up doorbell ringing long before I did. It is one of the best ways I know to meet my real boss—ring her doorbell and talk to her. She is the American housewife. The nearly $2,000,000,000 we receive in a year is her money. If she doesn't like me or my associates or our stores and products, she can and will destroy us.

I am not going to pretend that from here on I will spend all my days on doorsteps or, if she will admit me, standing inside the homemaker's living room. I have a few other things to do. We have twenty-five distribution centers serving 1400 stores and 40,000 full-time employees. They demand my time. Also, I don't intend to give up my occasional golf game, my wife, three children and seven grandchildren. I will continue with my civic activities and my work for the Boy Scouts. And I will not abandon my project for planting a variety of 2000 flower bulbs around our Cincinnati home.

But I intend to push many more doorbells. I have now visited with scores of homemakers in three cities, and I will visit many more. I believe it is imperative that I do so because I am asking a number of my associates, particularly store managers, to do the same thing. It wouldn't be cricket for me to shirk a job I ask of them. Some of them may doubt the necessity of these calls, and perhaps they have a good case. It may be pointed out that we have prospered in the past by simply operating nice stores with good products at reasonable prices. True, but I have concluded that this is not enough. Let me tell you why.

We sell groceries through a chain of stores. We specialize in food, and that means we set the family dinner table which is, in spite of our short-cut, overcondensed modern times, still a family cornerstone. We have a large investment in making that dinner table carry satisfying and attractive meals. We want our customers to eat well—as well as is possible at least cost. Of course, we cannot invade kitchens, do the cooking and set the table, although you may be surprised to know that on occasion we have done all three. We must leave this realm to our boss, the lady of the house. But how can our stores help her to be the best possible manager of this vital part of her family's life?

We can ask her. Who knows better than she? That's why I ring doorbells. It is a simple answer to a real need, and the basis of the need takes us way back before modern large-scale grocery merchandising.

There was a day when the store proprietor, his clerk and his customer were very close to each other, in both geography and understanding. The store was on the next corner. The principal actors in the steps leading to the dinner table met and talked face to face every day. The store people knew quite well what their customer needed, what she fancied or disliked, what she could and would pay. If she

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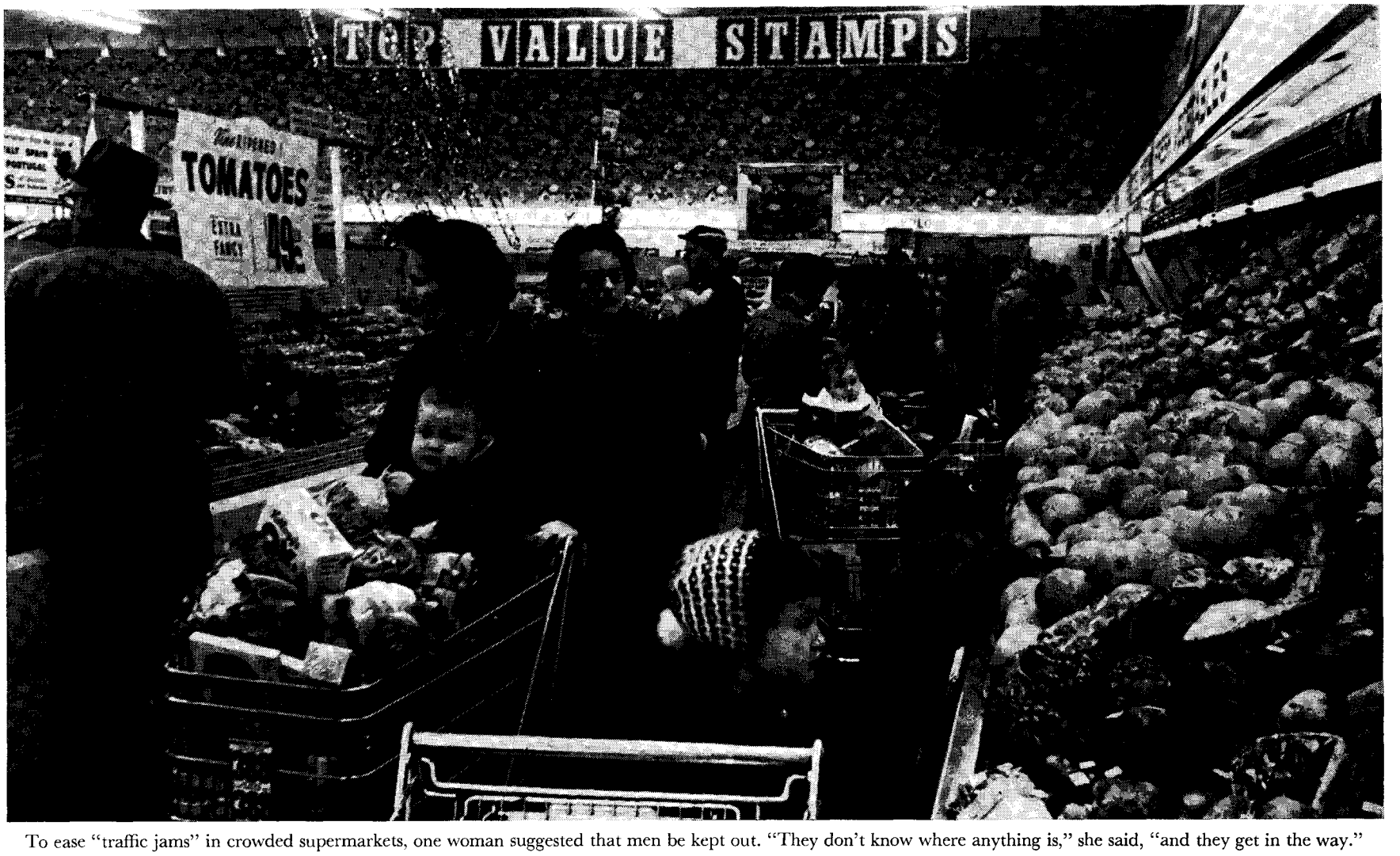

To ease "traffic jams" in crowded supermarkets, one woman suggested that men be kept out. "They don't know where anything is," she said, "and they get in the way."

left them to trade somewhere else, they knew why. This group was small and intimate. The man from the store called on the lady at her house or by telephone and she did not hesitate to rely on his judgment. When Barney Kroger founded the Kroger business in 1883, he took the entire store directly to the housewife's door. It was in a wagon. He left with her more than groceries. He left his personal guarantee that the groceries were good.

Small corner stores still exist. We call them mom-and-pop stores, and without disparagement of them, I must say that their costs of operation are inevitably high. They have long been overshadowed by large markets operated in strings by corporations or voluntary groups of independents which are becoming quite like corporations. I am not apologizing for this change. On the contrary, it has been an excellent development. The Kroger Company is the third-largest of the corporate chains. We market groceries at a gross markup of about 19 per cent. In the small stores of the old days that figure was more likely to be over 30 per cent. At the same time the homemaker has been offered an immensely more varied and better shopping opportunity. Our large stores today will carry 7000 items. Yesterday's small store was unusual if it offered more than a few hundred.

Thus the lady of the house is far better served. Unfortunately, however, this improved service has opened a gap, a sort of breach of contact, between the storekeeper and the boss of the grocery business, the girl who manages the kitchen. Between these two there have been interposed several kinds of physical and mental distance. They can no longer lean their elbows on the same counter and talk across it as neighbor to neighbor. One no longer hands a package directly into the hands of the other. There is no longer a mutual examination or discussion of each product that is exchanged.

This regrettable distance goes deeper than the mere transformation of the corner store to the supermarket. It has progressed within the framework of the large market itself. Let Kroger serve as an example, and in this trend we are typical of all chains, corporate or voluntary. When I started with Kroger in 1931, the company operated four times as many stores as it does today, yet our business has grown immensely in the intervening years.

In 1950 we had more than 2000 stores. Last year we had fewer than 1400. But in that same period our sales more than doubled, the number of employees increased 60 per cent, and annual sales per store tripled. Why? Because our fewer stores are larger stores. Our average 1950 store contained 5000 square feet of store area. Today our average store contains 12,500 square feet, and our newest stores average almost 17,000 square feet.

We are certainly proud of our stores, but we regret most intensely the inevitable loss of personal dealings between store people and housewives that has followed the growth of modern low-profit merchandising. We envy the old-time storekeeper in some ways. Here is an example: If he gave Mrs. Smith an unripe melon or a tough steak, he learned about it in forceful detail the very next day. There is tremendous value in quick, sharp education like that, and we miss it. We may not see Mrs. Smith again for a week or two. We may not know that she is Mrs. Smith. We may never see her again. We will never know why and never be able to make amends, which is a sad thing.

You may be quite sure that we try never to make mistakes that will cause her to vanish. We may not know her as Mrs. Smith, but she is constantly on our minds. Nevertheless, we are somewhat in the position of the small boy who received frequent and pressing instructions in godliness for the good of his soul, and cleanliness to keep germs away. Finally he complained. "Germs and Jesus," he said, "that's all I ever hear around here, and I've never seen either of them."

We have worried for several years about the loss of personal contact with our shoppers which has been imposed by today's self-service merchandising. We know the housewife pretty well as a total being, because we conduct surveys and experiments in which, collectively, she tells us a lot. We have a large panel of homemakers who help us test and perfect products. But we have continued to believe that we must restore a person-to-person communication with our all-important customer. Late in 1959 we began to act on this belief. We launched a campaign under the name of "Kroger Calls." I pushed doorbells in Detroit, along with our divisional management, including the vice president, our general sales manager, store managers, co-managers and merchandisers. All together we made 30,000 calls in Detroit alone.

We met the housewife on her own doorstep. We tendered her small gifts and asked about her shopping and our stores and what she liked and didn't like and (Continued on Page 95)

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

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"Quick," she gasped. "See if all is clear and then jump and run."

BEAUTY IS THE PRIZE

Was she worth the terrible risks he took to see her?

By BRIAN CLEEVE

Never dared speak to her, I didn't. Hardly dared to look, so beautiful she was. Like a princess in disguise—out of one of grandma's stories. Dark hair so warm and soft-looking a man could drown in it and die happy. A brown hand like a little bird that would brush against me as she set a drink in front of me, and leave me so weak I couldn't lift up the glass. Proper foolish I must have looked. I see that now, having learned sense; but all dreams I was then.

Caterina her name was. Tall as my shoulder almost, and a little swing to her hip as she walked to and fro between the café and the kitchen. Even the smudge of dirt on her small face was beautiful, like Cinderella. Ragged like Cinderella too. An old red skirt and no shoes and a striped kind of blouse, maybe cut from a man's shirt when he was better than finished with it. Just tears and patches held together with a safety pin.

Every day for near a month I'd been coming and still not dared speak to her, except to ask for a plate of hash or a drink. All the time we'd been in the little, dirty Red Sea harbor, waiting for a new propeller from England, and then fitting it. Nowhere else I'd go. Just sit there and dream about her, and sometimes I could swear she was noticing me just the way I was noticing her, blushing red as a poppy when she'd catch my eye. And the next minute she'd seem to be looking through me as if I were a window. *No sense in coming back,* (Continued on Page 50)

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UNCLE SAM'S Orphan Airline

By CLAY BLAIR Jr.

A *Post* editor reports on the sad state of MATS, "the world's most controversial airline," which, critics say, should go out of business and let private companies haul the soldiers and their supplies.

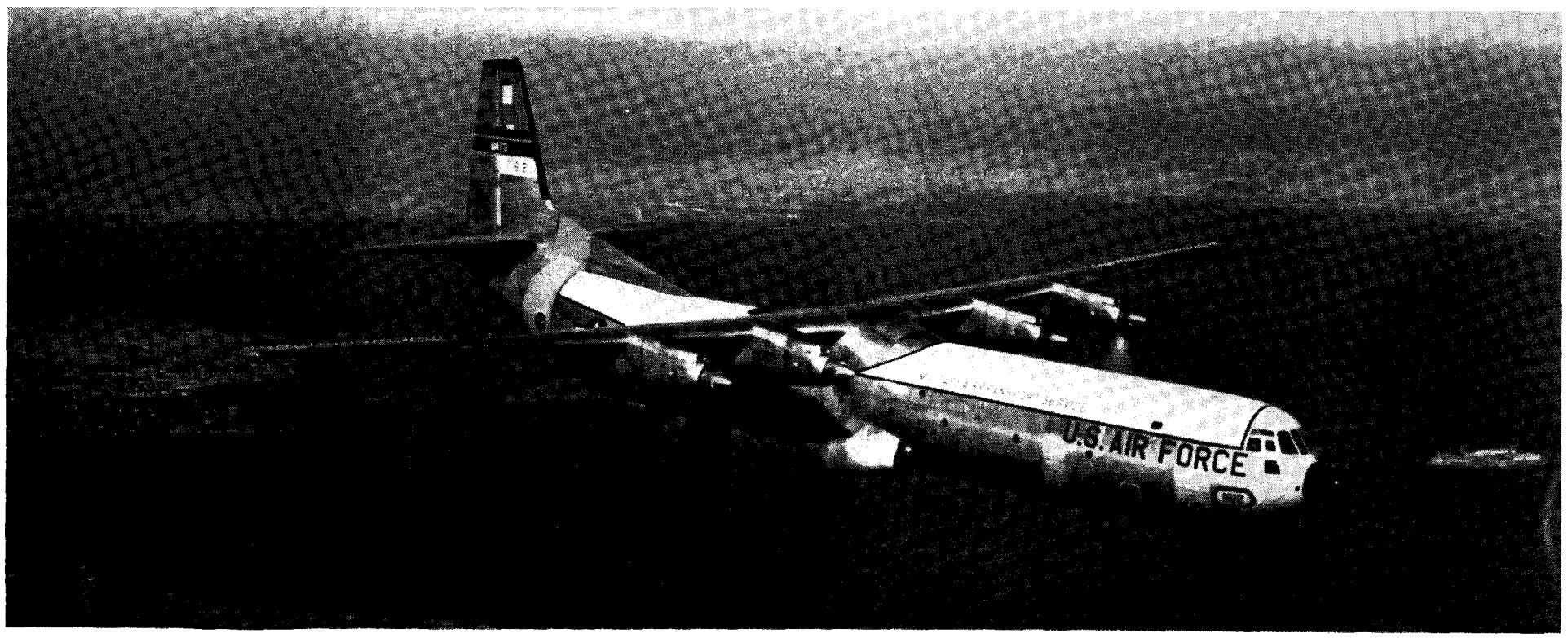
One day not long ago a massive air fleet appeared in the tropical skies over the island of Puerto Rico. One by one the airplanes landed at Ramey Air Force Base and Roosevelt Roads Naval Air Station, disgorging Army troops in full battle dress. Then for the thirteen days following, planes kept on coming and going at an average rate of one every ten minutes, an inexorable flood of roaring engines, troops and Army equipment. The Latin-American press covering the troubled Caribbean had been carefully warned in advance—this was no angry United States military move; it was Big Slam, the largest peacetime airlift exercise the United States has ever staged.

The purpose of Big Slam was to find out the answer to a vital and loudly debated military question—does the United States today have sufficient airlift to meet the requirements of a nuclear-age deterrent? The answer, gleaned from the mountain of Pentagon paperwork accumulating in the wake of the exercise, is—just barely. The planes moved 21,002 troops and 10,925 tons of equipment a distance of 3400 miles—round trip from the United States to Puerto Rico—in the two-week period. However, Army and Air Force generals moaned publicly that unless some improvements are made, this is too little, too late. The airplanes detailed for the exercise, the finest the military could provide, were old and creaking, the generals complained. In sum, Big Slam vividly demonstrated that for the United States to respond quickly and decisively in time of the big or little war—the official plan today—it will need a vastly improved fleet of airplanes.

The Pentagon's combat aerial bus service, designed to rush troops and supplies to the nuclear-age battle, is the Military Air Transport Service, called MATS. MATS is a branch of the Air Force, smaller than the Strategic Air Command (SAC), but larger than the Tactical Air Command (TAC). To keep in trim in time of peace, between exercises such as Big Slam, MATS operates like an airline, hauling Government passengers and cargo, and conducts special lifts, such as missile transport, arctic and antarctic resupply, and medical evacuation. Its 483 transport planes span a network of 115,000 miles of air routes—all overseas—making it the second largest organized air fleet in the world (only the Soviet Government airline, Aeroflot, is larger). MATS military passengers constitute 25 per cent of all the people who cross the Atlantic by air, and 70 per cent of all the people who fly the Pacific. MATS planes carry 90 per cent of all the cargo shipped overseas by air. MATS is no shoestring operation; it is manned by about 35,000 men and costs the United States taxpayer more than $500,000,000 a year.

MATS is not only big; it is also the world's most controversial airline. To limp along with its current air fleet, MATS must compete vigorously for money against the other branches of the Air Force, at a time when glamorous missiles are gaining favor over airplanes. The other military arms criticize MATS for failing to keep pace in the jet age; many strategists claim airlift is an obsolete concept. The airlines, eying the huge military overseas pay loads, claim MATS deprives them of a big chunk of business at a time when they are under greatest competitive pressure from foreign airlines.

These controversial issues have, in the last few years, generated bitter charges and countercharges. The fight between the commercial airlines and MATS, for example, reached such violence recently that the President moved in with an iron fist, ordering the Pentagon to resolve it without delay. Simultaneously L. Mendel Rivers, Democratic representative from South Carolina, a dedicated advocate of air power, launched a full-scale Congressional investigation of our airlift, lending a sense of urgency to the President's demand. Not entirely by coincidence, Exercise Big Slam was staged at the (Continued on Page 77)



MATS has only fifty C-133 turbo-prop transports such as this one. Most of the fleet is piston-powered and "creaks with obsolescence."

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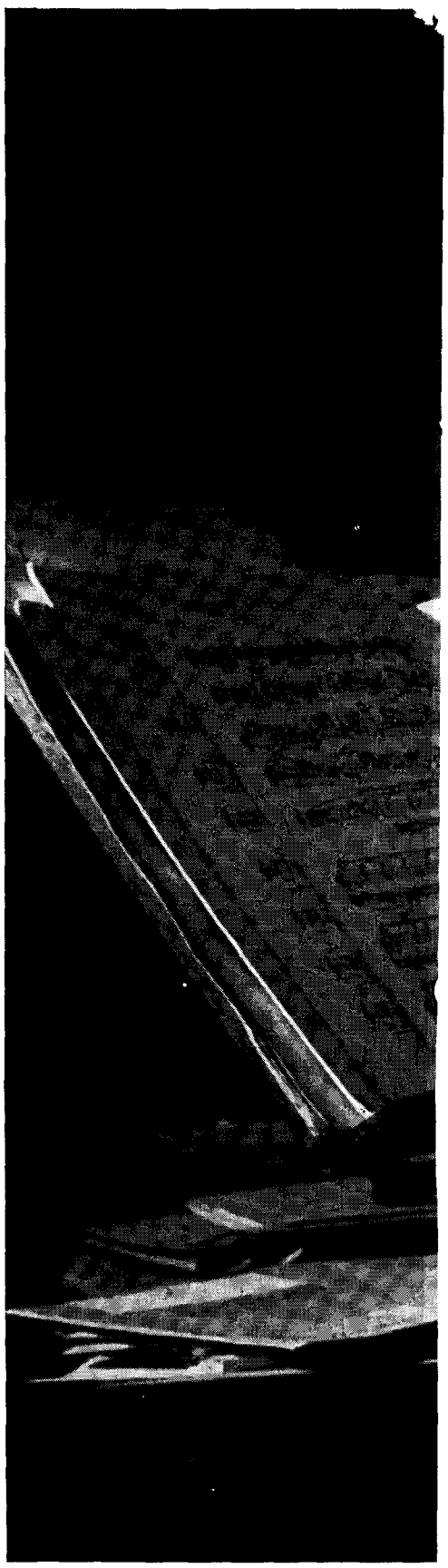
Professor Heifetz with Elaine Skorodin at U.C.L.A., where he teaches a class of advanced violin students. "Violin playing must be passed on from one generation to another as a personal skill," says the virtuoso.

Heifetz, his wife Frances and eleven-year-old son Jay at home in Beverly Hills, Calif. Around the house Heifetz is a do-it-yourselfer; he tunes his car's engine, creosotes his own fence, and is an enthusiastic amateur gardener.



A VISIT WITH Jascha Heifetz

By DON MURRAY

The world's greatest—and most controversial—violinist gives his opinions on rock 'n' roll, canned music and the trouble with today's young musicians.

Heifetz, the prodigy, in 1917, the year of his famous American debut at Carnegie Hall

Few people realize that Jascha Heifetz, generally regarded as the world's greatest violinist, nearly died last summer. He had slipped and fallen on the wet floor of a Beverly Hills delicatessen, smashing his left hip and, while in the hospital, he suffered an infection which came close to killing him. But none of this—neither the fall nor its aftermath—was publicly reported. Heifetz ordered his wife and his doctors to keep the news out of the papers, and they succeeded.

His desire for privacy was understandable. Since childhood, he had been a performer willing to prove his talents before the cruel scrutiny of an audience; but then, injured, ill and fifty-eight years of age, he wanted to fight in private the battle for recovery, rehabilitation and a philosophical adjustment to the fact that he was no longer a young man. And he wanted no one's sympathy.

He won his battle. Moreover, those lonely months of struggle, which came during "an extended sabbatical" from concert tours, have given Heifetz an unusual perspective from which to view the long career which began when his father, a music teacher, gave him a quarter-sized violin. Jascha was then just three years old. By the time he was seven, he was playing concerts in Russia; but he soon began to travel across Europe, and when he was twelve,

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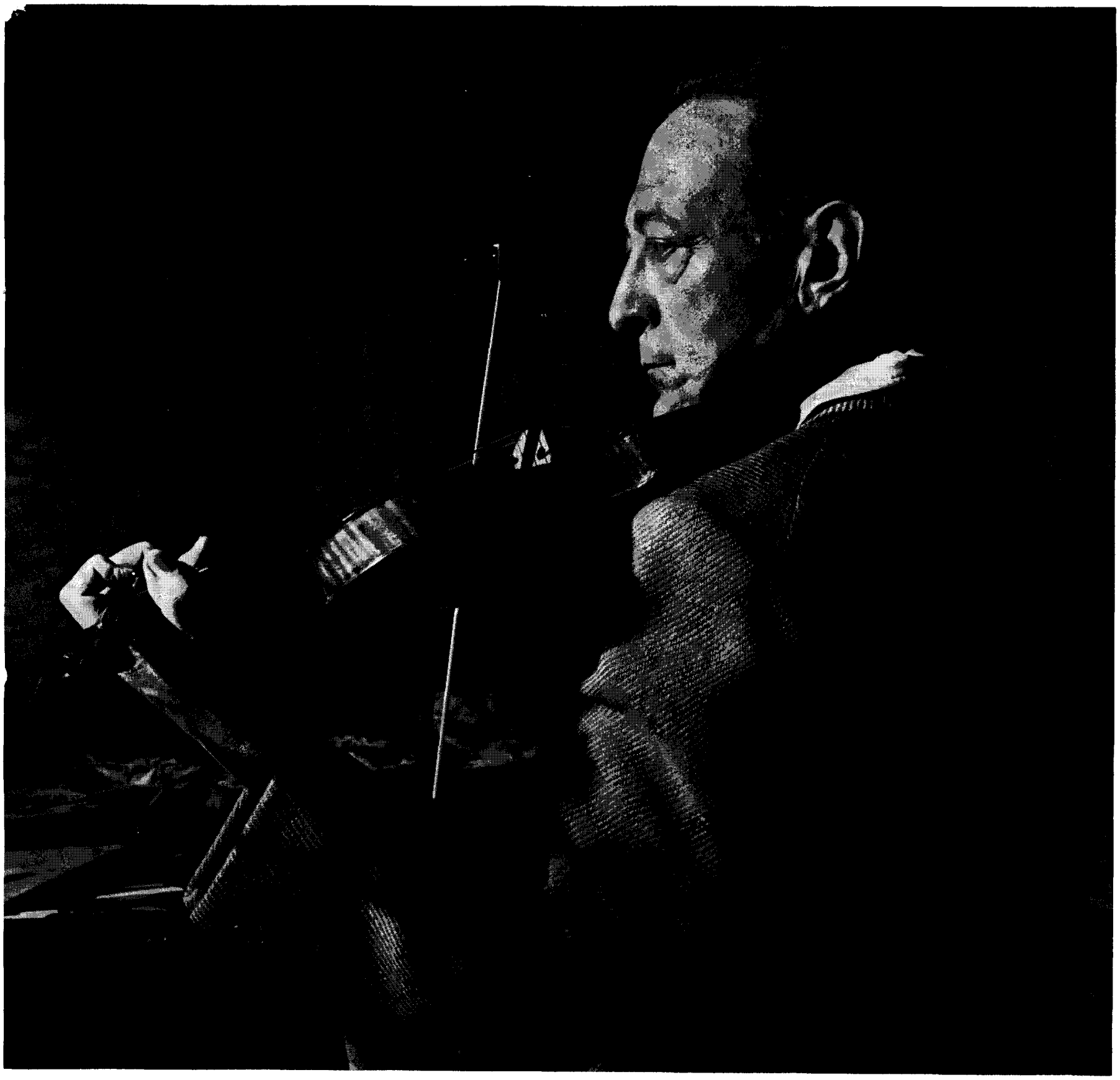

he made his debut with the Berlin Philharmonic. Fritz Kreisler, who heard him play there, said, "I felt like breaking my fiddle."

In 1917, only a step ahead of the Bolsheviks, the Heifetz family fled through Siberia and came to the United States. That same year, sixteen-year-old Jascha made his famous debut in Carnegie Hall on October twenty-seventh. Violinist Mischa Elman was in a box and during intermission he turned to his companion, pianist Leopold Godowsky. "Hot in here," said Elman. "Not for pianists," answered Godowsky.

Since then, Heifetz has traveled more than 2,000,000 miles on concert tours; sold more recordings than any other fiddler; appeared in several movies; and back in 1945 even wrote a popular song—*When You Make Love to Me, Don't Make Believe*—under the name of Jim Hoyle. Heifetz has had a brilliant, busy career; and now, at last, he has had time for reflection, re-examination, and reconsideration.

It is a good time to sit down for a talk with Heifetz in his studio, which clings to the upper edge of Coldwater Canyon, overlooking lush Beverly Hills. His crown of tightly curled brown hair has receded and it is spiced with gray; he is a trifle heavy, and his face is etched with the marks of maturity, but his blue eyes are still bright, his views about his world passionate and his language outspoken. On stage Heifetz appears cold, impersonal. He has little patience for musicians who ham it up, who squirm, sway or swoon to their own playing. Heifetz thinks the musician should not get between the music and its listeners. In his home, however, Heifetz is a warm man. His laughter is hearty, his expressions are volatile, his gestures expansive.

"I am definitely not in retirement," Heifetz starts off pugnaciously. He explains that he has fled the eternal pressures of road tours, but still plans to play selected concerts, to record, to pursue a (Continued on Page 80)

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ONE TO GO

Which of the three young men would be fitted for the test ahead?

By MARGARET CRAVEN

The bishop arose early, as was his custom. He went quietly down the stairs and into the garden. The rain clouds had scattered in the night. The sky showed blue, and the sun was glinting on the waters of the bay.

Upstairs in the guest rooms the three young men were still asleep, come from the college in Montreal to report for their first work. Two jobs awaited them offering excellent, if usual, opportunities. The third job was so strange, so remote from the tempo of the day that the bishop had decided to assign it to none of the three. The one who went to the little, forgotten Indian settlement in the Queen Charlotte Islands must choose it for himself and with his heart or he'd be bushed in three months, to be plucked from the dock like an oil drum, drained and empty.

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Deeply concerned, he went into the kitchen and brewed himself a pot of tea. He carried it into his study and had just poured the first cup when there was a knock at the door and in came Laird, his daughter.

She was a lithe and lovely girl, graduated from the University of British Columbia at twenty-one, home for her first holiday from eighteen months as a nurse in the Anglican hospital at Aklavik near the Arctic Ocean. She was smiling, but in her eyes he saw that fierce honesty which he found so refreshing—and so disarming.

"Dad," she said, "you know those three know-nothings asleep in our spare beds?"

The bishop started to point out that the three know-nothings had spent seven years having their heads crammed with the very best; then he realized she was teasing him, a pleasant shock, since no one else dared.

"Yes."

"Have you noticed that one of them would make you a splendid son-in-law?"

"Frankly, no," said the bishop. "I'll have another look. Which one is it?"

"It isn't important. He's scared to death of me. Doesn't know I exist. Anyway, you'll know after breakfast." The smile was gone now, the eyes serious. "You've mentioned the three jobs only briefly, I think. After breakfast you'll discuss them in detail. You'll save the one you like best for the last. Right?"

"Right."

"You'll knock every illusion out of their nice young heads. You'll bring them down to earth with a thump. But it won't matter, because one of them is going to say, 'Send me,' and he's the one I like."

"How do you know? What makes you so sure?"

"Last night at the big dinner he couldn't keep his eyes from the couple who are back from the north. They've been up there so long they look like Indians, they dress like Indians. Only a few people went out of their way to speak to them. Did you notice that?"

"I noticed it," said the bishop dryly.

"So did he, and it upset him. He said it was positively un-Christian. I told him that wasn't quite true. That it was just that most of us take all the everyday comforts for granted. It's a shock to see a couple who look as if they'd been dropped from another planet. Makes us almost ashamed that (Continued on Page 62)

"Any man who takes this job will be considered stupid by the Indians," he said.

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Ginger Hall and Don Ziegler, American actors living in Paris, show how "Type B" tourists behave. Common offense: Wearing shorts to church.

"How much is this in *real* money?" shouts the obnoxious traveler, thus insulting the natives. Is it unreasonable to ask tourists to bone up on foreign currencies?

To this untipped cab driver, our hero is a "typical tightfisted American." When he overtips, he is a "show-off." He can't seem to get it right.

THE TROUBLE WITH AMERICAN TOURISTS

By TONI HOWARD

Why do so many American citizens become offensive boors abroad? Consider what kind of reputation they are giving us travelers.

PARIS.

The classic travel-agency poster shows a couple of carefree American tourists in a romantic Old World setting. They are as gay as skylarks, these two, young, clean-limbed and indomitably friendly, and they are pictured trading wisecracks with a London cabby or a grinning Arab peddler, or dining in a flower-decked French restaurant surrounded by assorted Europeans all beaming their approval. Whatever the country or the scene, the poster reeks of glamour and international good will.

Now no one can blame the travel agencies for trying to sell the glamour of travel. It's the aura of international good will that gives one pause. Does it exist, this "friendly welcome" our tourists are led to expect in foreign lands? Or is it an invention of the people who sell steamship and airline tickets? Are our tourists really all that lovable when they venture abroad? Or are they simply tolerated because of the money they spend? With an estimated 1,600,000 Americans voyaging abroad this year, these questions are of some consequence because, directly or indirectly, they concern us all, both the foot-loose and the stay-at-homes.

Many an American traveler who has observed his compatriots in foreign countries insists that the answer to these questions is the perfect equation: The good will a tourist encounters is exactly equal to the good will he gives out. This is eminently true, but it neglects to take into consideration the overtones of the past. In fifteen years of postwar travel I have seen thousands of Americans abroad having almost as good a time as the travel posters say, through no apparent virtue of their own. I have also seen tourists frustrated with rage and incomprehension, ready to pack up and go home weeks before their scheduled trip was finished—and not entirely through their own fault. Unfortunately for those going abroad this year, the problem of tourist-foreign relations depends not only on today's tourist but also on yesterday's and the previous day's as well.

(Continued on Page 108)

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The Headlock

It can come as a shock to a father when he discovers that his son is no longer just a playful child.

By WILLIAMS FORREST

Mavis was listening to records when Danny got to her house. When Mavis was listening to records, it was pretty hard to drag her away, so her mother had to answer the door. "Hello, Danny," said Mrs. Whitcomb. "She's in the living room, or can't you hear it?"

He grinned. He was a tall kid for his age, fifteen, and he had a brush of dark brown hair on his head. He was considered plenty tough by the other boys his age, considered handsome by most older women and considered arrogant by some of the older men. To the girls in his set he was real cute. He had been going steady with Mavis for two weeks and hadn't as yet found her boring.

It was Friday night, and Danny was glad to get out of his house early. His father was a grind and on Friday nights worked until late finishing up the week's records for his small business and reconciled the household accounts, although in the main Danny's mother was responsible for those. Dad was really an auditor on Fridays, figuring up what allowance Danny should get and whether the business was going all right and whether mom had made a mistake in the household money. He'd figure to the penny how much Danny should get, which depended on Danny's attitude for the week, his application to study, the way he took care of his room—everything.

That went on every Friday, starting after supper, and Danny was sick and tired of it. He'd protested once to mom about it, but she at once remonstrated with him, saying, "Your father's that kind of man. He gets rid of the whole week in one night, and then he has the rest of the weekend free. You know that dad and I—all of us—have fun over the rest of the weekend." (Continued on Page 67)

"Give up, dad? . . . Give up?"

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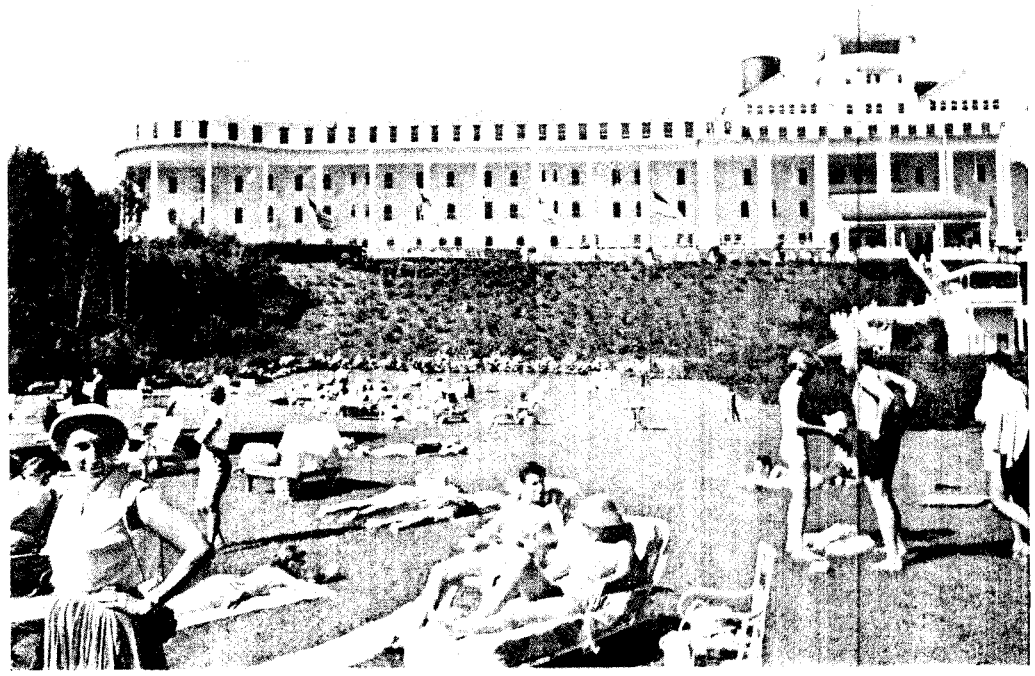
Photographs by Bill Shrout

W. Stewart Woodfill, called Chief Walkum Stick by local Indians, has singlehandedly and highhandedly preserved the elegance and natural beauty of Michigan's Mackinac Island.

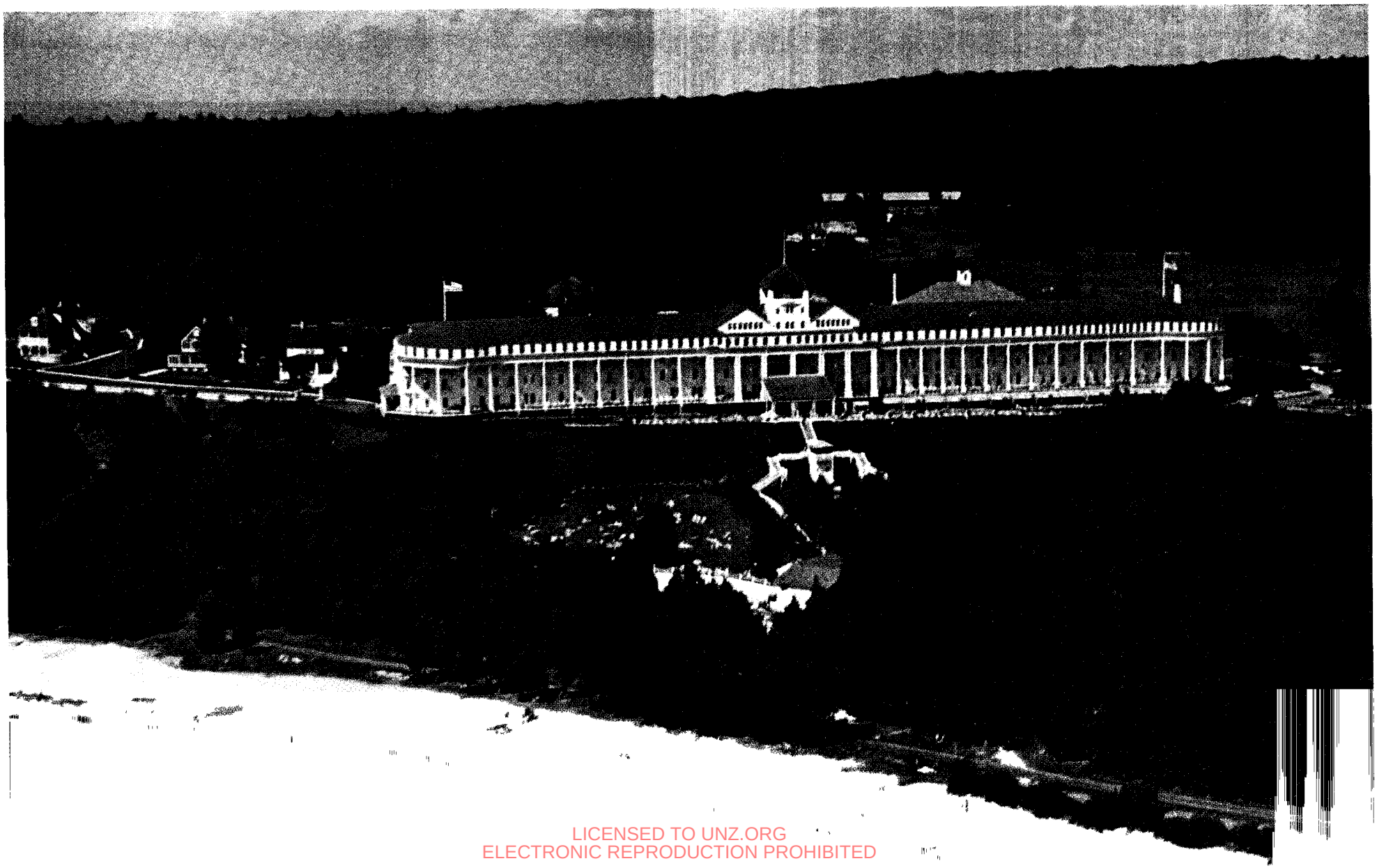


The lawn between the hotel and the swimming pool (visible in the aerial photograph below) is the gathering place for sun bathers. At almost any time during the short summer season the hotel has about 550 guests and 450 employees in residence.

MICHIGAN'S ISLAND INNKEEPER

W. Stewart Woodfill, proprietor of the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island, is a self-made millionaire who rules his old-world resort in the grand manner.

By NORMA LEE BROWNING



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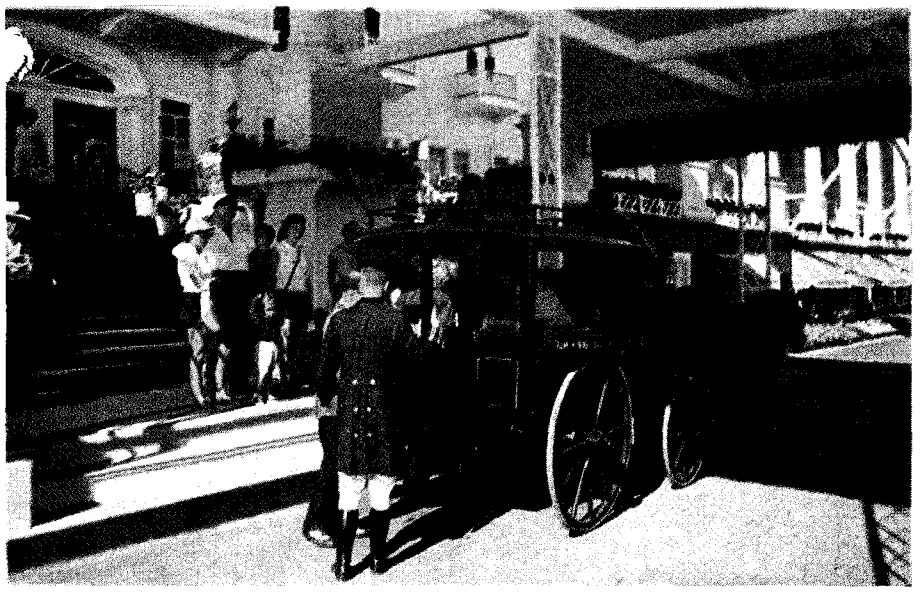
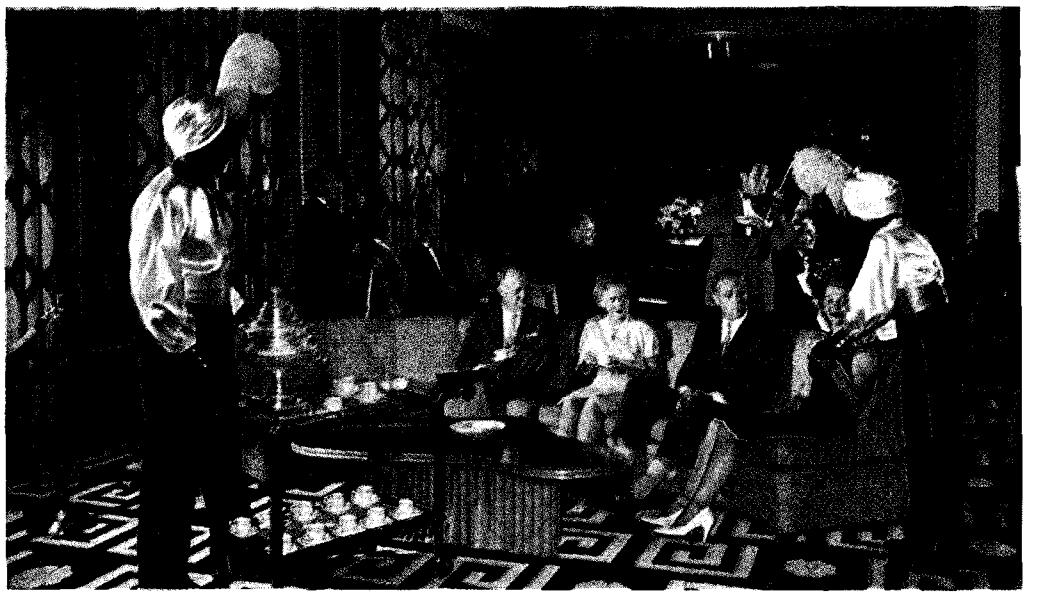


Grand Hotel visitors get a red-carpet welcome—with a real red carpet, richly painted carriages and coachmen wearing beaver top hats.



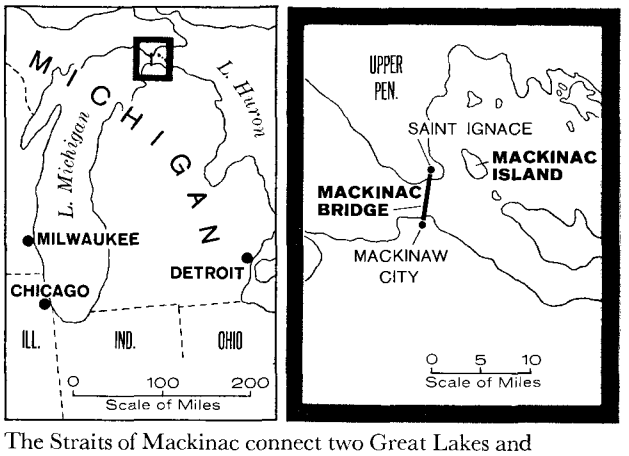
After-dinner coffee is served in one of the main parlors. The two turbaned servants are typical touches of Woodfillian elegance and showmanship.

On a wintry day some years ago a caravan of horse-drawn sleds set out on a four-mile trek across the frozen Straits of Mackinac from St. Ignace, Michigan, to Mackinac Island. Leader of the expedition was W. Stewart Woodfill, owner of the island's Grand Hotel, who wanted to show some Chicago friends what the island is like in winter. They had hired an escort of experienced icemen, who fanned out on foot ahead, constantly testing the ice cracks with long pikes and placing cedar boughs in the snow crust to mark a zigzag trail of safety.

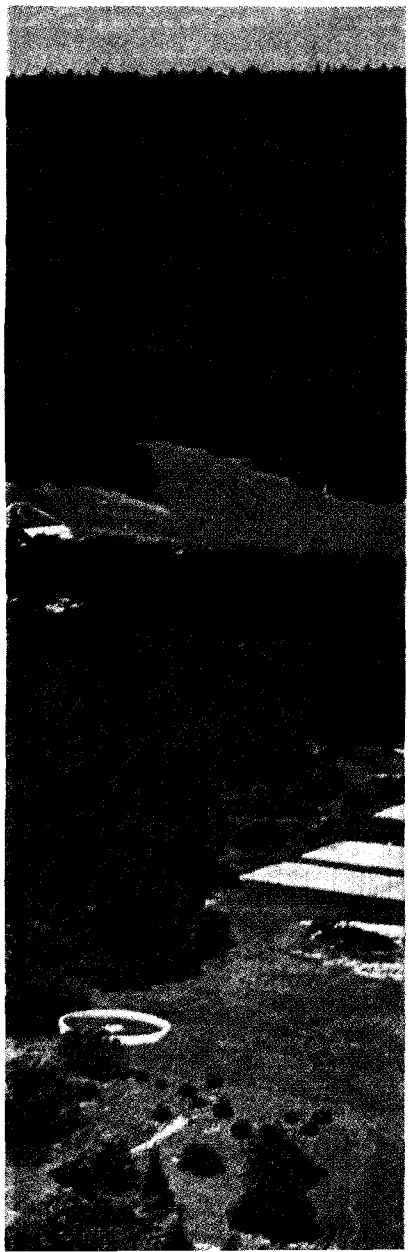
One of the Chicagoans, newly aware of the potential dangers of ice travel, suddenly cried in alarm, "My God! What if we lost Woodfill? What would happen to Mackinac Island?"

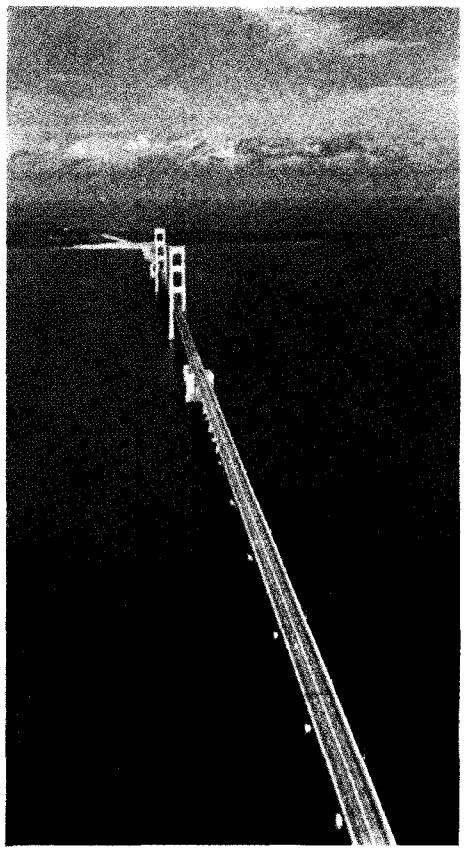
They did not lose Woodfill. Mackinac Island is still afloat, a primitive bouquet in the "seas of sweet water" which French *voyageurs* discovered 300 years ago, still crowned by a dazzling edifice known as the Grand Hotel which Woodfill prefers to call his "little boardinghouse."

Woodfill, his hotel and his horse-and-buggy island empire have merged into a fable that threatens to displace Paul Bunyan in Michigan folklore. During the short summer season this little empire attracts 350,000 tourists, the majority of whom are (Continued on Page 83)



The Straits of Mackinac connect two Great Lakes and divide Michigan into a Lower and Upper Peninsula.





Above: The Mackinac Bridge is considered one of the engineering feats of the century. Woodfill led a campaign to build the bridge, a project which had been for years a dead issue.

Left: Aerial view of the Grand Hotel, built by railroad interests in 1887, bought by Woodfill in 1933. The 300-room hotel is closed nine months of the year, but filled to capacity when open.

Mackinac Island's West Bluff and privately owned summer homes. During the summer months 350,000 sight-seers visit the island.

The island's mayor, Jack Gough, at right, owns this livery stable. Autos are banned to preserve the tranquillity of the island.

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Post Scripts

Brief Daydreams

"Tell me, Mystery Guest, are you quite handsome, rugged and virile, and are you noted for making feminine hearts flutter?"

"Well, our guest is modestly shaking his head No, but, as moderator, I'll have to speak for him. Yes, I'm sure he's all those things and more."

"Is he Charles Matteson?"

"It's to be quite a Spectacular, eh?"

"Well, just picture it for yourself—I mean, the four of them on the same stage—Bing, Frankie, Perry, Charles——"

"I came to you, Mr. Matteson, because—well, frankly, I'm stumped. I hate to impose on you, but ——"

"Why, you're not imposing on me at all, Dr. von Braun. I'll be glad to check over your equations and ——"

"Mr. Maugham, I'd like to have you meet another great novelist ——"

"I've met Mr. Matteson before."

"Good evening, Mr. President."

"Charley, boy!"

CHARLES MATTESON

Metamorphosis

This evening the life of the party
Is he who is usually lifeless.
What makes him so carefree and hearty?
Tonight, for a change, he is wifeless.

HAL CHADWICK

Progress Report

October 16, 1959

Dear Mrs. Hampton: Mark is one of the most retiring children in the kindergarten this year. I am concerned because we have trouble when the more aggressive children pick on him.

Sincerely,
Miss Gardner, kindergarten teacher

December 4, 1959

. . . still quiet and well-behaved. I should like to see Mark display more spunk, although he does seem to be coming out of his shell a little. . . .

January 15, 1960

. . . really quite pleased with Mark's progress in group integration. He is much more independent and self-confident. I think the shyness has ceased to be a problem. . . .

March 4, 1960

. . . so you can understand how this disturbs me. Not only has he been hitting back, but yesterday, with no provocation, he kicked Sue Carlson. . . .

April 15, 1960

. . . would suggest a conference at your earliest convenience. I know that you will agree with me that Mark should be *strongly reprimanded.* Pushing Stanley into the guppy tank is only one of a long series of . . .

June 3, 1960

. . . and, as I mentioned in April, this pugnacious streak could develop into *something quite serious,* unless it *is nipped in the bud.* I am extremely happy to promote Mark to the first grade. . . .

KAY NELSON

Insect Aside

How doth the busy little bee?
He doth all right, it seems to me.
Each shining hour he improveth,
By being forever on the moveth,
And telling us, with fiendish buzz,
Not where he is, but where he was.
To them he loveth, joy he bringeth,
While those he loveth not, he stingeth.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

June

When spring has sprung
And grass has riz
And the plant that grows like
a weed . . .
Is.

SUZANNE DOUGLASS

"I'm taking you off wonder drugs."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Tales Mein Grossfader Told

Der Fräulein in Ozzenland

Ein *Fräulein* genamen Dorothy ben catchen ein passen whirlenwind und landen in Ozzenland mit der noggen geswimmen.

Ein Winkler ist outpointen das yellowisch brickenroad, und Dorothy ben proceeden mit singen und skippen und finden der Ozzenfolkers oberloaden mit troublen.

Ach! Arriven in der nickentimen, der *Fräulein* ben oilen mit saven ein Tinnisch Woodenchopper. Dorothy und das Chopper ben proceeden mit singen und skippen und finden ein Scarencrow upstucken on ein stickenpole.

Der *Fräulein* ben downtooken der Scarencrow und upfluffen der saggisch strawstuffen. Dorothy und das Chopper und der Scarencrow ben proceeden mit singen und skippen und finden ein Cowardisch Lion. Himmel! Das Lion ben starven, und Dorothy ist proven ein blessen.

Das Chopper und der Scarencrow und das upfullen Lion ben proceeden mit singen und skippen.

DAVE MORRAH

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GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN... when...

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing Good! Campbell's Minestrone!

. . . busy-night suppers are soup suppers

Somebody going someplace? Good things begin to happen when you plan a quick, easy supper around good, hot, hearty soup.

Speed happens! Ready in 4 minutes for the early birds who take off to Scouts. You can open another can of soup for the head of the house who's eating late. With a big nourishing bowl as the main hot dish, even a hurry-up supper is a wonderful meal. You'll know your family is going places well fed, well satisfied.

For there's something about soup – the good way it smells, the good way it feels, the good way it tastes, the good and nourishing things it does for you – that just seems to make folks feel good all over.

Take Campbell's Minestrone with its generous helping of garden vegetables, tender spaghettini, its zip of cheese. There's a soup 'most everybody likes that's almost a meal in itself.

Add something simple – cold cuts, good bread, a basket of eat-in-the-hand fresh fruit – and you've pleased the family.

Yes, good things can happen any time when you have plenty of Campbell's Soup on the shelf. Good meals. Good appetites. Good dispositions. Good nutrition. Good things you want for your family every single day. And Minestrone is just one of 21 good Campbell's Soups – every one of them delicious.

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's*, of course!

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Don't make a mountain out of a Martini!

Pour right on-the-rocks. (Or stir with ice and strain into cocktail glass.)

You can produce a masterpiece of a Martini . . . with next to no effort at all! A *Heublein* Martini, ready-mixed . . . ready to serve. Made from pot still gin and finest vatted vermouth. No measuring. No waiting. More important still—no embarrassing "flops!" Any cocktail by Heublein hallmarks you the perfect host. No wonder more than 20,000,000 Heublein Cocktails were proudly served last year!

JUST HOME FROM WORK? Two's company . . . relax! Now's the time for a frosty Heublein Manhattan. Ready-mixed from choice private stock whiskey and finest vatted vermouth.

A "BAR" WHEREVER YOU ARE. Enjoy your favorite cocktail—miles from anywhere! Take along a bottle of Heublein's and a cooler of ice . . . and you're in business as a barman.

P.S. After dinner serve delicious Heublein Cordials. Marvelously minty Creme de Menthe (54 proof) and 19 other full-flavored favorites. All at modest domestic prices.

You've got it made with HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

(PRONOUNCED HUGH-BLINE)

EXTRA DRY MARTINIS 75 proof—MANHATTANS 65 proof—DAIQUIRIS 60 proof. And 7 other popular kinds. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

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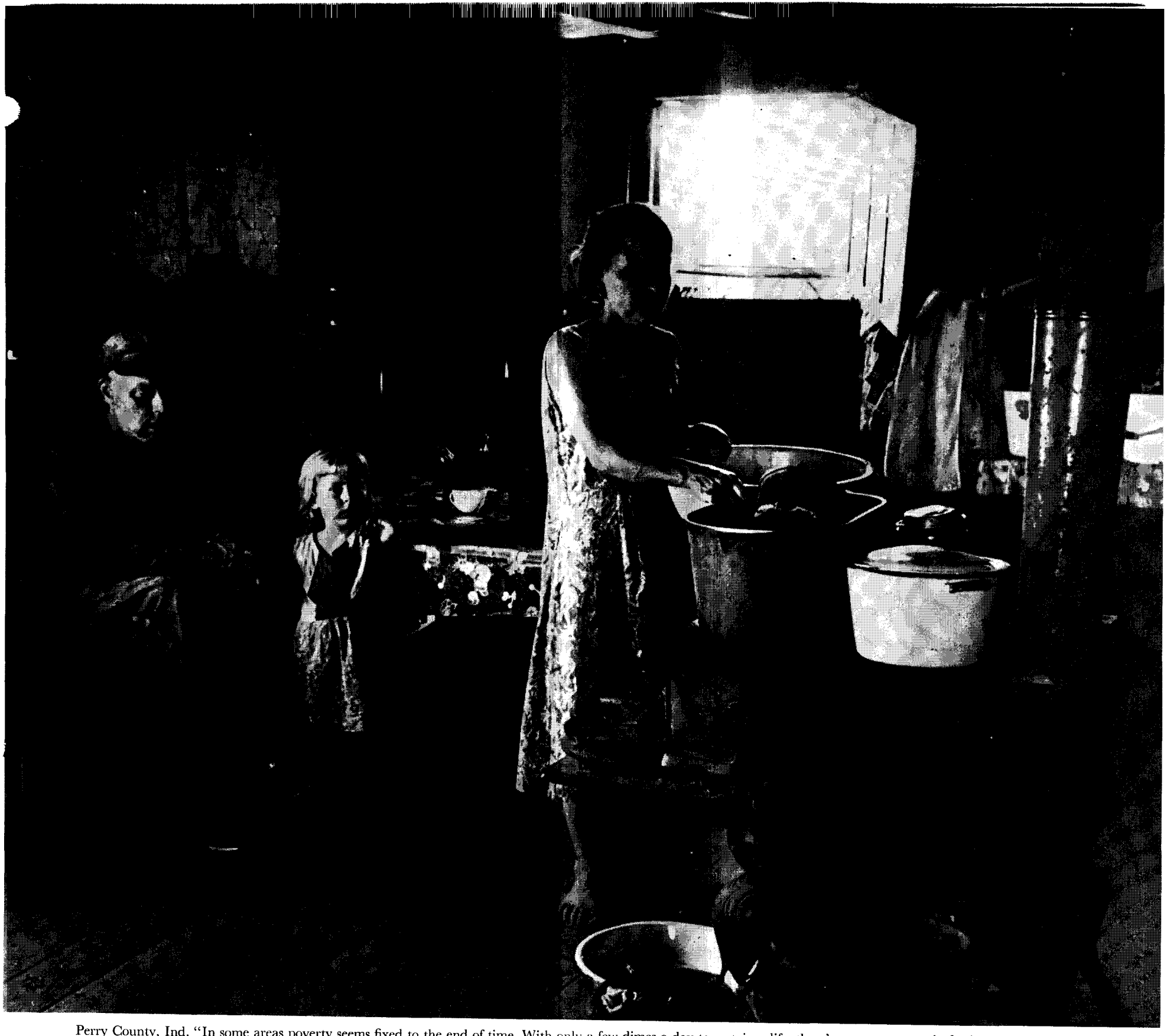

Perry County, Ind. "In some areas poverty seems fixed to the end of time. With only a few dimes a day to sustain a life, there's never any margin for improvements."

The Plight of the Hill People

Seven million mountain dwellers in 16 states still live in abject poverty due to causes largely beyond their control. The story of our most miserable citizens.

By Jerome Ellison

Some people call Jake Smith, who is a composite of many men I have lately come to know a little, a hillbilly, and think him quaintly funny. He and his family are part of that nearly one-twentieth of a nation that lives on unproductive land and is dismally, chronically poor.

In a recent year Jake's crops brought him $1120, about the average for Elliott County, Kentucky, where he lives. After expenses he has not quite forty cents a person a day—less than one-tenth the national average—to feed, clothe, shelter and educate his family of five.

Jake's plight cannot be ascribed to sloth, stupidity or debauchery. As the average citizen of his county, he is of normal intelligence, works hard, belongs to the Baptist church, is in good health, a teetotaler and in the prime of life. His predicament is a common one. About 7,000,000 people, a fifth of the population of sixteen states, live at or below this level. Counties classified (Continued on Page 46)

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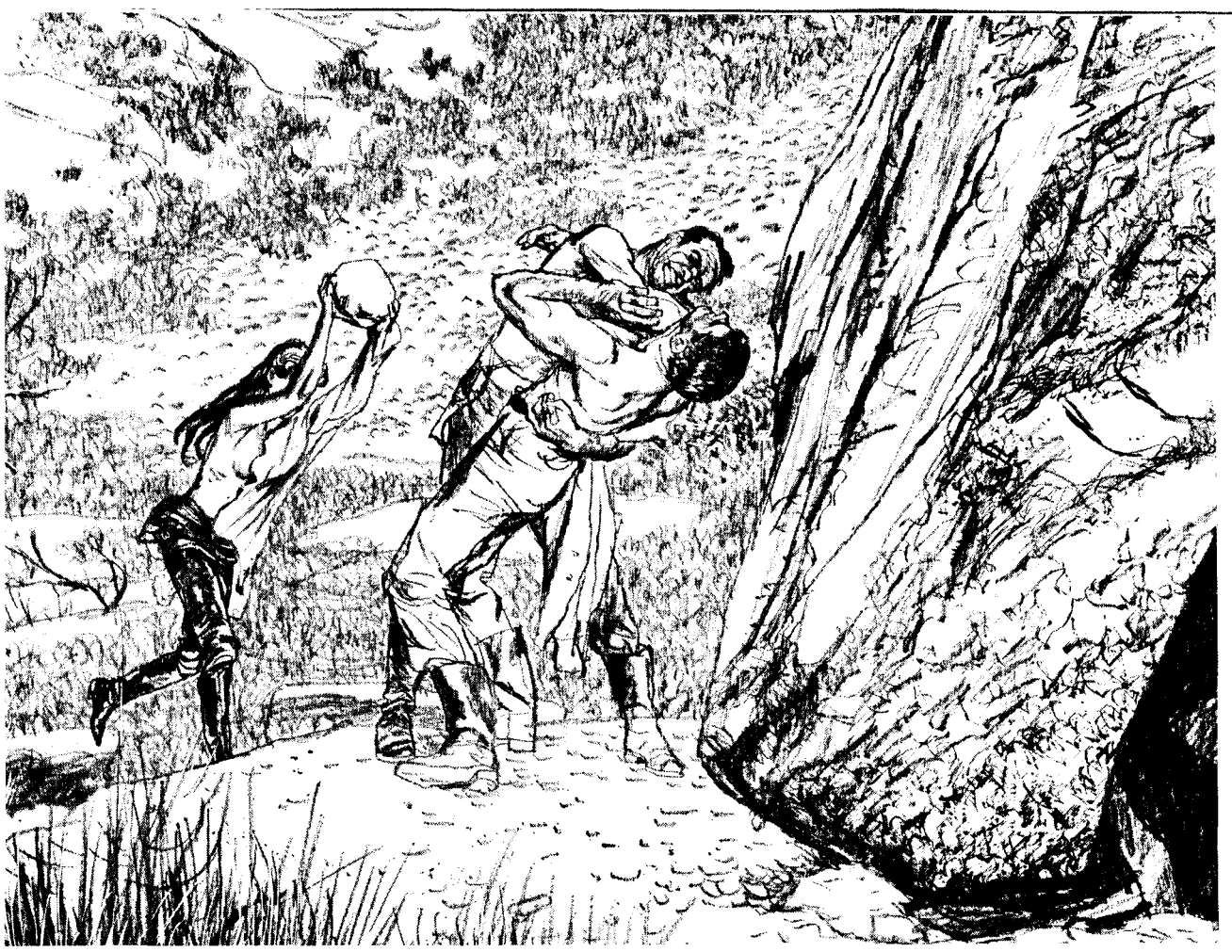

Francina picked up a stone and brought it crashing down on Carter's head.

Journey Into Danger

By STUART CLOETE

The two men were locked in a death struggle over the girl.

Oom Willem Prinsloo reluctantly allowed three outlaws—Harry Bates, the Zulu, Nzobo, and Fred Carter—to join the Boers' trek to the north. Only the persuasion of his grandniece, Francina, caused Willem to admit the outsiders. But the three men proved their worth by their efforts in helping the Boers fight first a raging fire and then a savage Zulu band.

Carter's behavior concealed his ruthless plans. He intended to kill Bates and collect the reward which the English offered. And he was crazed with desire for Francina, whose wild beauty tantalized him. His attempts to find her alone were consistently frustrated—until the day came when Francina defied her fiancé, Barend Beyers, and rode out alone. She stopped to explore a rock formation and to rest. It was then that Carter found her.

V

Carter had no difficulty in scrambling up the far side of the *kopje*. Neither the dogs nor the horse had picked up his scent. He had come up like a leopard, stealing from shadow to shadow. Once up, he paused to get his breath and then crept forward to peer through the bushes.

There she lay, half asleep in the sun, her wide belt unbuckled, her shirt open. She lay like a child, knowing herself alone and safe. Standing as if frozen, he watched her. His heart beat faster. She was even more beautiful than he had thought, for never before had he been able to look at her so long or so closely.

Francina was staring up at the blue cloudless sky with half-closed eyes. She saw the shiny starling fly off. A moment ago he had been preening his metallic feathers. She looked for the dassies. They too had gone. Then she felt she was being watched. A lioness with cubs? Or a leopard? While these thoughts passed through her mind she lay quite still. As long as she lay still, nothing was likely to attack her. Then she heard something. She raised herself on her elbow and looked at the bushes beside her. She would not have believed it possible for a man to have got so close without her knowing, without feeling his presence. Seeing that she had seen him, Carter came forward.

Cina said, "What are you doing here?"

"I thought I'd come up. I thought we could have a little talk and ride back together."

"Do you always creep up to talk to people who are asleep, *meneer?*" She had buckled her belt and was buttoning up her shirt.

Carter felt his temper rising. There was no need for her to talk to him like that. "I meant no harm," he said. "I just wanted to talk to you. You always avoid me."

"Perhaps I do not want to talk to you, *meneer*."

"Fred's the name," he said. "Why don't you be friends and call me Fred? We could be good friends, you and I. You are so beautiful." He came closer.

Cina, looking down, saw his feet moving toward her. His hand touched her bare arm. Like a wild creature she sprang back. The hand closed and held her. With a scream of rage she struck out.

Carter's head was rocked back by the blow. She had hit him. Never in his life had he been hit by a woman, though he had hit many. He felt his control leaving him. He felt loose, free, like a horse with his harness slipped from his back.

The blow had brought up all the evil and all the lust that had lain half dormant in his heart. With his left hand he tore open her shirt. With his right leg he tripped her.

But Francina was a strong girl. Bringing up both her legs like a fighting cat on its back she kicked him in the belly, lifting him clear off the ground, and sprang up with a stone in her hand.

Hearing the disturbance and her cries, the dogs twenty feet below her were going mad, barking and leaping at the wall of rock on which their claws could get no purchase. One of them got part of the way up and fell on Blaubooi's head. This was too much. The horse plunged backward and, pulling loose, set off at a gallop for the wagons that were his home.

Bates, coming back from one of the herds, saw him, heard the furious barking of the dogs and turned his horse toward the *kopje*. Never in his life had he ridden harder. Cina was in danger, and he must save her.

He was only just in time. Strong as she was, Fred Carter was overwhelming. Inflamed with fury, he was immune to her blows.

In the fight Cina too had gone mad. She would die before this man took her. She would kill him or die herself. In her swollen mouth she tasted the blood of her cut lips where he had struck her and from the flesh that she had bitten from his forearms; she spat it out in disgust. But she felt herself weakening. All she could do now was hold him off, to damage him, to strike, scratch, kick and bite. If his face came near hers again she was going to take off his nose or his lips.

Once she almost had as he tried to kiss her. Her teeth had snapped in his face like those of a dog as he drew back.

Bates finally reached them and, with a shout, threw himself onto Carter, seizing his neck from the back and cutting his wind with his fingers around his throat. Carter flung him off and turned on him. "You!" he shouted. "What the hell are you doing here?" He struck a terrific blow (Continued on Page 86)

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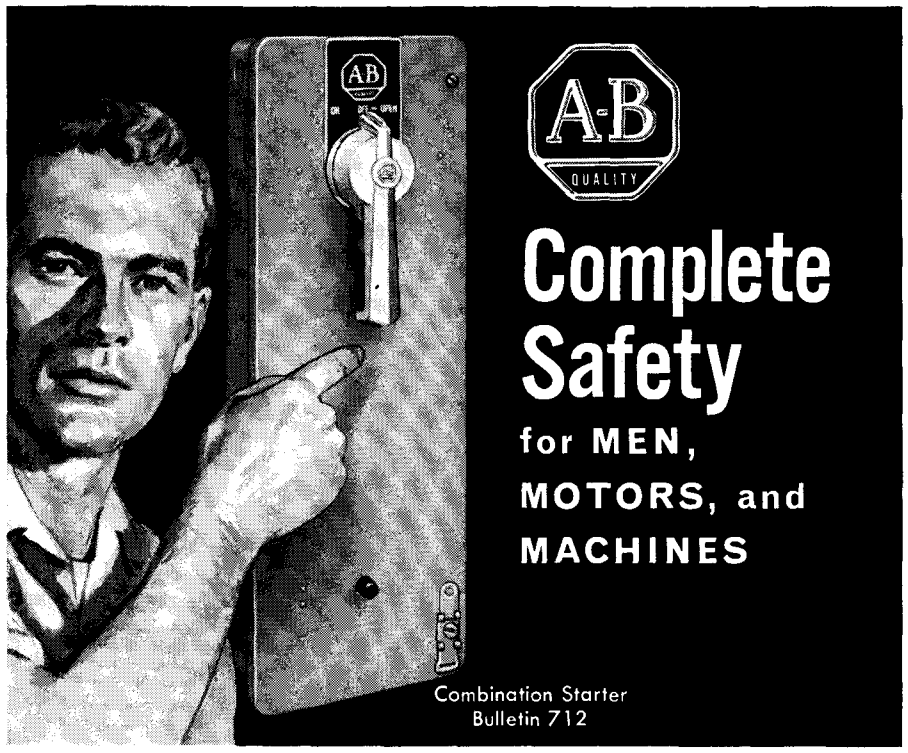

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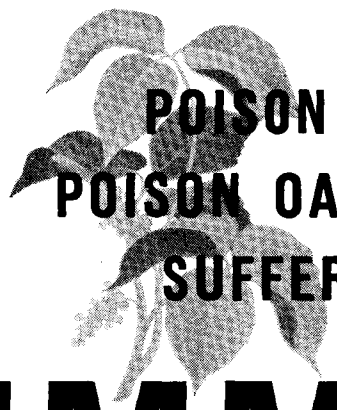

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NAME & ADDRESS_____

The Plight of the Hill People

(Continued from Page 43)

by the Department of Agriculture as "low-income: moderate, substantial and serious" have a population of 34,000,000, with 315 counties listed in the "serious" category.

For a long time the problems of the mountain folk were remote enough from other citizens to be regarded as merely "colorful." But not all the hill dwellers are tidy teetotalers like Jake Smith. When the boom brought "the hillbillies" swarming to the cities for factory jobs, even crime-hardened Chicago was stunned by the hurly-burly of violence, bawdiness, drunkenness and dirt occasioned by the more raucous elements among the newcomers.

For the first time since the Great Depression there was something like a national emergency about native Americans who know what it's like to be really poor. The country took a long, official look at our half million square miles of hills, and at the people who live there, and in 1954 came up with a help-and-self-help scheme called Rural Development.

It has made few big-city front pages, but students of the matter are quietly hopeful that "R.D." may be the means by which the hill dweller can hoist himself to his economic feet. This has not happened since the last of the big timber was cut, and would be historic. Whether it's that good or not, it has drawn solemn attention to a part of our country that has fallen pathetically behind.

Thinking that we owe it to one another at least to know how we're getting on in our several parts, I made three trips to the hills—one with a Purdue extension man named Tim Wallace, one with a University of Kentucky expert named Mike Duff, the third on my own. I came back with some sober thoughts about pluck and luck, and their places in human destiny. I visited with people who were poor, really poor, and who couldn't very well help it. To understand why, one has only to have a good look at the terrain.

I entered the hills near a place called Gnaw Bone, in Brown County, Indiana, fifty miles south of Indianapolis. The county has nineteen residents to the square mile, its largest town has 500 inhabitants, there is no rail or bus service.

Here the hills begin. From Gnaw Bone—a cross roads with a one-room school and an old horse walking in a circle to turn a sorghum press—the wooded hills roll southward through the rest of Indiana, through Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, along the Ohio River and into Pennsylvania to the east, westward through Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas.

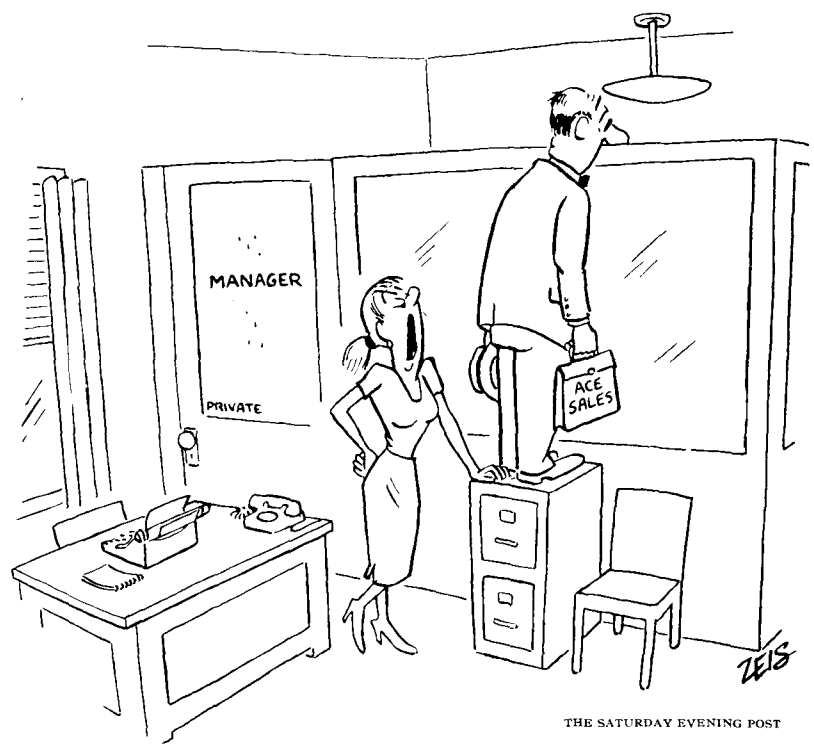
Here is some of the most spectacular scenery in the world. Here reside the poorest Americans.

A Department of Agriculture man, who spends his life trying to help people in this area, was concerned whether my report might take on a Jeeter Lester skew. "If you're going to write about the hill country," he asked with an air of misgiving, "won't people expect to read about feuding, moonshining, pigs in the parlor and Tobacco Road?"

As a matter of record, I saw mountain homes where the front yard was a hog wallow, where garbage was dumped out the window, and where nobody minded a few pigs in the house. A county nurse assured me that the heads of some of the children carried lice, and a spot check in one county revealed that nearly half of them went to school without breakfast. I had direct report of a family where husband and wife were first cousins, of an unmarried woman with sixteen children, of families that possessed neither blankets nor shoes.

In some places the seal of poverty and squalor seemed fixed to the end of time. With only a few dimes a day to sustain a life, there's never any margin for the kind of improvements—to buy crop fertilizer, for example—that might result in a few more dimes the following year, and so begin the hoped-for upward spiral. One county agent, returning to a territory where he'd worked twenty years before, was dismayed to find a new generation living in the same sad shacks, with no change beyond an occasional patch of fresh tar paper.

Lawlessness, violence and mishap in the historic mountain manner were abundant during the period of my visits. Just along my route, half a dozen moonshine stills were raided and smashed, a deputy sheriff was wounded and another killed



"Look—I said he was out!"

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in scrapes with moonshiners, a boy was bitten by a rattlesnake and a baby by a rat, one mountaineer was murdered with a shotgun and another with an ax, there were two stabbings, some juke-joint mayhem and a flareup of feuding.

But industrious, law-abiding Jake Smith is just as representative of the hills as a homicidal moonshiner. In the long run, events may prove him to be more so.

I recall the afternoon Mike Duff and I spent at Ned Gillum's place. Ned, a bronzed, clean-shaven, gray-eyed man, wearing blue jeans and work shirt when we called, is a member of the Elliott County, Kentucky, Long Range Planning (Rural Development) Committee. To get to his place you turn off the blacktop a mile beyond Sandy Hook on the road to Ordinary, Ruin and Dewdrop, and drive about two miles on an unmarked dirt road, being sure to bear right at each of three forks.

Ned apologized for the absence of his wife, who was with neighbors, caring for their fifteen-year-old daughter Litha, who was recovering from an accident that is common among mountain women—scalding. It has a way of happening when you move tubs of boiling water every day. He introduced us to his three other friendly school-age children and invited us to sit down on the porch swing. The porch overlooked a neat lawn, the truck garden and, beyond, the tobacco field.

"My family first came to that t'bacca patch from Virginia two hundred years ago," he said, "and nobody's ever been able to drive us off." Ned, now forty-two, is one of fourteen children. All had completed six grades in the local one-room school; five still live in the county. Ned married a girl from a neighboring hill. "I'd like to make this place a kind of a model for a one-man farm on this kind of land."

Following approved land use, Ned is taking no more crops from the hill crests and slopes. He has planted part of his upland in pine seedlings, the rest with the famous Kentucky 31 Fescue, a tough mountain pasture grass that can resist drought and hold against erosion.

Ned was thinking about putting some sheep up there. "Sheep haven't been tried much in this corner of the state, but those as have taken a chance have done right well." His bottom land, managed according to the county agent's suggestions, was producing two to four times its former cash yield. Ned is determined there shall be no more scaldings. He took an extension course in plumbing last winter, and was installing the first hot-water and indoor-plumbing system to be seen in his "holler," or valley.

Rufe Gillam, on the other side of Sandy Hook, is another Elliott County man with progressive ideas. For years Rufe had been barely breaking even on a corn patch too large to handle without motorized machinery but not large enough to make a tractor pay out. The county agent told him about modern egg production and put him in touch with a hatchery. Rufe built a henhouse big enough for a thousand birds. He clears well over fifty dollars a week on it when egg prices are high, and gets premium prices for his superior eggs even when the market is off. He has just built a second henhouse, and is planning a third. All over the county the Neds and Rufes are trying new things.

The importance of Elliott County to the nation is its designation as one of the 103 Rural Development "pilot counties" located in thirty states and Puerto Rico. It means, in effect: "Here's a tough one to try out ideas on. What will work here will probably work anywhere."

The county population, down four per cent in eight years, is close to 7000. If the people were evenly distributed, each person would have a plot one fifth mile square. Average income is about a dollar and fifty cents a person a day; land is valued at thirty-six dollars an acre. Only 12 per cent of the people have had more than eight years of school (U.S. urban average: 60 per cent); teacher's pay is $150 to $250 a month. In 1957 the county suffered a setback when the wooden insides burned out of its concrete-block courthouse at Sandy Hook.

In spite of everything, Elliott County is showing signs of progress. Sandy Hook has built a new $100,000 water system, assuring for the first time an ample supply of untainted water. The county's milk cows were the first in the state to be pronounced free of Bang's disease, which may cause undulant fever. More than a fourth of Elliott County's families are enrolled in the Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation program, which can be one indication of a hill farmer's forward look. Last year nineteen ponds were built, 1443 acres seeded against erosion and 64,000 trees were planted.

In Crawford County, Indiana—where you can buy brush land for as little as ten dollars an acre—I saw a demonstration of another means by which the hill dweller is improving his lot: part-time farming. Crawford, another of the low-income counties, has 9000 people, no industry that employs as many as 100, and thirty persons to the square mile. English, its largest town, has 839 residents. Being near the Louisville industrial area, however, has made the new type of hill farming possible.

Nolan Hammond is one of the modern commuting farmers, and I think of him every time somebody brings up the time-hallowed notion that hill people are lazy. Nolan, now forty-one, was reared on a 160-acre hill tract near English, went through six grades of school and married a local girl when he was eighteen. After a spell of wartime defense work he returned, got a guard's job at the Colgate plant in Jeffersonville, and in 1938 began devoting his spare time to the rehabilitation of the family farm. Four years ago the Hammonds—Mr. and Mrs. and sons Harold and Larry—moved into the modern home Nolan had built on the old place. They now have eighty acres in hay, pasture, truck garden and grain, thirty head of beef cattle, a dairy cow, ten brood sows, a tractor and implements. The family nets a good weekly take-home from the factory and derives practically all of its food from the farm.

To do it, the Hammonds have to hump. Nolan, now (after thirteen years of seniority) working a convenient night shift, gets up at seven A.M., milks the cow, throws down some hay, feeds the hogs, has breakfast, and is on the tractor and in the field by nine. About 3:30 he starts the sixty-mile drive to Jeffersonville, where he works five days a week from five P.M. until one A.M., getting home from work at 2:30 A.M. Larry, now fifteen, and Harold, seventeen, own shares in the cattle (which are intended to pay their college expenses), and share in other farm work. Mrs. Hammond's part includes canning (1000 jars of vegetables, pickles and fruits each season), baking and minding the garden. The slaughterhouse at Corydon will cut up and freeze a cow or pig for four cents a pound, and that takes care of the family protein. The Hammonds work hard, but they're in the clear. On Sunday the family attends the Baptist church, where Nolan is Sunday-school superintendent and deacon. The boys will go to college, something that had been impossible for Nolan.

At many plants, transients from the hills are the last to be hired and the first to be let go, (*Continued on Page 49*)

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NO ONE TAKES ME ANYWHERE! NO PROMS! NO MOVIES! NO DATES AT ALL! EVEN YOU GIRLS SHUT ME OUT OF THINGS!
WELL, IT'S A PROBLEM OF YOUR OWN MAKING, SUSIE! IF I WERE YOU, I'D BONE UP ON THE FACTS ABOUT— ABOUT BAD BREATH!
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(*Continued from Page 47*) and the layoff is much feared. The Hammonds' location provides their solution—the farm will always feed them. Many hill people rely on the trailer. Families back from layoffs in Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis or Cincinnati sometimes anchor their road ships at the old homestead, where they can live for very little, and ride out the storm. Trailers are a common sight in the "hollers" during a recession. When things pick up in the factories, they vanish.

To see Rural Development strategy in the making, I went down to Whiskey Run Township Grade and High School in Milltown, Indiana, one warm evening, for a meeting of the Crawford County Development Committee.

To understand the background of that meeting, you have to flash back to 1952, the year the President appointed a committee to find out how things were going in the hills. A couple of years later, when the facts came out, a permanent "National Committee of Under Secretaries for The Rural Development Program" was formed. It includes under secretaries of Agriculture, Interior, Commerce, Labor, Health-Education-and-Welfare, the administrator of the Small Business Administration, and a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Deans of the state colleges of agriculture were asked to form state committees, and these alerted the counties.

The operating principle is local self-help, with appropriate technical assistance. Since action can originate only on the scene of need, what happens to the hill people through Rural Development is up to the hill people. The county committee is the key.

Russ Breeden, a hatchery man, is chairman of the Crawford County committee. Don Sloan, of the Soil Conservation Service, is a member; and so are Paul Byrum, the postmaster at Milltown; Roy Eubank, the Department of Agriculture's county agent; and Tim Wallace, my traveling companion from Purdue's Extension Service. Of the remaining forty men and women who are members, half are from the farms, half are business and town people.

The night I was there, the committee had plenty to chew on. The bright hopes of the hills are new industry, better schools, bigger land units, improved farming methods, more tourist traffic—so the evening's business was on these themes.

A proper tourist map showing points of interest in the county—where the young Abe Lincoln passed, the great caves near Wyandotte and Marengo, the old water-wheel site at Milltown, scenic hilltops overlooking the Ohio—was needed, and a vote to publish one was taken. The new lake to be made by damming the Little Blue River was nearing reality—surveying, a committeeman reported, had begun. The new-industry committee let it be known that the abandoned cement plant was being widely advertised, along with other attractions for manufacturers.

The subcommittee on education announced the results of a survey of where the county's high-school graduates had been going. Sixty per cent went to the cities—Louisville, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, in that order. Ten per cent went to college, 5 per cent couldn't be traced, 15 per cent entered the Army, 10 per cent remained in the county.

There were serious deficiencies in the high-school curriculum, the committee observed. It offered no chemistry, physics, geometry, language or biology; there was not enough training in skills needed to get and hold jobs, or to make one's way in college. A consolidated high school of 500 pupils would be the cheapest way to meet this need. But consolidation had often been defeated in the county, it was pointed out, and it might take fifteen years to get people to consider it again. "Then," somebody retorted, "it's time we got started plugging it."

The following week I went with Mike Duff to a regional conference at Lexington, Kentucky, where I talked with county committeemen from twelve states. "It will be a good chance," Kentucky State Rural Development Chairman Ernest J. Nesius had prophesied, "to see what's going on all over the map." He was right. I even talked for a while with county agent Harry Martin, of Tupelo, Mississippi, where Elvis Presley comes from. And I learned that the champion county—in the all-important business of attracting new industry to the far hills—is probably Choctaw County, Oklahoma, beyond the Ouachita Mountains in the Red River Valley.

Choctaw County's performance almost justifies the use of that busy word "fabulous." Before Rural Development, the county's annual per capita income was $250. It lured to its county seat, Hugo, a glove factory and a new woodworking plant; it is building a million-dollar old people's home, and is experimenting on its farms with six important new cash crops. Now the per capita income is $800 a year, and rising.

An important factor in the change was the building of the new air-conditioned glove factory through a nonprofit scheme proposed by a local contractor. It employs 300 people. What this means to the county is suggested by these figures, compiled by the United States Chamber of Commerce: Each hundred new factory workers bring to the community 296 more people, 112 more households, fifty-one more school children, $590,000 more annual personal income, 107 more cars, 174 more jobs, $360,000 more annual retail sales—and thirty-one families removed from substandard farms.

The Oklahoma phenomenon has been paralleled elsewhere. A businessman from Perry County, Indiana's pilot county, paid his own fare to Maryland to see a boat manufacturer, and wrestled with the angel until he could bring home a blessing—a boat factory now employing about 150 people. Chilton County, Alabama, urged charcoal manufacturers to consider its woods, and one of them moved in.

A campaign for new cash crops is another R.D. gift to the hills. Hardin County, Tennessee, tried pimento peppers for the first time in 1957, and added an average of $400 each to the incomes of a hundred families. Carnations brought new income to western North Carolina, strawberries succeeded in southern Indiana. Assembly-line egg and broiler production, a field in which the hill farmer can compete on more even terms with his colleague from the fertile plains, has been a boon in nearly all the low-income counties.

Though Perry County's energetic visiting nurse, Esther Baertich, had not been paid for three months at the time of my visit, the state of the hill dweller's health and that of his children, is causing him increasing concern. In an Ohio pilot county—Monroe—there is no hospital, only a part-time health department and a too-short supply of doctors in their active years. The R.D. committee engineered the county's first sanitary law, and is pressing for a community health center. A Missouri committee obtained a nurse for the Taney County schools. Twiggs County, Georgia, built a modern nine-room residence-office in its successful effort to attract a doctor. Before Rural Development, Butler, Metcalfe and Elliot counties, Kentucky, had all failed to raise $5000 matching funds for Hill-Burton Act Federal-aid health centers. R. D. committees have recently turned the trick in all three localities.

There's a brisk new effort to attract a slice of the $20,000,000,000-a-year (Department of Commerce estimate) tourist trade to the less widely known hills, supplementing the already famous mountain tours—Blue Ridge, Great Smokies, Ozarks, Berkshires, the TVA lake country.

A number of colorful festivities have sprung up in this cause. Renfro Valley, Kentucky—where I snacked at an eating place called Belly Acres—has its world-famous barn dance. Highlands, North Carolina, has a hillbilly day. There's a turkey-calling contest in Yellville, Arkansas. Benson, North Carolina, has a mule day; Linville, in the same state, sponsors a gathering of the Scottish clans; Santa Claus, Indiana, has a year-round amusement park on the Saint Nick theme. Each summer Berea, Kentucky, offers musical and dramatic presentations in a hillside amphitheater.

Against all the forces which are, people like to think, guiding the hilly regions in the general direction of progress, there is the heavy drag of tradition. Take the matter of replanting bald hills. For generations the frontiersman has been obsessed with clearing land for cash crops. At a meeting to discuss reforestation, a patriarch addressed the county agent: "Young man, what we need is not to get more bushes on these hills, but to clear off what's already there!" Heads wagged in agreement. Land-use reform may have to wait in that county, perhaps a long time.

This resistance to change may be further understood in terms of the special geography of the hills, and the resulting living patterns. The basic geographic units are hills and hollows, pronounced "hollers." A holler is a small valley drained by a branch of a creek. It is usually occupied by four or five families, each farming some eighty acres, of which two-thirds, on the average, is untillable wooded upland. Each holler has its name. I visited in Echo Holler, Broken Shin Holler, Hell-for-Certain Holler.

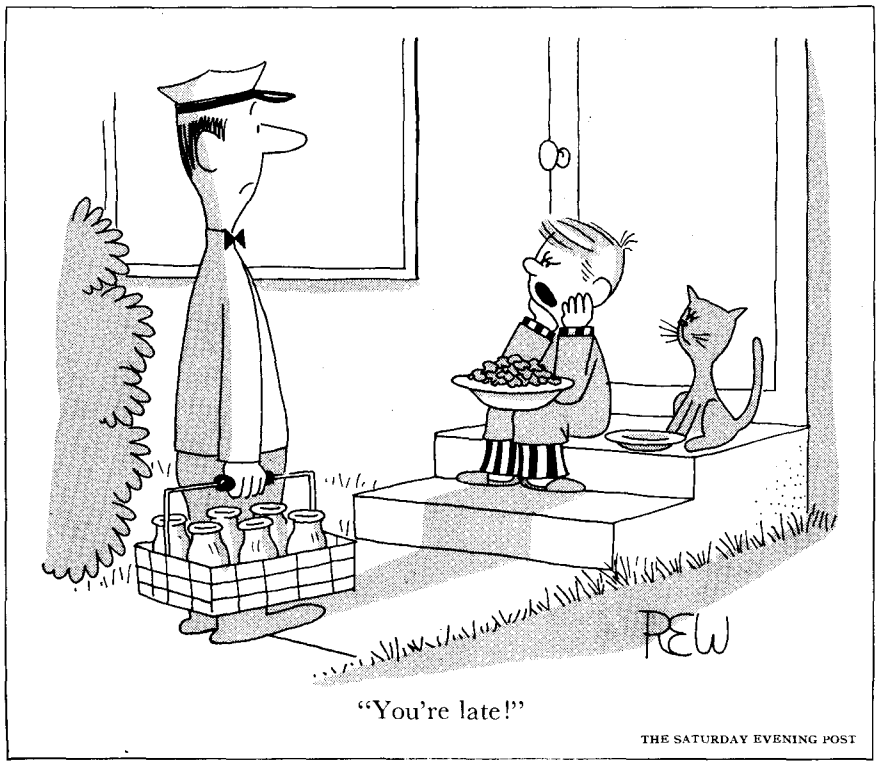
The next larger unit to the holler is the community—in many states called the township—which may include several hollers and have its own one-room school. Township loyalties are felt with a fierce pride. In one county, where urgent educational needs would be served by replacing ten one-room schools with a consolidated school, public meetings are boycotted if it is known that the consolidation issue will be discussed. Taking the one-room school away would weaken the township. People on the creek branches literally won't hear of such a thing.

Aiding those who would like to see a new day, however, are the very currents of the times. "Why, with cars and telephones," Ned Gillum said, "my brother in Cincinnati is closer to me today than my uncle two hills away, when I was a boy." Working inexorably to rouse Rip Van Winkle from his two-hundred-year sleep are the modern three R's—reading, radio (TV is rare) and roads.

And the greatest of these is roads. Touring is, of course, a matter of each to his own taste, but I find a lot to be said for the hill country. I thought it vastly refreshing to drive for days on blacktop roads with almost no heavy traffic, trailer trucks or stop lights; to wind among scenic dells and canyons; to sleep at night in simple places for modest fees; to find history and legend around every turn. The cardinal and the mockingbird still whistle enchantingly near Henderson, Kentucky, where John James Audubon worked, and at Nolin Creek, where Lincoln was born.

I crossed the Ohio River from Kentucky on a tug-and-barge ferry, near the spot where the Thomas Lincoln family crossed on a log raft a hundred and forty years before, and walked on the Indiana ground where teen-age Abe read by a log fire. To the northeast is the region of the celebrated Hatfield-McCoy feud, and Greenup County, the Jesse Stuart country. South of there lies "Bloody Harlan" County, where the coalfields ran red in the 1930's. One night at a hillside dance I heard the wild, stirring screech of the mountain fiddle, playing in a tune and style unaltered in three hundred years. In the summer twilight I also witnessed the mysterious bending of a forked branch in the hands of a mountain water witch. In Clay County you can find a sheriff who still shoots it out, on occasion, with bad guys.

I turned north, back through Gnaw Bone, toward home. I had passed through a land gripped in a climactic struggle with its destiny, living partly in a dark past, partly in a perplexing present, looking to a future which contains, perhaps, a dawning hope. THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beauty Is the Prize

(Continued from Page 30)

I'd think then. Until five minutes later I'd see her looking at me from the kitchen doorway. Trouble was, not much experience of girls I hadn't, to tell what kind of look she was giving me. *Got to look somewhere, hasn't she?* I'd think. *But no harm dreaming, is there?* So every night I'd come back.

An Italian café it was, left over from the old times when the Italians were about these parts. And it had become very poor now, seemingly. Mostly Arabs coming, or sailors like me, looking for palm toddy and a plate of hash. Horrible the hash was, too—made of old camel; but you can't have everything, can you? When I'd be chewing on the bits of hump I'd think of the little brown hand that laid the plate in front of me. Dream of that hand I would, how I'd hold it and stroke it in the nighttime. Oh, nothing bad, mark you; nothing wrong. Great respect I had for her even in dreaming.

The café was filling up now, which it always did about this time. And there was a big ugly fellow that I'd been noticing often. A face like a railway accident, with a long fleshy nose going two ways at once, as if someone had taken a hammer to it, and a harelip. But important, seemingly. When he just lifted his finger, the café owner would come running. Caterina's uncle that was, Giuseppe. Small and fat and bald. I was glad to know he wasn't her father. Difficult to dream about a girl if her father looked like that—at least for me. Everything beautiful, a dream should have.

"You have another drink?" the voice was saying. Like a little soft song being whispered. Listen to it for hours I would have liked. It wasn't very often she said even that much to me. Very sharp eye her uncle kept on her.

"Yes," I breathed, feeling dizzy as she bent down near my shoulder to take the glass. So dizzy I didn't realize she was saying more, breathing it right against my ear almost. "What?" I said dreamily.

"You British sailor?" she breathed again, her lips hardly moving. "You help me?"

I almost stood up with the shock. "Yes!" Didn't realize I'd shouted till everyone stopped what they were doing and stared. Giuseppe with a tray of hash in his hands halfway out of the dirty doorway of the kitchen. The fellow with the harelip and his mates. Even the old woman in the back that did the cooking. I felt myself blushing as if I were filling up with fire from my boots to my head. Caterina nearly dropped the glass she held and blushed, too; then hurried off.

Across the smoky room full of smells and shadows I saw the others looking at me very curiously. Made me feel uncomfortable, as if they could see right inside me. Especially the harelipped chap. Ugly as an old devil. Very big. Big as my mate Paddy nearly, and looking bigger, being dressed like a tent. You'd never know what they'd have under those old nightshirts. Wicked knives with curly blades, likely, that'd make windows in a man's ribs in a second.

"Here is one drink, sailor," Caterina was saying. Come back so soft I hadn't heard her. And then, softer still. "Be in the lane at back later, midnight ——"

I sat nailed to the chair. Dreaming, I must be. Like a story come true. Opened my mouth to try and answer, but nothing happened. And round she went, clearing dirty cups and glasses off the tables as if she'd said nothing at all. I saw the big fellow following her with his eyes, and then look at me. He leaned sideways and whispered to one of the men with him, still looking at me, and the chap he'd spoken to got up and came over, his slippers flopping and his dirty striped nightdress swishing round his legs.

"You come off ship?" he said. He was small and thin, and his fez had mangy spots; but I didn't like the look in his eye at all.

"Yes," I said, bunching myself on the chair. Behind him I saw about six chaps looking very interested in their cups of coffee, and the big fellow with the harelip was staring at the roof. But I had the idea that every one of them was looking at me out of the corners of his eyes. Proper nasty, it made me feel.

"Then why don't you go back to ship?" he said. A smile full of teeth stained all red. Something they chew was all it was, but just like blood it looked for a second. Gave me quite a turn.

"You looking for a hammering?" I said, although not feeling nearly so brave. He grinned and put his hand inside his nightshirt, and behind him the others sat forward on their stools. All except Harelip. He just smiled at the ceiling, looking very bored. And then I saw out of the corner of my eye that Caterina was in the doorway of the kitchen, hands to her heart and her eyes desperate, trying to catch mine, as much as to say, "Don't fight with them, please, please."

More than glad I was to obey her, I can tell you. "Lucky for you," I said to Mangy Fez. "I was just going anyway." I drained my drink and stood up, wishing I was tall. Built broad I am, but a man needs to be tall to make a grand exit from a situation like that. Tower over the people. And my legs are bandy, which makes it worse.

"You are wise man," said Mangy Fez.

I went across the café with my ears burning, trying to understand what it was all about. When I got near to Harelip he stuck out his leg in its pointed slipper, so that I'd have to step over it. I stopped, looking at him, and he gave me back a look like a butcher measuring a side of meat for the hook.

"Don't come again, sailor," he said. "We don't like you here." He nodded to where Caterina must still have been standing in the kitchen doorway behind me. "You look at my girl too much."

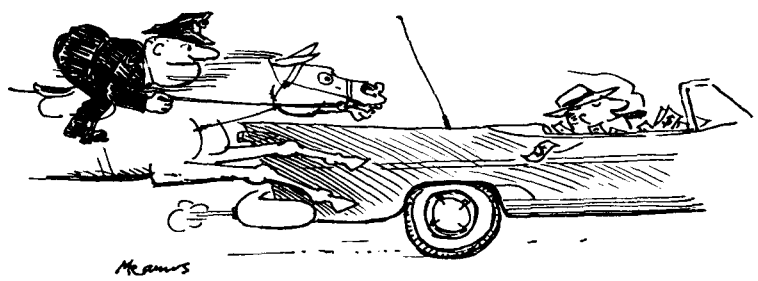
"Who said she was your girl?" I growled.

"I said," Harelip smirked and nodded his head as if he was dismissing me, proper contemptuous. I lifted my fist, and there was a rustle behind me and the prick of steel in my ribs. I dropped my fist real quick, I tell you, and the knife point went away and someone snickered. I stepped forward, just as if I was going quietly, but all of a sudden, with my foot in mid-air, I gave a little skip, see, and the heel of my boot came down with a crunch on Harelip's foot. Fourteen stone of me above it too. Very satisfying it felt, I can tell you, specially when he yelled. But by that time I was running. Proper rat's patter of feet after me and sounding murderish; but I used to do the hundred yards in ten seconds at the Swansea sports, with the wind behind me, and the thought of that knife that had pricked me was better than any wind. It was only when I was halfway up the gangplank to the ship a mile away that I remembered I was supposed to be going back to the café at midnight. And I came up short, as if I'd run into the side of the ship.

"What's the matter?" Paddy said. He was watchman that night and standing by the gangway.

Couldn't answer him for a full minute, I couldn't, and by the time I could I'd decided not to. Proper laugh Paddy would have had if I told him about Caterina. No heart he hasn't, being Irish; and then he'd tell Shorty, who is worse, being English, poor soul, and brought up deathly stupid in

(*Continued on Page 52*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Mornings, Bookie Joe sat by his telephone taking bets on the day's horse races. Afternoons, he drove around in his wife's convertible collecting winnings and paying off losses. Then revenue agents seized the convertible. They charged Joe with using it in the wagering business without paying the wagering tax. Joe sued to get the car back.

"It isn't any crime to pay off winners and collect from losers," Joe argued, "and that is all I was doing with that car. I didn't accept wagers in the car, but only over the telephone."

"Every horse player in town knows that fancy roadster is Joe's pay-off car and, as such, it is an essential part of his business of wagering," the Government attorney countered.

If you were the judge, would you return the car?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Joe did not get the car back. The court held that pay-offs and collections are integral parts of the betting business.

Based upon a 1958 Federal decision.

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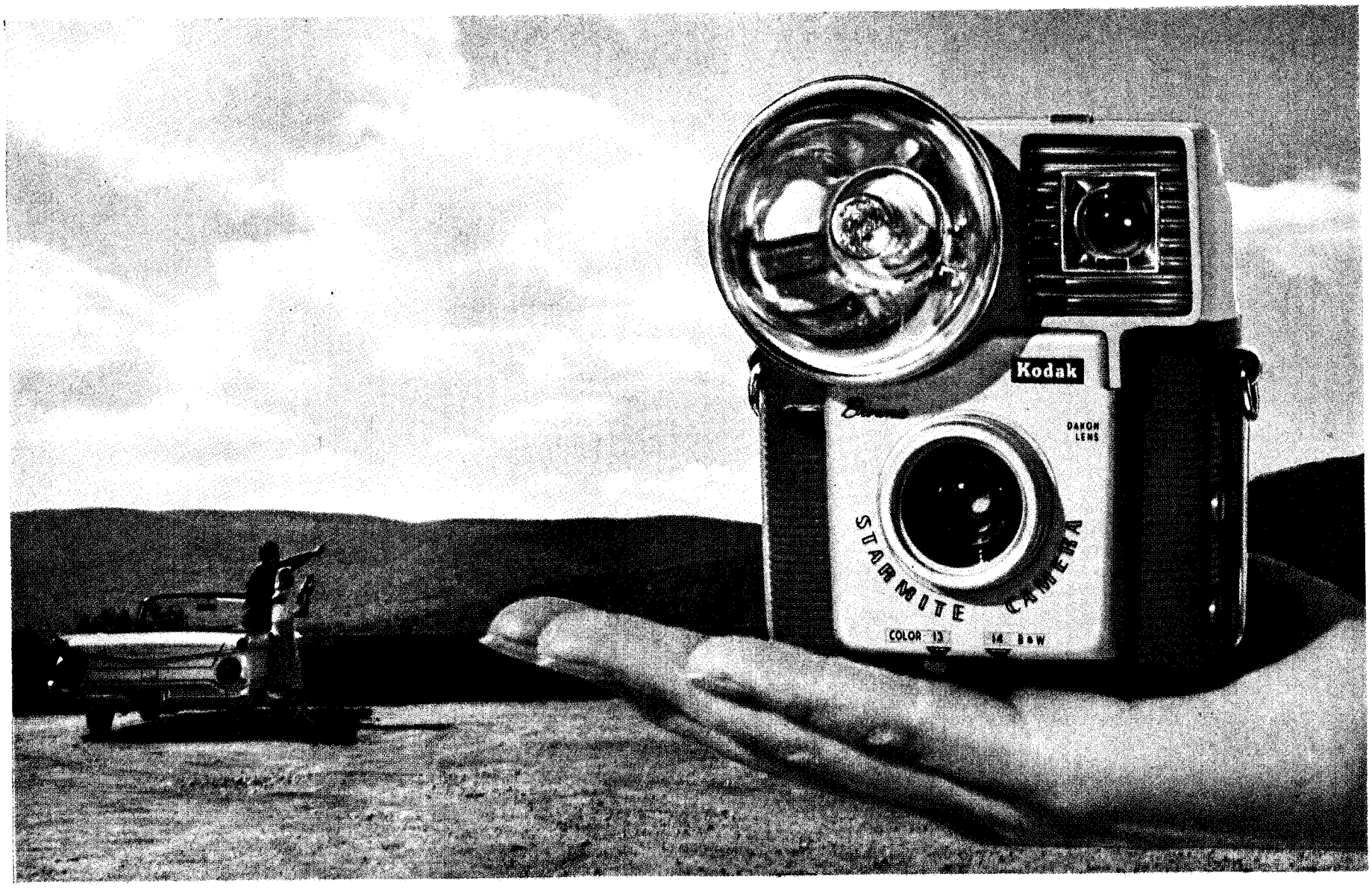

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(*Continued from Page 50*) Somerset. Just laugh they would, and I wouldn't hear the last of it so long as we were sailing together.

"Nothing," I said. "Just practicing running like. Do you good after a skinful, it does." Then I went below to think. Does me better to think when I lie down. But what could thinking do now? Just have to go back, I would, and chance it.

And so near to twelve midnight there I was creeping through the lane ways up to the café. More than ghostly, I can tell you. Every corner I was expecting one of the shadows to move out and give me a passport to join my grandpa. Was all I could do to keep moving sometimes. But then I'd think of Caterina, and my heart would give a little skip for my heels to copy. Dark as an old cellar it was. No street lighting in those parts, gas or electric. No municipal sense they haven't. For a minute I didn't know which of the mud walls was the café and which wasn't, until the smell of that old camel hash told me. Hanging like a fog even in the lane.

"Pst!" I whispered.

"Pst!" came a little soft breath of a whisper back, and I near dropped on the ground with the fright, even though I was expecting it. Right from above my head, up in the sky. Ghosts, I thought of. Then I looked up and saw her. Just a little round head peeping over the edge of the flat roof. See her against the sky, I could, and her eyes shining.

"Can you climb up, sailor?" she whispered. I put my hand to the corner of the wall and felt it all crumbly where the donkeys and the camels rubbed against it turning into the lane.

"Easy," I whispered up, and true enough in three lifts of my hand and kicks of my boot I was up on a level with her, and my belly on the parapet of the flat

"Well, you insisted on a place near transportation."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

roof. Not slates and slopes like with us, see, but flat so's you can sleep on it.

"Oh, I was so hopeful you would come," she whispered. Her soft, warm hands pulled me over onto the roof.

"You said you wanted help?"

"You swear you never tell what I tell you now?" Leaning forward she was looking earnest right into my eyes, and putting up her finger to my lips. Took me all my time not to fall down. Feel the warmth of her I could. Face like a little flower, and that old shirt fastened with a safety pin not disguising her as clothes ought, either. Taken the cane to me my ma would if I ever described to her what I was seeing then. Had to close my eyes.

"Catch cold you will," I croaked.

"You swear?" she whispered. Proper pressing against my lips her finger was. All I could do not to kiss it. Taste like a lollipop it would too—surely.

"I swear!" I whispered. And when I dared open my eyes again she was sitting back, looking so sad I could have cried for her. "Tell me what it is," I breathed.

"You know that ugly man tonight?" she whispered. "Hanif?"

I nodded. "Left him lame I did. Did you see?"

"My uncle says I must marry him."

"Him? Harelip?" I whispered, horrified. That ugly-looking accident? Kill him first I would, and bury him in a pit.

She let her head droop forward in a slow nod, her black hair slipping across her shoulders. "Yes," she whispered. "Hanif is rich man and full of wickedness. He frighten my uncle so much my uncle don't know what to say. Then he offer him money for me. My uncle don't care then. Just take the money and say, 'Up, you lazy girl. Marry this fine man or I take a palm rod to your backside and make you screech. Next month, the latest.' That was two weeks gone past. *Ohimé*, I feel so sad."

"What do you want me to do?" I breathed. Hammer him I would, flat as cardboard.

"I want you to take me away——" she breathed, and I tell you, the roof could have hit me and left my wits better. One side of my heart leaping like a young ram on the spring hillside thinking of it. And the other half proper sodden, like a wet Sunday in Swansea High Street. How would I get her on the ship, first off? And what would they say at home ever, their Taffy bringing back such a little white dove from the Red Sea? Empty the saucepan on us both, my ma would, and she at me after each trip to marry Pryce Grocer's daughter, Gwen.

Five years older than me Gwen is, and squints ferocious, but she can afford to squint, ma says, being Pryce Grocer's only child and inheriting the shop. "And with the light out, squinting won't bother," she says. Dread going home sometimes I do, on account of Gwen. But one thing to dread going home. Quite another bringing my ma home a daughter-in-law speaking English with a funny accent and no Welsh at all. Couldn't so much as swallow, I tell you.

Just then the moon came out, swimming up yellow as a big pan of cream into the sky. Far away it made Swansea seem, and farther still when I got a proper look

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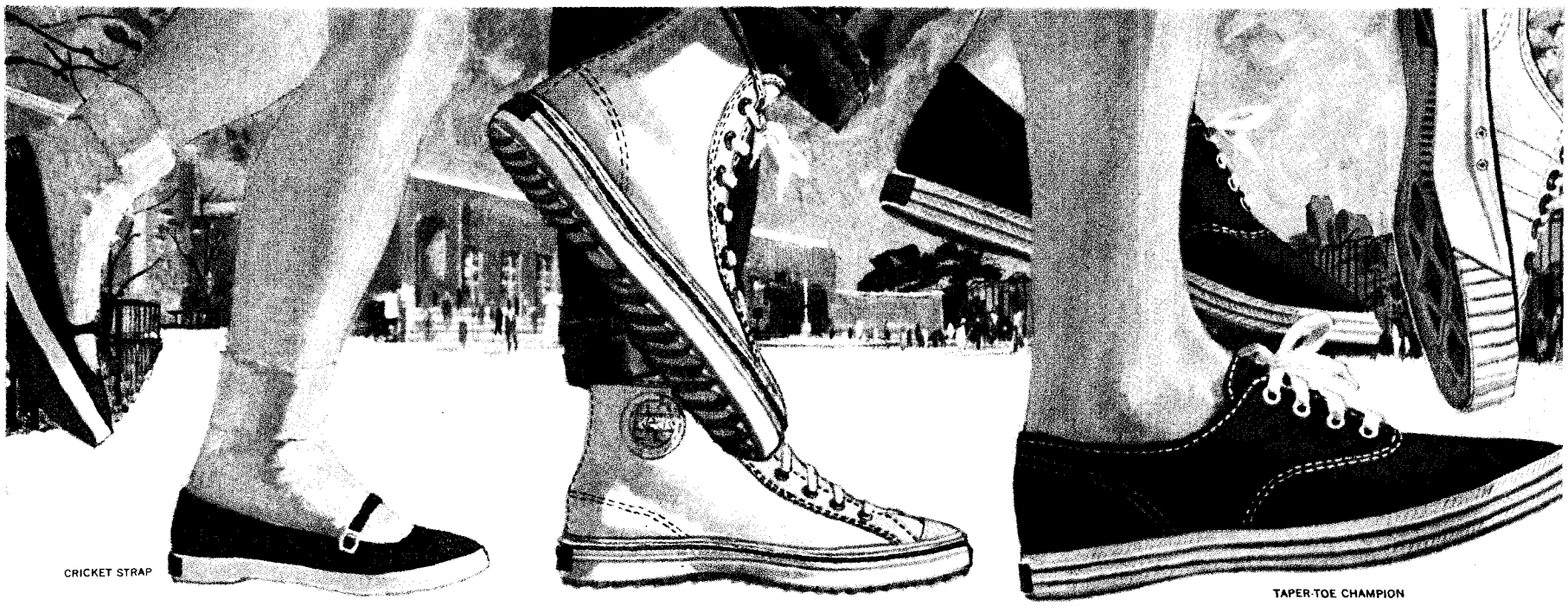

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at Caterina. Legs drawn under her old skirt and prettiest feet you can imagine, peeping out like little white kittens hiding under a chair. And her cheeks blushing dark as red roses and her neck soft and curving like a white stem for them.

"I want you to take me down to the harbor tomorrow night," she was whispering. Funny look in her eyes as she was whispering it, too; but that would be modesty, I thought. Devil throw the old difficulties into a pit. Hide her in my locker I would and feed her on condensed milk.

"Indeed I will," I breathed. "Walk across the Red Sea we will, if necessary, like old Moses."

"Listen," she whispered. "There will be a sea captain there, captain of a little dhow, who is my friend since I was small. If only you can bring me safe to him tomorrow midnight, he will carry me up the coast to where I will be safe. He cannot come here to the fonduk because he is known. And I cannot go to him alone."

"Up the coast?" I stammered. "Where you'll be safe?"

"Yes," she whispered, twisting her hands together in her lap and looking down at them. "I have cousins there and one of them—loves me." She was looking up at me then as if I had said he didn't.

Talk of hearts dying. Fell in ruins mine did, like old ashes in a grate, stirred with a big poker. Couldn't speak. Half got up to jump over the parapet and leave her I did—and let her old cousin look after her. Hard to tell what stopped me. Her little hands I think it was, twisting so nervous in her lap.

Hadn't promised me anything had she? Just asking for help. *Wicked you are, Taffy Edwards*, I thought. *Maiden in distress like in a story and you behaving as if you'd been given short change in a public house. Dreadful to think. Good hammering is what you need.*" So I sat down again, hoping she hadn't noticed.

"Will you help me?" she whispered. "The good nuns who teach me English say British sailor have heart of oak."

"I'll be here," I whispered miserably. "Anything else ——" All of a sudden she put her finger to my lips "Sh-sh." Then I heard it too. Soft slither of footsteps tiptoeing away down the lane, as if they'd been listening underneath. Careless we must have been, letting whispering get loud.

"Quick!" she gasped. "See if all is clear and then jump and run—maybe that person tell my uncle he hear whispers here."

I put my head over the parapet, half expecting a bullet. Dark like an old drain it looked, the moon not reaching down into the lane yet. Well, no good lingering. Over with my legs, trying not to think of knives waiting.

"Tomorrow midnight," Caterina breathed in my ear. So close I could feel her breath warm on me. Almost swear I could that her lips touched me. Then I dropped the full stretch of my arms—and down. Landed soft in the dust on all fours and started running. Round the corner I stopped to get my breath. No sense making a great noise running if people were listening for it. Not a sound. Then back at the café someone was shouting. The old uncle that would be. The sound of a smack loud as a pistol shot and Caterina's voice screeching, "No, no, no!" Must be saying there was no one there with her. Then another smack. Gone back, I would have, to flatten him with his smacking, only that would have ruined things. So I had to walk off. Didn't sleep much that night, I can tell you.

And next day and evening was worse. Watchman from six to midnight I was, and in mortal terror Paddy wouldn't come back to relieve me. Then to crown all the old man sent down word that work was finished on the propeller and no one was to be ashore after midnight. Two in the morning we'd be sailing, and he'd have the liver out of any man that was missing.

Paddy and Shorty came on board at half past eleven, hardly able to stand up, let alone listen to sense about covering up for me that I was going when I shouldn't. Just have to trust to luck, I would. So I propped Paddy up against the stanchion by the gangway, looking like a watchman, and off into the town with me. Just about enough time there would be, if everything went smooth.

But ten minutes later I realized things weren't going to go smooth at all. A hundred yards from the café I was brought up all standing, seeing two men half-hidden in the shadows of the lane. Watchful-looking. And then to make definite, I saw one of their faces as he lit a match to see the watch on his wrist. Mangy Fez it was, no doubt at all. Waiting in ambush.

Round to other end of the lane by back streets then, but hardly any need to look. Two men there too. And a donkey as well. Tied up to a grating in the wall. Donkey? What would they want a donkey for? A dog, yes; but a donkey? Then it came to me. Proper shuddersome too. Carry a corpse nicely, a donkey could. Only thing that stopped me running right back to the ship that minute was my legs. Wouldn't work at all, except for shaking. What did I care if Caterina married old Harelip or her cousin?

Trouble was, I did care. "Heart of oak," she'd said. Trusted me. Up on the roof waiting she would be this very minute, saying to herself, "Taff is my true knight." Couldn't let her down and her thinking like that, could I?

But what to do? Both ends of the lane guarded. A mouse couldn't creep past. Well, then, looking for someone going quietly, they would be. Take them by surprise properly if I wasn't quiet. Sing to them I would. *Men of Harlech.* So I started to sing, rolling down the lane as if I'd had a skinful. Even the donkey looked surprised. The two men came out of the shadows, staring at me, but no knives in their hands, see, because they were sure I couldn't be me, making all that noise. They thought I was someone else. Right up close to them, singing *Men of Harlech* like at a football match, and bouncing off one wall of the lane and then the other with my shoulders. Wrestler's trick that is. Get a nice drive off a wall you can. And I did then. There they were, standing staring, and the donkey behind them. Bounce off the left wall. Bounce off the right wall, and then down with my head and a dive in a lovely Rugby tackle. Say it myself, I have to, that it was lovely, because no one else was there who understood Rugby. Just thought they'd been hit by a railway engine, those poor ambushers must have. My shoulder against their skinny legs, and then their heads hitting off the opposite wall like coconuts. Fezzes rolling each way, and nightshirts flying up like balloon spinnakers.

Gave me another idea that did. Stripped off their nightshirts and rolled them in a bundle with the fezzes. Then I thought of the donkey. Best disguise of all, that would be. Looking for a sailor and a girl, old Harelip was. Fool him proper we might in fezzes and nightshirts, and Caterina riding on the donkey. And we'd need to fool him, too, I was beginning to think. Best part of three miles to the Arab harbor, and the dear Lord knew how many of his little friends looking for us.

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"Come little donkey, my darling," I whispered. "Work to do."

But only leaned her ear at me, she did. Not intending to budge. And I was just about to fetch her a wallop with my boot when I remembered my grandpa telling me something.

"Donkeys like poetry," he said. "Not just any old poetry now, but poetry about donkeys."

Well, that was Welsh donkeys, see, but maybe it would work with a Red Sea donkey as well. Anyway no harm trying.

"Proper beautiful little donkey you are," I said, untying her rope. And I said a little childish rhyme to her about a small girl named Mary and her donkey. Liked it she did too. Clicked her hoofs then and came with me as easy as a bicycle. Wonderful the power of poetry! And two minutes later we were under the back of the café. "Pst!" I whispered. Just on midnight it was, too, but no answer. "PSST!" Still no answer. And at that I got a terrible cold feeling round my small ribs. Maybe they'd done something to her?

"You stay here," I told the donkey. And up with me onto the roof in a pair of seconds. No one there. I crept forward, looking for the ladder down into the house. There it was. But what would be down there? Old Harelip, likely, and some of his bully boys. Anyway there was one sure way to find out. I put my legs through the hole in the roof and slid down the ladder. Not a stir. In some kind of passage, I was. A crack of light up the passage in front of me. Four steps along to it, and my ears against the wood. Voices whispering. Couldn't make out a word because they were speaking foreign languages, but there was no doubt at all it was the old uncle and Harelip, confabbing together about their wickedness in the front of the café, and expecting to hear any minute that I was ready to be planted.

Well, if they were there, likely enough Caterina was locked up in her room. Wouldn't have her with them to witness their murderousness surely. So, softly as a little mouse, I went back down the passage, feeling for doors. One here, but open, so that wasn't it. Another one open. And then one with a big wooden bolt drawn across it. And my heart beating so loud it sounded like knocking. Quiet as feathers falling I drew that old bolt. One squeak out of it and I wouldn't see Swansea again. Even old Gwen didn't seem so bad that minute. Door open. Me in. Door shut.

"Kathy," I whispered, and heard a little stir and sobbing in the darkness. Two steps cross to her, praying she wouldn't scream.

"It's me—Taff," I said. "Train is going in a minute."

And with that two arms went round my waist, and I thought I was a dead man. But it was only her catching hold of me. Pressing her little head against my stomach, and hot tears soaking my shirt.

"No time for crying," I breathed, lifting her upright.

"Oh, my hero!" she whispered. And two warm lips against my lips.

"None of that," I said, swallowing. "Remember your cousin that loves you dearly. Hard enough to get you to him it will be, without us kissing and cuddling."

"Yes," she breathed, "I had forgotten ——" And she gave a funny little sigh in the dark. I think I sighed, too, but no help for it.

"Are you ready to come?" I whispered. "Then hold on to my belt." Out of the door again and down the dark passage, trying to find the ladder. Didn't dare whisper now, just take her under the arms and lift her up the first rungs. Soft and warm as a kitten. More than heart of oak I needed that minute, I can promise. But no time for foolishness now, as I'd just said. Work to do. So I followed her up the ladder with my eyes shut and brought her over to the parapet.

"I'll go first; then you jump into my arms," I breathed. Over and down. Dropping on all fours beside the donkey. Quite like a friend, that old animal was by now. Glad to see her. "Jump now," I whispered, holding out my arms—and Caterina on the parapet, crouching, jumping. Not very heavy, she wasn't, but heavy enough to knock me flat. Near winded me, knees right in my belly.

"You all right?" she whispered, helping me up. Proper unromantic it was, and me hardly able to speak. Nearly a minute before I could tell her to put on one of the nightshirts and a fez to disguise herself.

"You sit on the donkey," I said. "Just like the donkey rides at Aberystwyeth, it will be."

And off we went, her riding and me leading, whispering donkey rhymes into the long furry ear of the ass. Round an elbow in the lane and down to the end, where the two ambushers had been. And had been was right. Ought to have been lying there still, the thump I'd given them, but they weren't. Heads like rocks they must have had, because they were gone.

Oh, this is bad, I thought. *No sense in alarming Caterina. Just hurry up the old donkey while trying to think. Where had they gone to? Old Harelip, of course, in the café. So they must have only just gone, or I'd have heard voices shouting when we were still in the passage. What would they*

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do? Look in at Caterina first, then go running down all the lanes, but especially toward the harbor. See them searching any minute, we would. The disguises didn't seem so wonderful then, I can tell you.

"Turn right," Caterina was whispering now and then. "Turn left." And all the time my ears listening for feet running. Into a dark lane so narrow I had to walk in front of the donkey. And suddenly at the far end of it a torch flashing, and the beam reaching toward us. Try and turn round and they'd know it was us. Go forward and they'd see it was us as soon as we were close enough. Like one of those old puzzles with no answer, wasn't it? No turnings left or right. And the walls both sides of us too high to go up. Just stood there, I did, wondering what my ma would say when she heard I was buried out foreign.

"Serve him right for not marrying Gwen, Pryce Grocer's daughter," was what she'd say probably. Torch coming nearer.

"Oh, Tarfa ——" Caterina was whispering behind me. "We are dead."

"Not yet," I said. Rugby teaches you a thing or two. Eight forwards built like houses all pounding down on top of you, and nothing but you between them and the goal line. You stand up to that and you'll stand up to any old Harelip and his bullies. Torch beam in my face now, recognizing me, and about five of them, shouting, "Wah, Wah, Wah!" Just like old Kipling's Fuzzy-Wuzzies.

Nothing separates the men from the boys like a coddling mother.

CHARLES RUFFING

"Up the Welsh!" I yelled and ran for them, head down, dragging the donkey behind me. Took the first of them like a battering ram, and the rest went down like ninepins. Didn't tread too carefully going over the top of them, either, and neither did the donkey, judging from the screeches. Thought we were clear then for a minute—until I saw him. One more man ahead of us. Filling the lane, he seemed to be, and before we got even close I knew who it was. Old Harelip himself, and a knife in his hand, looking big enough to chop down a tree. Proper trapped we were. Five of them behind us. Harelip in front of us. Didn't seem any hope at all. Feel that knife going through me like a skewer, I could, and coming out the other side. *Ma was right*, I thought. *Marry Gwen you should have and stayed out of trouble.* Yet, funny thing, just thinking of Gwen made me wild as a Welsh dragon. Old knives, was it? Face full of fist I'd give him if I could get close enough.

That was the trouble, getting close enough. No room to dodge, see, in that little lane. And all the time I was thinking this my feet still running, and the donkey clattering after me, and Caterina screeching and Harelip waiting for us. Arms spread wide. Knife point sticking upward. Only one chance that I could see. No good swerving. So just ran straight at him I did, and his big grinning face waiting and the knife swinging up fast as a snake to catch me in the belly before I could get to him.

But one yard short of him I let fly with my boot, see, and caught him just under the wrist. Miss that kick and I was for trouble, I can tell you. Wake sweating I do sometimes, dreaming I was missing it. But it didn't miss. His wrist snapped like an old stick, and the knife flew up bright as a new moon. Wretched he looked. Mouth opened like a black hole, ready to shout. But didn't have time. Lovely left cross I gave him and a right uppercut to follow through. Lifted into the air he did, and fell on his back—beautiful. Long time it would be before he'd try marrying another maiden against her wishes unless he had no sense. But no place for moralizing. Just get out of it quick, while they were still picking themselves up behind us. Keep going.

Turn left, turn right. Confused a mole, they would have, all those lanes. Shouting behind us for a while, and then nothing, as they lost us down wrong turnings. But that didn't stop us running. Proper medicine for running, a fright like that is. Twenty minutes later we were down at the harbor, looking for the little dhow. And glad to jump on board I tell you.

"He can drop me off at the steamship harbor," I said. "I don't fancy walking back. And he can have the donkey for the fare."

Just stretched myself out on the deck then and stared at the stars and the moon. Everything flat suddenly. Never see her again, I wouldn't. Half sorry I was I hadn't been mortally wounded saving her. What good would life be to me now, going back alone to Swansea and old Gwen? Get me for sure she would, one of these days, unless I was safe married to someone else. Trouble was I'd never be able to look at anyone else after Caterina. Gwen it would have to be for sure, and measuring out old soap and cheese for the rest of my life. Cried, I could have.

"Oh, Tarfa," a voice was whispering. Little hand touching mine. Small foot curled up under the edge of her skirt beside me on the deck. Moonlight on dark hair and warm soft mouth. "Do you not want to speak to me, Tarfa?" Face bending very close to mine, eyes shining.

"Remember your cousin that loves you," I whispered, "waiting for you up the coast."

"I remember," she breathed. "But you don't ask me one thing ——"

"What's that?" I said hollowly. Hollow is only way to speak when you feel like I did then.

"You don't ask me if I love him."

"What?" I said, my throat suddenly so tight I thought the breath wouldn't find its way out. "Do—I mean, don't ——"

"No," she whispered. "I never did. But you such a slow man to steal a girl I have to let you think ——"

"What's ——" I started, but you can't ask questions through kisses, can you? And by the time we had to stop kissing for breath, there weren't many questions I wanted to ask. Except one. "Do you like condensed milk?" I said. Bit puzzled she looked at that, and before she could answer, the dhow was slipping under the stern of our old ship, and there was Shorty leaning over the rail, watching.

"Throw down a ladder," I whispered up. "We've got a passenger."

Lot of trouble there was after. Condensed milk made her sick as a cat, and the old man found her when we were two days out. But nothing much he could do then till we got to Capetown, and we got married there and paid her passage out of my back wages. Passage home too. You should have seen my ma's face when I brought her in. But nothing to Gwen's—Pryce Grocer's daughter. Afterward she married Jones, the postman's son, Evan, and beats him cruel when she's in a temper. Wake up shuddering I do sometimes, dreaming it's me and not him. Then I hear Caterina singing downstairs as she opens the shutters of the café we've started, and I roll over for another five minutes' dreaming about her instead. Blissful, that is. Proper blissful.

THE END

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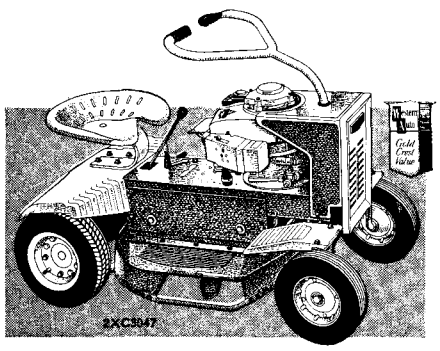

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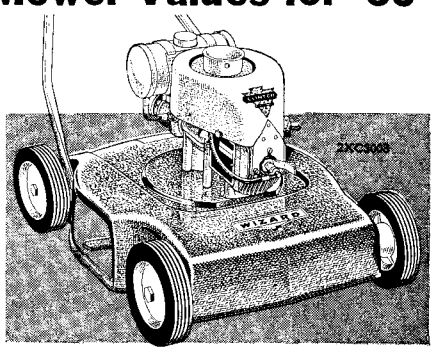

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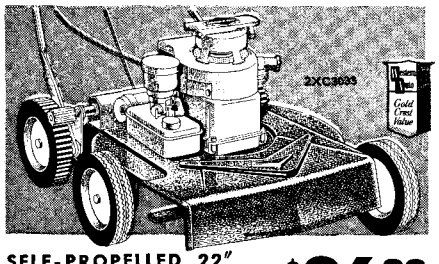

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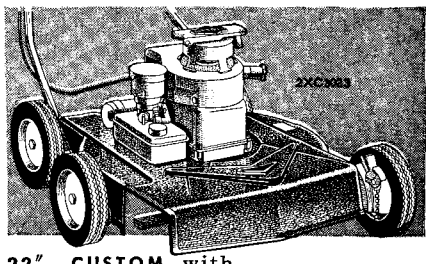

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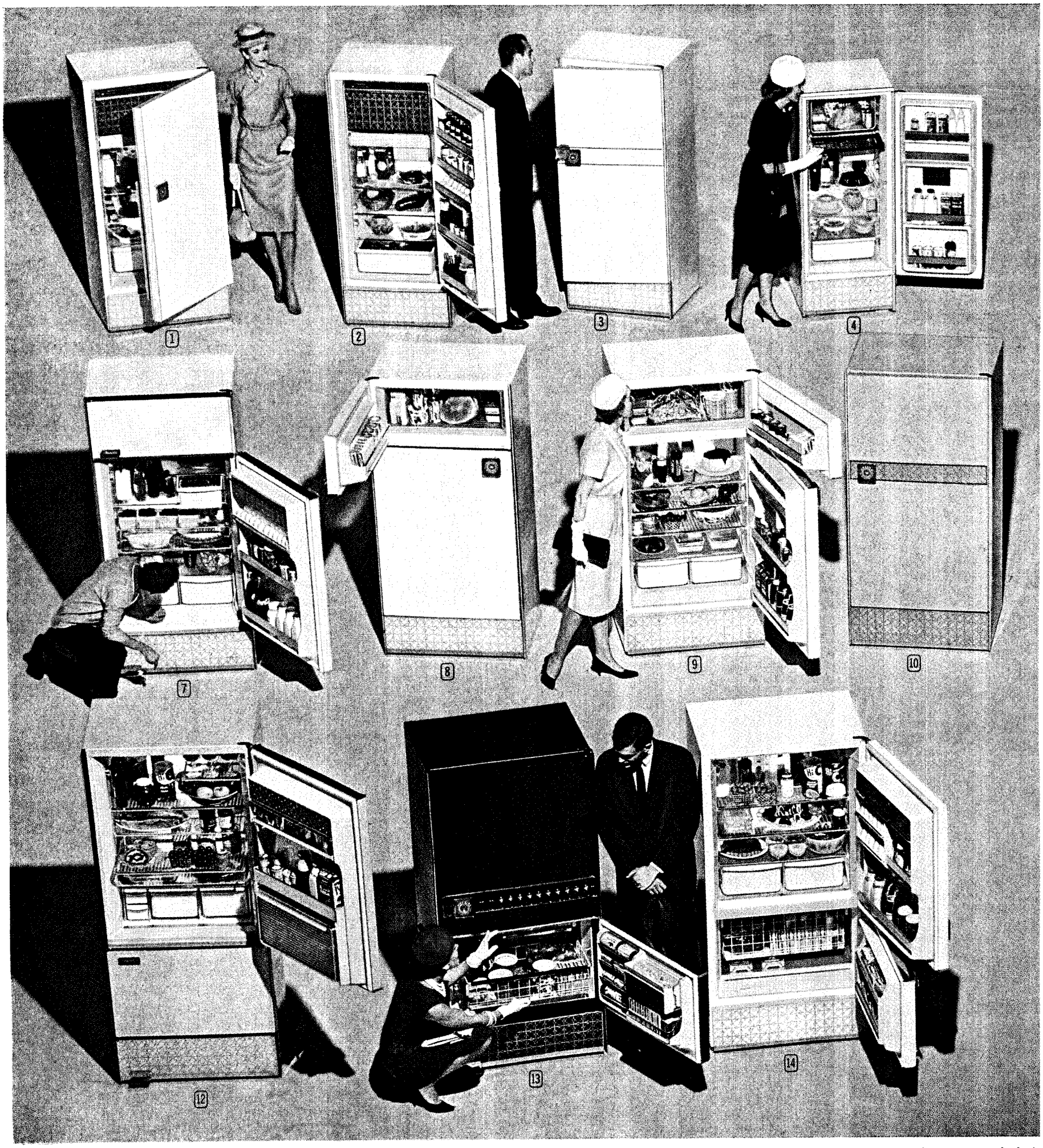

Check the model that's right for *your* family, *your* kitchen! Then tear out this advertisement and take it

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[1] **DeLuxe Model** DA-13-60. 3 full-width removable shelves. Twin Hydrators. 12.97 cu. ft. overall. 70-lb. top freezer chest. H–64″; W–32″; D–28⅝″.

[2] **DeLuxe Model** D-11-60. Big full-width Hydrator. Meat Tender holds nearly 10 lbs. 2 Quickube Ice Trays. 10.87 cu. ft. overall. 61-lb. top freezer chest. H–64″; W–28″; D–28¾″.

[3] **DeLuxe Model** DA-11-60. Sliding Chill Drawer and Meat Tender. 5 Lift-off aluminum Door Shelf fronts. 10.87 cu. ft. overall. 61-lb. top freezer chest. H–64″; W–28″; D–28⅝″.

[4] **Super Model** S-9-60. Full-width Glide-Out Hydrator. Butter Compartment. 2 Quickube Ice Trays. 9.00 cu. ft. overall. 37-lb. top freezer chest. H–57½″; W–24″; D–28¾″.

[5] **Super Model** SS-9-60. 4 Door Shelves with Lift-off aluminum fronts. Full-width moist-cold Hydrator. Two 14-cube ice trays. 9.10 cu. ft. overall. 37-lb. top freezer chest. H–57½″; W–24″; D–28¾″.

[6] **Super Model** SA-9-60. New Magnetic Door Seal for better cold-keeping. Sliding Chill Drawer. 4 Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. 9.10 cu. ft. overall. 37-lb. top freezer chest. H–57½″; W–24″; D–28¾″.

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[7] **Combination Model** FI-13T-60 shown in Sunny Yellow. New Flowing Cold Meat Tender. 2 whisper-quiet Roll-to-You Shelves. 12.60 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 86-lb. top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28¾″.

[8] **Combination Model** FD-13T-60. 3 all-aluminum, removable shelves. Twin moist-cold Hydrators. 2 removable Egg Servers. 12.60 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 86-lb. top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28⅝″.

[9] **Combination Model** FDA-13T-60. Twin moist-cold Hydrators. 4 full-width removable shelves. Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. 12.51 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 88-lb. across-the-top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28⅝″

[10] **Combination Model** FD-13-60 shown in Mayfair Pink. 5 full-width Door Shelves with Lift-off fronts. Twin Glide-Out Hydrators. 12.68 cu. ft. overall. 60-lb. across-the-top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28¾″.

[11] **Combination Model** FD-11-60. Full-width moist-cold Hydrator. 5 Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. 10.50 cu. ft. overall. 44-lb. across-the-top freezer. H–64″; W–28″; D–28¾″.

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[12] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPI-15B-60 shown in Mayfair Pink. 3 whisper-quiet Roll-to-You Shelves. Flowing Cold Meat Tender. 14.54 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 150-lb. bottom freezer. H–69¾″; W–32″; D–29⅛″.

[13] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPI-13B-60 shown in Aztec Copper. Flip-Quick Ice-Ejector. 2 all-usable Roll-to-You Shelves. Flowing Cold Meat Tender. 13.20 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 150-lb. bottom freezer. H–64″; W–32″: D–29⅛″.

[14] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPD-13B-60. Huge Roll-to-You Freezer Basket. Butter Compartment. 2 removable Egg Servers. Twin Hydrators. 13.20 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 149-lb. bottom freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–29⅛″.

[15] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPI-13T-60 shown in Turquoise. New Flowing Cold Meat Tender. Two all-aluminum Roll-to-You Shelves. 13.10 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 96-lb. top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28¾″.

[16] **FROST-PROOF** Model FPD-13T-60. Twin Glide-Out Hydrators. Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. Butter, Utility Compartments. 13.10 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 96-lb. top freezer. H–64″; W–32″; D–28¾″.

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I'll Never Leave My Town (Continued from Page 21)

of in Mississippi or, indeed, in the South—or, for that matter, in many another area of our country.

Why? I think I know some reasons. Nearly 1,000,000 Negroes live in Mississippi's eighty-two counties. Fewer than 15,000 of them vote, but approximately one seventh of these voters are registered in Washington County, of which Greenville is the county seat. If Ed Cocke, registrar of voters for some sixteen years, makes a habit of turning down any prospective voter who can meet an unrigged examination, regardless of race, it has escaped the attention of the *Democrat-Times* news staff.

Negroes were included on jury lists in Greenville well before a Supreme Court decision made such inclusion necessary if conviction of a Negro is to be upheld on appeal. Greenville is one of but four towns in the entire state of Mississippi employing Negro policemen.

What is more important to our Negro citizens is the evenhanded, color-blind quality of the justice that is traditional in our city court. Nor are we plagued by police brutality or discrimination against Negroes under arrest. My reporters can vouch for this. Not for twenty-five years have we experienced a disturbance that could be ascribed primarily to racial tensions. Individual incidents, usually among drunks, have occurred, but never a threat of mob action or one-sided victimization. Red Taggart, who was police chief when we came here and who retired fifteen years ago, was proud that during twenty-five years of police work he had seen "men shot over and under him and beside him, but had never killed a man." Al Hollingsworth, the assistant chief who succeeded him, resigned last summer to enter and win the race for county sheriff. And Bill Burnley, the present chief, came up from the ranks and is an FBI-trained career officer, as were his predecessors.

I am not concerned here with segregation. It is a fact in Greenville and largely will remain a fact for a long, long time. But within the pattern, Greenville has been extraordinarily fair. Ours was the first Mississippi community to provide a public swimming pool for Negroes, a counterpart of the one constructed for whites. Our new General Hospital houses Negro and white patients in identically equipped wings. The operating rooms are common to both races; qualified Negro doctors can operate there—a privilege that is rare in more places than Mississippi.

I cannot say that our separate school systems are truly equal. But since the war, we have built a new Negro high school and two new Negro grammar schools and have remodeled two others. Most of this was done before the South was prodded by the courts into trying to live up to the separate-but-equal principle, if only as a deterrent to integration. Also, we had moved a long way toward equal pay for equally qualified teachers, regardless of race, before our state recognized that principle.

Too many of Greenville's Negroes live in substandard houses—so do too many of our white citizens. We are now trying to do something about our slums with a proposed building code and clearance projects. Yet, more than half of our Negro families own their own homes, and some of these are as good as or better than most of the white dwellings.

We have discrimination in labor. But eleven hundred Negroes are employed in skilled and semiskilled categories in our industries. Almost as many Negroes as whites work as carpenters, masons, electricians, plumbers and mechanics. A Negro is one of our principal masonry contractors. Another is a house mover whose equipment is worth more than $75,000. And if this is still a long way from perfection, it is an even longer way from the imperfections elsewhere that challenge the national conscience.

"Civic teamwork" and "cultural values" are overused and often undeserved phrases. But were my town the very epitome of tolerance, I still might not find it so green an oasis if its community life lacked these qualities.

Our teamwork is responsible for the fact that in twenty-five years, in depression and war and prosperity, not a single community-wide campaign—Chamber of Commerce, Community Fund, Red Cross—has failed to reach its goals. Teamwork put across the financing which brought us four major industries and a dozen small ones since World War II. Community teamwork impelled citizens of no great wealth to finance jointly one of the South's largest poultry-processing plants, an experimental rice-growing plantation, an insurance company with Greenville as its headquarters, and a $1,000,000 hotel-motel in the making.

We've pushed many another project in which economic gain has not been the consideration. A handful of boatmen bought an aged United States Engineers quarterboat and converted it into our fine floating yacht club, which has probably the lowest family membership dues to be found anywhere.

Our old-people's home is one of the most attractive in the country because Dr. Charles Berry and Jake Stein and Hubert Crosby and Mrs. Edmund Taylor saw in the closed, four-story student-nurses' home a place of dignified refuge for the old. They persuaded their fellow citizens to contribute $100,000 for its remodeling.

Greenville has a Junior Auxiliary, a small-town Junior League, because Louise Crump decided twenty years ago that if the privileged could help the underprivileged in larger cities, we could do it here. Our ten garden clubs are largely responsible for Greenville's winning second place two years ago, first place last year, and second again this year in Mississippi's new home-town-development campaign.

As our community mushroomed, our original country club became the site of three new churches, Mississippi's second-largest high school, a public swimming pool and a community-and-youth center—all enjoying the loveliest prospect in town. This was made possible because every member of the club agreed—not all of them without some persuasion—to turn his shares back at par so that the school board, the city government and interested churches could buy portions of the land for less than one tenth of what real-estate developers would have paid.

Because of the shift to missiles, the Greenville Air Force Base, where jet pilots have been trained ever since the war, is scheduled to be closed down. It will be converted to a center for training Air Force enlisted, administrative, and fire-fighting personnel. Air-base personnel have coached our Little League. For ten years each squadron has assumed responsibility for supplying food, clothing and toys to needy Greenville families at Christmastime. Officers and their wives play with the Greenville Little Symphony, assume leading roles in the Theater Guild productions and engage in almost every other community activity. Some of our citizens, of whom we are not proud, may have gouged air-base families who live in our town, but Col. Jasper Bell, base commander, still tells all comers that nowhere else has he found as fine a relationship between civilians and airmen as that existing here.

Once, after I had extolled Greenville's culture to a New England Philistine, he commented witheringly that my town must be the Athens of northwest Mississippi. That's all right with me. Don't ask me why, for example, Greenvillians have turned out about as many books in the past twenty years—textbooks excepted—as have the authors of all the rest of Mississippi. David Cohn, who described Greenville so lovingly that my wife and I were persuaded to come here even before we had seen his home town, has published ten books and scores of magazine articles. Louise Crump is working on her third novel. Shelby Foote, who cubbed on the *Democrat-Times*, has six books to his credit, including *Shiloh*, a notable novel. Shortly before his death Will Percy, our poet, produced his classic autobiography, *Lanterns on the Levee*. Ben Wasson wrote one novel before he turned critic and publishing-house editor. Lucile Finlay's historical novel, *The Coat I Wore*, went through several English editions. Charles Bell, one of our two recent Rhodes scholars, has published two volumes of verse which rank him with the country's better younger poets. My twenty-five-year-old oldest son, Hodding III, now on the *Democrat-Times*, got into the act last fall with *The South Strikes Back*, a book on the Citizens Council movement. My wife Betty and I have collaborated on two books, and I've written a number of others myself. All together, over the past twenty years, we northwest Mississippi Athenians have turned out some thirty-five books. Pericles would have been proud.

Our writers don't have a corner on things cultural. During the past six months the Twin City Theater Guild performed to packed houses for five three-night stands. The last two productions were presented in our new Theater Guild building, midway between Greenville and nearby Leland, a gay structure that is the sum of a variety of donated parts—including the colonnade, hallway and parlor of a lovely old home, a few hundred vintage theater seats, two gilt mirrors and some discarded marble toilet fixtures, structural steel girders and the use of Hal Burdine's earth movers. Many a Greenvillian and Lelander had a hand in this creation, but we all agree that the late Matsy Wynn Taylor was the spark plug. Even in her mid-seventies, Matsy refused to take seriously her retirement as one of New York's topflight photographers. She came back to her home town to bring life to the Theater Guild.

Other Greenvillians put spare time into music. Our concert series has 1100 members; and among the artists we have heard in recent years are the late Leonard Warren, Blanche Thebom, Robert Merrill and Gina Bachauer. Young Kenneth Haxton, a creative musician disguised as a department-store co-owner, decided that those four concerts a season weren't enough, so he moved on to the organization of the Greenville Little Symphony, with fifty-three members.

But, some of our friends protest, culture isn't altogether a matter of books and music and theater—there are also the weddings, barbecues, dinners, suppers and cocktail parties which, for good or ill, make so much of small city life so like its magnified counterparts everywhere. What I am trying to say is that we escape boredom in a variety of ways.

The South's earliest culture was an earthy product of the plantation outdoors. Greenville is traditionally and nostalgically still (*Continued on Page 61*)

"I'd like something in a wash-and-wear bridal gown."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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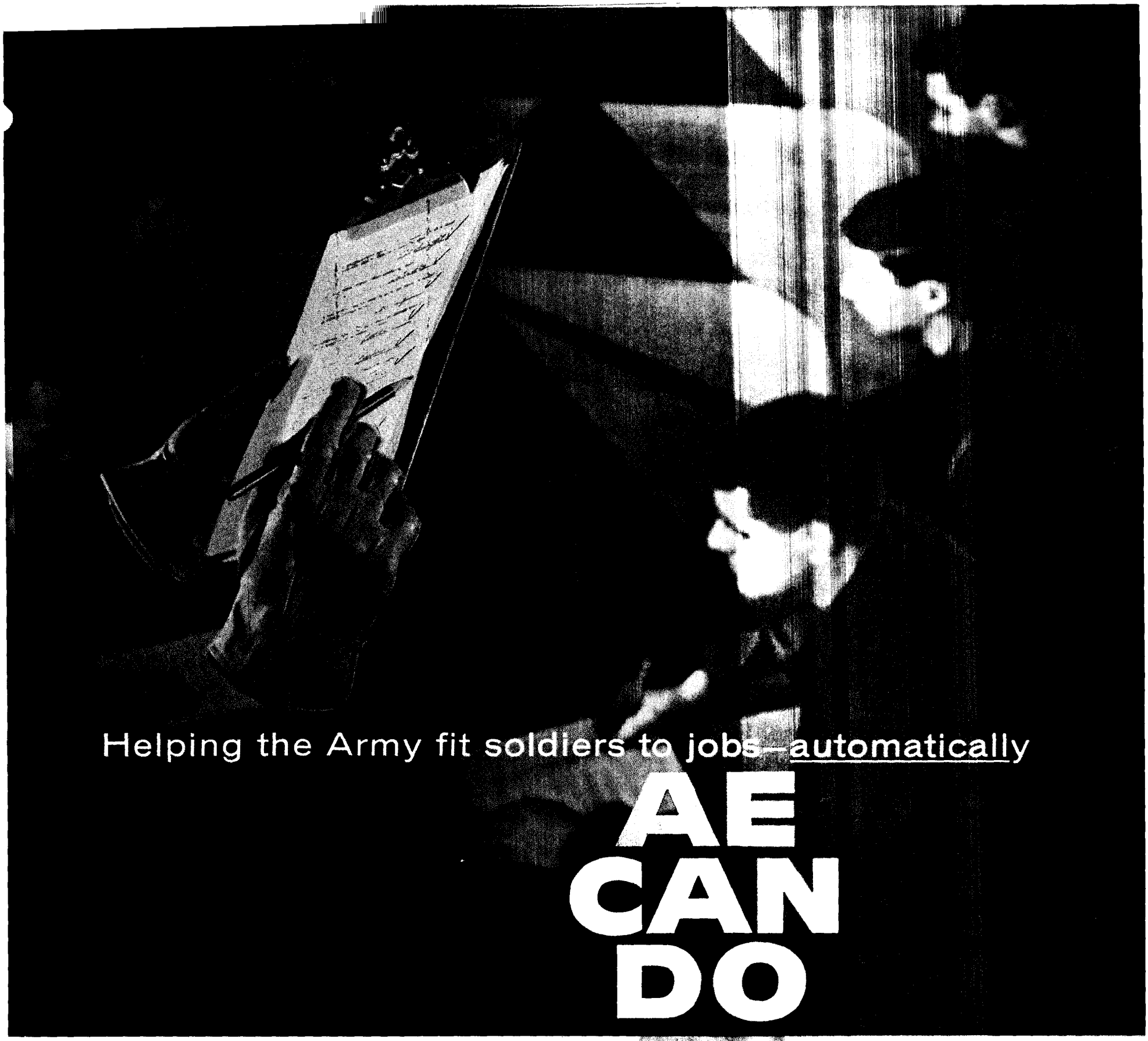

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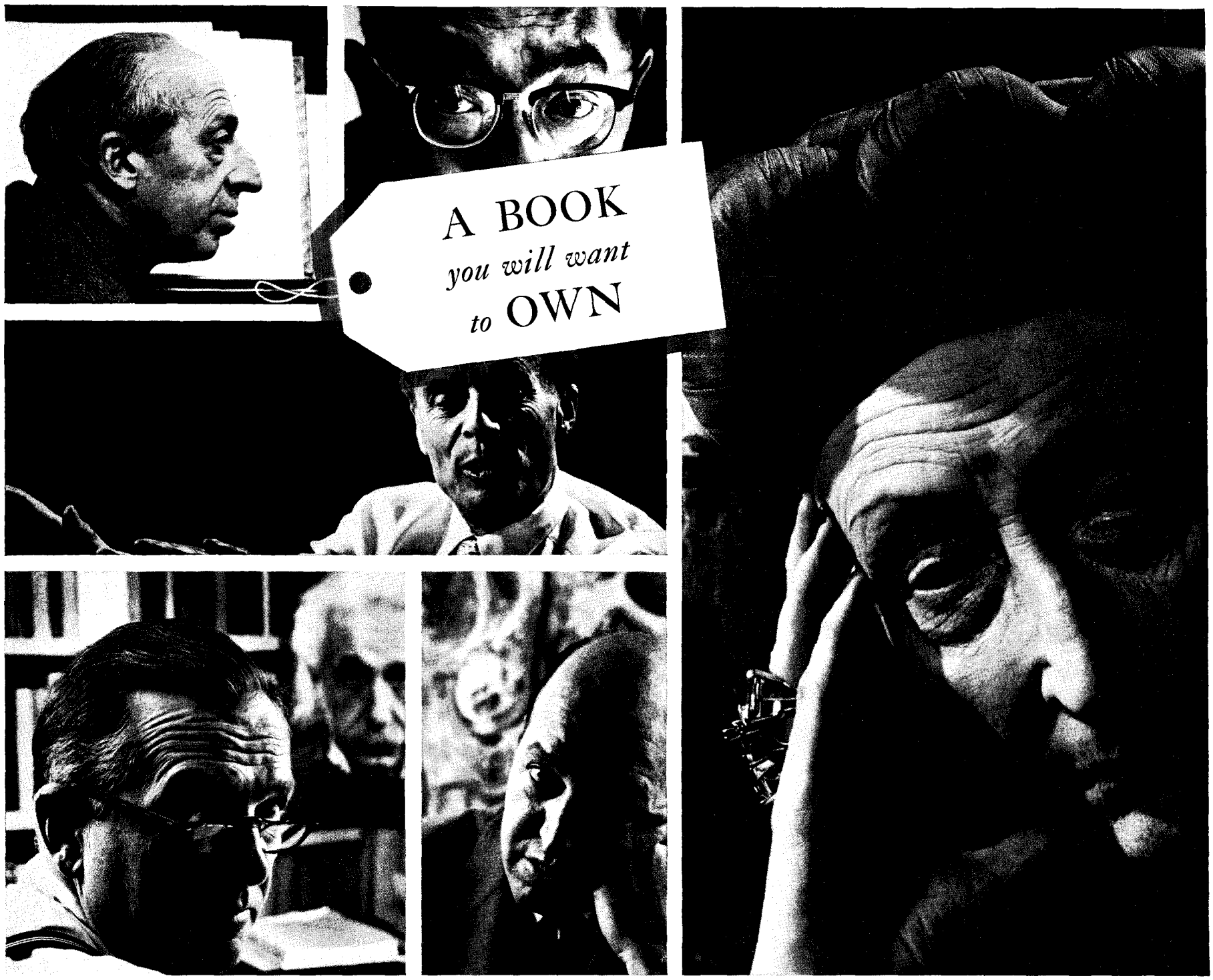

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(*Continued from Page 58*) a plantation town. At the foot of Main Street runs the levee, and on the other side of the levee lies Lake Ferguson, a fourteen-mile hairpin body of quiet, river-replenished water that was part of the river's bed until the United States Engineers changed the Mississippi's twisting course. Lake Ferguson is an at-home resort where water skiers and bass fishermen, swimmers and yachtsmen and outboard racers can disport themselves five minutes from home. And within a half hour of Greenville and the lake are a dozen duck and deer camps for the man who is hunt-minded; and if he is lucky, he can get his limit before he goes to work of a winter morning.

Foremost among the ingredients which make our town an oasis is the unity forged by the long sharing of tribulation. For more than 125 years Greenville underwent, survived and triumphed over most of the ordeals of an American frontier and some extra ones to boot. The land grantees, the speculators, the younger sons of the seaboard cotton gentry and the landless squatters, surging southward and westward, had to meet more trials than they had reckoned on. So did their heirs. The old burial ground which we still call Yellow Fever Cemetery is a testimonial in toppled marble and granite headstones to the tenacious, puzzled, unprepared folk who did not know for almost 100 years why so many died with the coming of the mosquito season. The victims perished unaware. The survivors stayed on.

The scourge of malaria was more embracing and lasted longer, but it was less vengeful. Our grandparents and their parents before them braced themselves with quinine and whisky and a host of home remedies. The hardiest lasted.

Intermittently the river flooded the land in springtime. A man who was rich in January could be penniless in June. Not until the superflood of 1927, a year more memorable and meaningful than 1861 to my fellow citizens who lived in Greenville in 1927, did the Congress of the United States reach the overdue conclusion that flood control on the Mississippi was a national job, that no community, county or state could or should be left alone to ward off the drainage of almost half of the nation.

Since then, Greenville, whose men and women kept homes and community intact through three months of six feet of water in 1927, hasn't had to worry about floods. The myriad of spillways, dams, cutoffs and higher and wider levees has seen to that. Yet our older citizens still divide the community between those who were here before 1927 and those who came afterward—something like separating the men from the boys. I wish I had been here when the last flood swept across our town.

Not all our tribulations were nature's doing. During the Civil War, Greenville was put to the torch because a handful of old men and boys persisted in taking pot-shots at Federal gunboats on the Mississippi. So effective was the fire cure that Greenville eventually rebuilt herself eight miles north of her funeral pyre.

Our people had to learn to unite in the common ordeal of poverty. Lean years of cotton came often and bore most heavily upon our dark perpetual poor; but their landlords and employers also knew the bond of economic despair and the art of making do. This I did not learn second-hand. When we came to the Delta in 1936, cotton sold at a measly nine cents a pound, and our cotton planters had patches on the seats of their pants.

But there are happier, if more intangible, reasons for Greenville's being what it is. Perhaps what I shall say first is simply boasting; but it does seem to me that we who dwell in port towns, be they on rivers or ocean or lakes, are especially aware of far horizons; we realize that mores other than our own not only exist but might even be acceptable. Ours is a river town. On our flood plain the Mississippi has deposited the rich soil of a continent for a million years. It is a truism that good land produces good people. If this is so—and I believe it is—we have been blessed even in our lean years in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta.

Because our soil historically has been farmed by men who counted their acres in the thousands, we were shaped by a tradition of individual leadership and a ruling group which liked to think that it was completely motivated by a sense of *noblesse oblige*—though not all its members were. Yet, delving into the history of our town, I am certain that we were greatly blessed; for many of our landholders did take the obligation of their positions and holdings seriously and honorably.

The sense of obligation to community and fellow citizen was strong and deep when I first came to Greenville—and long before. It has not significantly lessened.

That leadership fortuitously resolved in Greenville an issue which was of lasting consequence not only to our community but even to the nation. The back of Mississippi's Ku Klux Klan of the 1920's was broken in our town; that noisome white-garbed snake was scotched because our braver leaders were men who would not brook organized, face-hidden evil. Older men still talk proudly of the fight, if they were on the side of decency; other older men, who were not on that side, do not speak so loudly today in behalf of wrong.

There is yet another reason for Greenville—not a unique one, but vastly helpful. However remote from the cities, our town is not a provincial one. The cotton planter was and has generally remained a cosmopolite. When crops were good, he and his family usually went traveling. When crops were bad, he often borrowed to travel anyhow. I dare say that the percentage of Greenvillians who have visited New York or Boston or Washington or Chicago or Los Angeles is higher than that of equally situated citizens of those cities who have journeyed to New Orleans or Atlanta or Houston or Nashville or Birmingham.

Because we symbolize some of the challenges and accomplishments in the deep South—flood control, agricultural mechanization and diversification, racial adjustments—Greenville and the Delta are jointly a mecca for many a visiting foreigner; and many of us have the pleasurable opportunity of meeting, entertaining and debating with these questioning visitors.

Each industry we gain enriches our community with newcomers who are not in our tradition and who are willing to argue points of view which we thought secure. The Federal-state agricultural experimental station a few miles from our town is a place where ideas of a different sort and of lasting worth can also be discovered. The air base has been a healthy leaven, too; the airmen who marry Greenville girls and settle down among us, and the brides from distant lands who have married Greenville's own veterans, alike help to mellow us.

I believe that a publisher should quit a community he does not embrace. I love my town. If I should ever feel otherwise, and if my three sons should decide in turn that our newspaper is not something they want to hold, I would sell the *Delta-Democrat-Times*. And however bright a picture I have honestly tried to paint, I know that Greenville is far from perfect. In our newspaper we continually make known our awareness that we have our cheats and chiselers and free-loaders, our bigots and Scrooges, our slums and slum profiteers, our juvenile delinquents and pettifoggers and our shirkers and haters and just plain inert citizens. But I also believe that such civic aberrations haven't shaped the direction of Greenville. Nor am I alone in this belief. A few months before his separation from the Marine Corps, I asked young Hod whether he really wanted to begin newspaper work in Mississippi. His answer cinched it for me too.

"It's not exactly coming back to Mississippi," Hod said. "That could be all right too. But I'm coming back to Greenville." THE END

"Dear, do you recall challenging anyone to a duel last night?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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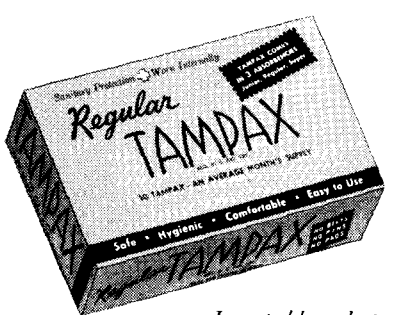

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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One to Go (Continued from Page 35)

when we want a drink we turn a faucet, and when we want a light we flip a switch."

She walked to the door, then turned. "Dad, if one of them asks if it's a place a man can take a wife, what'll you say?"

"I'll say most girls would take one look and run for their lives," said the bishop cheerfully.

"I knew it. It's that horrible honesty. I'll spend the winter sitting on the Arctic Circle stewing about this lad. You could ask Captain McKenzie to keep a salty eye on him."

"I could and I shall."

"Tell him if he can't manage it, I'll have to alert Mrs. Clifton."

She was teasing him again, and the bishop knew it. Nevertheless he could not restrain a small shudder.

At breakfast the bishop looked at his visitors with a new interest.

The first was a city product, object of much love and expense. He was a handsome young man, an exceptional student, possessed of poise and a considerable charm.

The second was the eldest. He had served with the Royal Canadian Air Force and been twice decorated. He was practical, an excellent student, character already earned and molded on the face.

The third was twenty-three, the youngest, and of him the bishop knew only what the college had written. He came from Kerrobert in Saskatchewan and had asked to be sent west. He was a fair student only, having spent too much time helping earn his way to do better. He was resourceful, a bit original. He liked people.

After breakfast the bishop took his guests into his study. He discussed the first two jobs in detail, one as third assistant in a large Anglican cathedral, the second as a replacement in a small, well-established parish in a mill town.

"There is also an opening in the mission field," he said slowly, and all three tensed with interest, which was the old call of adventure.

"Now take those sparks out of your eyes. The man who chooses this job will be no Archdeacon Stuck of the Yukon, who traveled thousands of miles by dog sled and was the first to climb McKinley. He'll be no Bishop Fleming, who signed himself 'Archibald the Arctic.' Wasn't it Lord Tweedsmuir who called that the most romantic signature in all the world? This is not romantic. No living in igloos with the Eskimo. No flying over the tundra with the bush pilots. No breaking ice on the old *Nascopie*. She sank long ago. If this is an adventure, it is one of discipline. If it's a frontier, it is the frontier a man finds within himself."

Two of the three had relaxed a little.

"A branch of the Haida Indians has returned to a former settlement in the Queen Charlotte Islands. There is a small church they built long ago, and they have asked that a man be sent to it. It is a most isolated spot. No roads. No electricity. No running water. The only white people are the oil agent and his wife. No one goes there."

There was a silence.

"If none of you is interested, I shall understand, and I shall not be disappointed. There are two things I want to point out. Any man who takes this job will be considered stupid by the Indians. They can live off the land. He can't. Secondly he will never have the satisfaction of knowing if he does well, because as long as he's there the Indians will never speak of him. Years later some small word might drift back."

"If a man married, could he take his wife?" asked the ex-flier.

"Most girls would run. There are exceptions," and the bishop smiled. "I know. I married one."

Again there was silence. The third one broke it. "I'll go, sir," he said. "I'll be glad to go."

"You are sure? You have considered this carefully?"

"Yes, I have. Last night I was interested in the couple who are down from the north. I guess every man would like to think he can start right out as a prancing horse in his profession. Well, sir, after I saw them I knew I had to start as the mule."

When he smiled his face held that rare quality that makes a very little boy winsome and is so attractive in maturity because its owner never knows he has it and is, therefore, never tempted to use it consciously, one of the dangers of charm.

"And did you notice something else about them?" the bishop asked. "They've been up there thirty years. This is the first time they have been out in seven. Yet already their minds are homing back with eagerness. What is it that has stayed so green, so rewarding in the heart?"

He went to the door and called Laird.

"Mr. Neal has chosen to go to the Queen Charlotte settlement," he told her. "I want you to help him make a list of all he has and all he'll need. Bring it in and I'll check it with you. You can use my car to help him shop for what he must buy. There's a boat going in two days and I want him on it. Can you do this, Laird?"

She thought she just might manage it. "I'll scramble him some eggs first," she said. "I noticed he didn't eat much breakfast."

Two hours later the bishop put in a call for Captain McKenzie, and when it came through he was succinct.

"Jock," he said, "when you stop at the old Haida settlement on your next trip you're going to unload one of my brand-new vicars. He's a good lad and I don't want him bushed. Laird hopes you can keep an eye on him. She says if you can't manage it, she'll alert Mrs. Clifton."

Over the wire came a strange sound which belonged surely in a bagpipe to be loosed only in moments of strong fervor. When the bishop hung up, he was smiling.

Two days later when the ship under Captain McKenzie pulled away from the Vancouver dock, the youth was aboard.

Nobody noticed him. He wore no clerical collar. He was just a sturdy young man with thoughtful eyes and a face that smiled readily, obviously on his first trip to the coast and interested in all he saw. No harbor so beautiful. No ship so fine. No passengers so fascinating.

There were Indians aboard, come to buy fishing gear, returning in new clothes bought in the secondhand stores. There were several minor officials on their way to Prince Rupert and three hard-rock miners sent by the government to blow

Fog Over Saddleback Island

I like the way the fog bank ambles
Before the poking of the sun.
It lifts from ledges, worms and brambles
And is too dignified to run.

Daniel Smythe

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ladders in the rock so the fish could get up to spawn. And there were loggers, all spruced up in their sunshine clothes, who, when the boat picked them up months later from some spongy dock, would come on board with their hair down to their collars and their calked boots tied around their necks by the laces.

He was surprised at dinner to find himself at the captain's table. Captain McKenzie asked him no questions, not even where he was going. Instead he told him something of the Indians.

"When I was a child, my parents had a summer place on one of the lower islands," he said. "Each year the Haidas used to come in their canoes and stop overnight at our beach on their way to the tribal potlatch. They brought with them the very old and the sick and the young. I remember once my mother and I took them medicine for a baby. After that every summer the chief gave mother a piece of fine beadwork."

"I suppose that's all changed now," the young man said regretfully.

"They use their seiners instead of canoes," the captain told him, "but they still do it."

The next morning when the ship started across Queen Charlotte Sound, the captain asked the boy if he'd like to spend the morning on the bridge.

It was rough, of course, the ship rolling, the man at the wheel friendly.

"Going to be a good trip," he told the youth. "Not like the last one with the female dragon of the line aboard," and the young man asked who was the female dragon of the line, and the seaman said it was Mrs. Clifton, widow of the founder and owner of fifty-one per cent of the stock.

"Worst snoop in the Western Hemisphere. Raised her brood on the poop deck of a lumber schooner. Knows almost as much about navigation as the captain, and when she comes on board, he comes down with a cold in his nose and shuts himself in his cabin."

Mrs. Clifton, it seemed, considered it her pious duty to ride each boat of the line at least once a season.

"The chief engineer has it easier," the man at the wheel told the young man. "Turns off the ventilators, so if she dares come in the engine room, she'll roast. Even so he has to watch the combustion. One speck of oil soot and she'll find it and tell him about it too. She's a good woman, son. They're always the most pestiferous."

When the ship reached the islands, the youth felt like Cook himself at the moment of discovery. He drank the land in eager draughts—the thick spruce that grew to the water's edge, the lonely docks of the logging stops, the hidden coves and inlets and pebbled beaches. Once he saw three deer swimming from one side of a narrow straits to the other and, ambling along a beach, a black bear.

At one stop there was a government hospital. A seaplane put down on the water right off the beach, and two attendants waded out and carried in a stretcher with an injured logger or a sick Indian.

"What is the Indian's main problem?" the boy asked the captain, and the captain answered, "What's any man's problem? To be free. To stay free and yet adjust to a changing world."

On the third day, when he was to land, the young man felt as if he were waiting for the curtains to slide open on his own life—his real life, for which all else had been a preparation.

He had told the captain where he was going and why. Captain McKenzie made no comment, but when the youth was waiting to get off he came down to say good-by.

"The ship will be back on the twenty-third," he said. "I'll be looking for you. Just might be you'll need some tobacco for your pipe. Good luck," and the young man said he'd be there and thanked him.

Then he stood by the rail watching eagerly. He saw the lonely dock, the green-shored beach. The oil agent was waiting to catch the line. On the beach two dugout canoes were pulled up and turned over against the rain. Among the trees stood an ancient, weathered totem pole.

Then the line was thrown and caught. The oil drums and supplies were unloaded quickly. The young man was on the dock with his gear, and the ship was pulling away, the captain's hand raised.

The oil agent spoke first. "Name's Whitty. Guess you're the new vicar," and his eyes added plainly that any bishop should know better than to send so young a man to so Godforsaken a hole.

Now the obvious answer for a vicar—even a new one—was that no hole is Godforsaken, but the youth didn't make it. Instead the smile took his face. "I know, Mr. Whitty. But if I don't know anything, I have no mistakes to unlearn, have I?"

For an instant something flickered in the older man's eyes. The Indians were out fishing, he said. That's why no boats were moored in the little harbor. They'd be gone six days. Almost up to the Aleutians. The women were busy drying fish. There was a trail to the church, but if the vicar wanted to take his gear in one trip, he'd lend him a rowboat. Wasn't far. Just around the point to the right.

The young man borrowed the rowboat, and when it scraped the pebbles of the little beach around the point, he carried his belongings through the trees to the cabin which was to be his.

There were two small rooms, simply furnished. He hardly saw them. It had grown cloudy, the air moist with the coming rain, and he must hurry. There was something he must do first. He piled his gear inside the door, and he left the cabin, following the trail through the woods.

The first growth had never been cut here. It was a brooding land and it belonged to itself. "What can you do against me?" it seemed to say to him. "I am big and you are puny. I am old and you are young. For generations my rain forests kept the Indians on the beaches. What can you do?"

And then he saw it—the little log church weathered by rain. There was something ineffably poignant about it alone there in the spruce, as if it were asleep, as if it had been waiting for him to come and awaken it to life again.

He approached slowly. He stumbled and saw that he was walking through a small graveyard overgrown with ferns and bracken. He unlocked the door and went in.

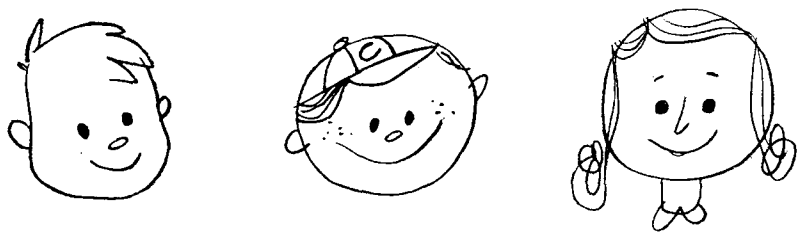
Inside it was dim, damp and chilly—and it was filthy. There was one room, large enough to hold perhaps a hundred. There was a row of handmade, backless benches. In one corner stood a potbellied stove, pipes from it running the length of the room. Under each joint was a drip can.

He walked slowly toward the altar. The frontal piece had been donated evidently by some church that had acquired a new and better one. When he drew closer he saw it was supported on packing crates.

But the cross was there with its hope and its promise, and to it he put his question. *Where shall I begin?*

He listened, and heard nothing but the faint rustle of the wind in the firs and the patter of the rain—the long, slow, patient drizzle of the north. But he knew. Here, of course. His ministry was to begin here—with a broom, a mop and a scrubbing brush.

"You're the first vicar I ever saw with washerwoman's (*Continued on Page 65*)



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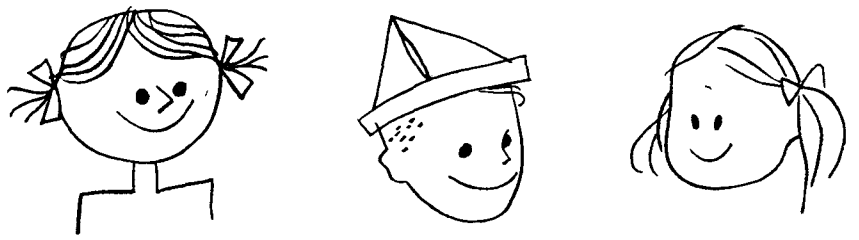

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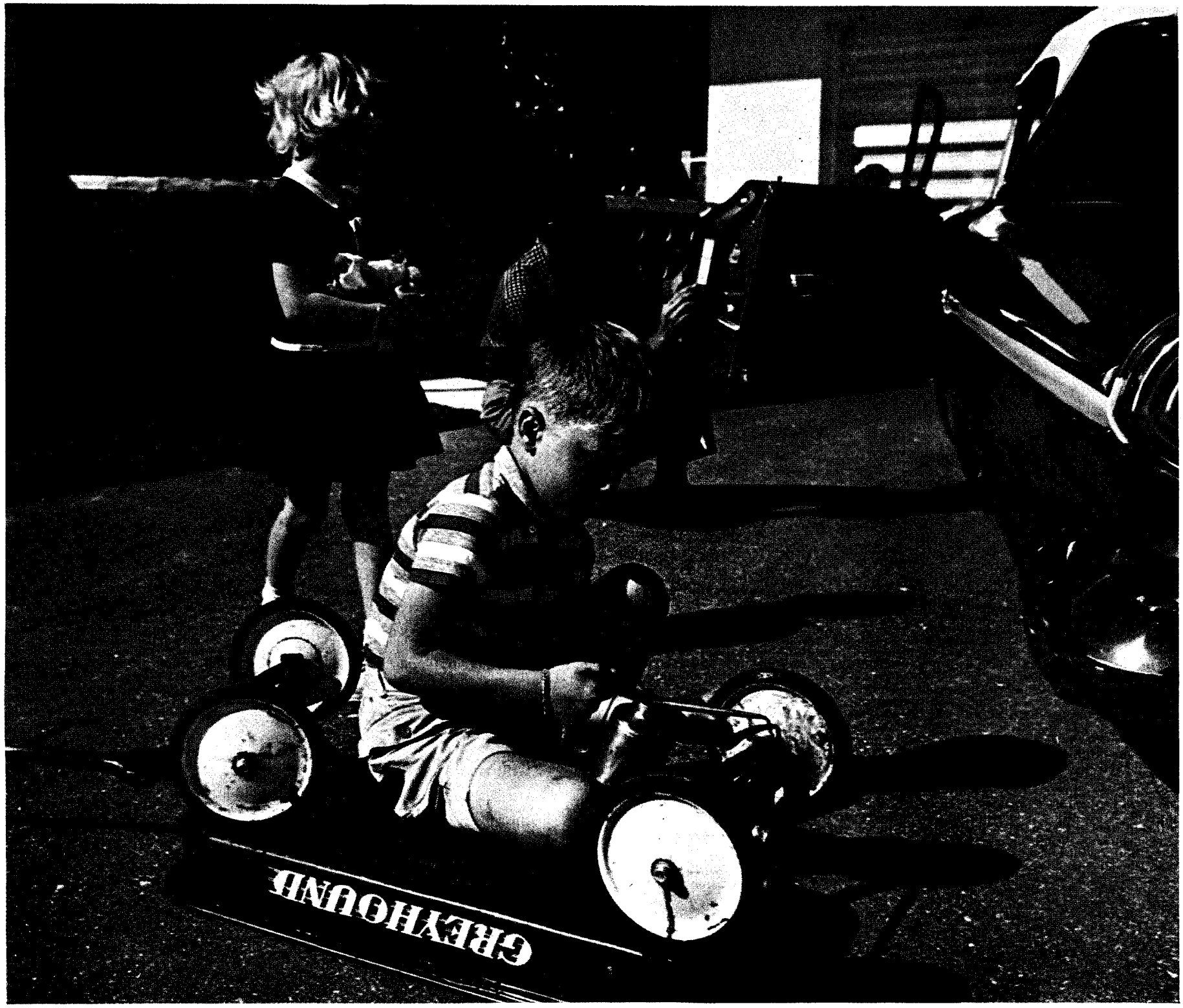

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(*Continued from Page 63*) knuckles," Mr. Whitty told him three days later when the young man walked down the trail to Mr. Whitty's little store for his third can of scouring powder. "Better come in and let Mrs. Whitty make you a cup of tea."

Mrs. Whitty proved to be a small fussbudget, possessed of one jewel. She owned the only parrot in the Queen Charlotte Islands.

The parrot took an instant dislike to the young vicar. It hopped onto his foot, walked up his leg and perched on his knee, staring at him with malevolent eyes, while its owner extolled its virtues and its cleverness.

When the church and the cabin were as clean as he could make them, the young vicar was almost pleased. He had come to give, and he had not begun by asking help from any man. At the table in his cabin, the lamp lighted, the drizzle still falling, he went carefully over the church records.

There was a list of the Indians who had helped here in former years, their names written in a spidery hand—Mike, the warden; Joe, the caretaker. The women seemed to have no names of their own, known only as Mike's wife, Pete's mother.

He planned two services each Sunday, one at eight and one at ten. And every morning he would go into the little church and read the Morning Prayer—all of it, even if nobody came, even if nobody ever came—and he would do this for himself and for discipline.

Also he wrote Laird a thank-you note, and since there was much distance between them and he was, therefore, not quite so afraid of her, the note seemed to turn into a letter.

"The college taught me much of Greek," he wrote her, "but it failed to teach me how to wash wool socks without shrinking them. And how does a man learn to bake in a stove that burns everything on the top side and leaves the underside raw? And how does he make his own bread? I am practicing on biscuits. The squirrels like them."

On the fifth day the Indians returned from their fishing.

He had not been near the Indian settlement. At Mr. Whitty's store he had seen some of the women and children watching him from their bright dark eyes. He had made no effort to meet them. He must present himself first to the chief.

On the morning after the Indians' return he followed the trail to the harbor. The fishing boats were properly moored, diesel-driven and well kept. But when he came to the houses of the Indians, fringing the beach beyond Mr. Whitty's little store, he had a rude shock. They were little more than hovels. So much pride in the seiners; none in their homes.

The chief's house was a bit better than the others, and he also was a surprise. He was a large old man with an intelligent face and great dignity. He listened carefully when the vicar told him of the services he had planned. He promised to send the old wardens to help. And as he spoke the young man felt his wise old eyes watching and waiting.

During the first month he felt constantly the suspended judgment of the Indians. They were polite. They were respectful. They were willing to help. On a Sunday more of them came to the church than he had expected. But something was wrong; something was missing.

It was Constable Parkins who told him what it was. Each month the police patrol came by plane or by boat, and on his next trip Constable Parkins walked up the trail to meet the new vicar.

"You'll have little trouble," he told him. "The chief's a wise one and will handle most problems himself. He's a strong man too. In the powwows he can talk five hours without resting."

"I have the feeling he's watching me," the young man said. "They all are. But why and for what? They come to church."

"And they sing a bit off key," said the constable with a grin. "And they sing the same hymns over and over, and it's queer too. They're good with a brass band. Did you know the band at Kitkatla is famous?"

"I've worked hard on my sermons, but I don't seem to reach them."

"It's the ritual they like. What you say won't matter much yet. It's what you are and what you do that will count."

So now the young vicar knew. What he didn't know was what he was going to do, or what he was.

When Captain McKenzie stopped on his next trip, the youth was waiting on the dock. The captain had brought him tobacco and books, and he listened carefully while the young man told him how it was going.

"Ask the chief to take you fishing," the captain suggested. "You'll find out something, son. It won't be the ones for whom you do the most who will be most grateful. It will be the ones you permit to do something for you."

The fishing trip was the first of many. All the vicar did was watch and hope fervently he wouldn't fall in, to be hauled from the sound like a piece of limp kelp. When the seiner tied up at its moorings, he had acquired a healthy admiration for the skill of its crew of five. They were no longer Indians. They were individuals.

Then one day the youth had his first real breakthrough. When the first of the two fish runs was over, most of the Indians went to the mainland to work in the cannery, and Mike's wife ran wild and came home in disfavor.

At the Sunday service the vicar told them the story of the prodigal son, and after it was over he saw them lingering beneath the spruce, discussing it.

"This is true," they said. "This is the way it is. He speaks wisely."

And the next morning when he went into the church to read the Morning Prayer, for the first time he was not alone. Mike's wife sat watching him. When he had finished, she was gone, but that evening a huge sixty-pound salmon was left on his doorstep.

He kept on working to make the Indians *his* people. He fished with them. He called on each family and always on the sick. The ship's whistle was the voice of a friend. Each letter was a window into the great world so far away—and especially the letters of the girl.

She wrote of her life in Aklavik. She sent him a splendid recipe for skillet bread. She sent him an ivory rabbit, a seal and a bear cub carved by the Eskimo. In the Arctic, she wrote, the Christmas offering, given personally to the vicar, was in muskrat skins. Would it be in fish there? If so, fish were a splendid brain food, and surely by now his brains were prodigious.

The young vicar wrote back that fish had failed to improve his brain power. "I borrowed Mr. Whitty's rowboat the other day," he wrote, "and found myself caught in a rip tide. Mike had to rescue me. It humiliated me, but it delighted him. Checks in every day to be sure I haven't managed to drown myself."

The Indians were working more in the church now. The women kept flowers on the altar and planned to grow tulips in a spring garden. And sometimes when the young vicar entered the church in the morning, he saw the old chief seated in the rear. Then summer slid into fall. The fall fish run was over, and something strange happened which nullified it all.

The men disappeared. They went without a word, though their boats were moored in the little harbor. When he asked one of the women where they had gone, she told him the medicine men and the chief had called a powwow. They were in the woods and would be gone a week.

It appalled him somehow. But if he wished them to respect his belief, he must respect theirs. When they returned, he asked nothing. He was told nothing. Shortly thereafter all the Indians, women and children, too, left in the seiners for the tribal potlatch.

"It's their turn to take gifts," the constable told him. "You'll be lucky if they have enough blankets to cover themselves in the winter."

Now loneliness was a living thing. At night he turned up the radio for any sound from outside, as if he were the only man alive on the earth, as if all others were the strangers living on some far planet.

When the Indians returned, they brought a little boy who had been sick at the hospital. He had come home to die, not of the usual tuberculosis, but of cancer of the blood stream. For the first time the vicar realized that one Indian's sorrow was shared by all, and it humbled him.

Every day he went to see Johnny. He took him the ivory rabbit and the bear cub. He used up all his pipe cleaners to make him animals, and a really splendid lion with a dried fig turned inside out for the mane. When Johnny died, the men of the tribe made the box to hold him, and the vicar conducted the funeral. Everybody came, and when at the end he had asked that Johnny be given a safe lodging and the blessing, they seemed comforted, and he felt perhaps he had done a little something for these people who were teaching him so much.

One day he noticed the undergrowth had been cleared from the little graveyard and the low spots in the path had been filled. The lamps in the church had been cleaned. When he entered on a cold morning, there was a fire to warm him. And in the fall when the salmon run was over and the Indians went hunting, they left venison on his doorstep.

Then the long winter began. To keep fed. To keep clean. To keep the smile on the face, the hope in the heart. To keep his feet dry.

Always there was Captain McKenzie to encourage him and a letter from the girl and sometimes a package of books. He carried the package under his Mackinaw so it wouldn't get wet. He rationed his reading to fifteen pages a day to make the books last longer. The letters he read over and over.

He had come to know Aklavik, the hospital, the church, the Eskimo—and especially the girl. After Christmas he wrote her a long letter. The church had been filled—for once everybody had managed to sing on tune, and the offering had not been in fish or muskrat skins, but in money.

In the late winter he made his first trip out. He went to Prince Rupert with the Indians in a seiner. For days he awaited the trip eagerly, and when he clambered from the boat onto the mainland, the town seemed a city, the walks queer to his feet. He had a haircut, and it was hard not to run his hands over the back of his neck, so naked and light it felt. Yet when they returned the next day, laden with purchases, how blessed was the quiet, how lovely the woods. He could hardly wait to reach his cabin. And when he did so, a loaf of fresh bread was waiting on the table, the wood box was filled and the fire going.

That same month Mrs. Whitty's parrot died, and he went over to sit with her in sorrow. Mrs. Whitty was inconsolable. She wept and wept, and when she was done at last and mopping up, he made her a cup of tea.

"You know something?" said Mrs. Whitty. "He wasn't really a very nice parrot. He bit people. He even bit Mr. Whitty, and once when he was cranky he walked deliberately through my pies. It's just that ——"

"That you loved him. To be able to love in a place like this, so far from everything most women prize, is an accomplishment, Mrs. Whitty. That's what counts."

"It is, isn't it? I've done fairly well after all, haven't I? That makes me feel much better, Mr. Neal."

"Mrs. Whitty," said the young vicar earnestly, "I'm not as nice as a parrot, but do you think you could take pity on me and help darn my socks. No matter how hard I try, I seem to end up with a little ball that makes a blister."

Each week Mrs. Whitty darned his socks, and each week she told Mr. Whitty that the vicar was so helpless, the poor dear, that if she didn't, he'd probably die of blood poisoning.

It was the thought of the girl that led him into his most ambitious project. He was falling in love with her, and he dared not. He knew now the problems that await the vicar whose work takes him to the forgotten corner. To be separated

"Who is it, dear?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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from his loved ones, or to watch his own children grow up like the Indians and no money to send them out to school.

Here only a few children were sent to the boarding school in the south. He noticed that if a boy who had been sent to school married a girl who had not, they lived in the old way. If both had been sent to school, they took pride in their home, they crossed the gulf from the old to the new.

So he began to hold classes in the church for the bright ones who wanted to learn. He built a long trestle table. Mrs. Whitty made him some curtains to pull over the altar. He used some of his Christmas-offering money to buy the books he needed, and he asked Captain McKenzie to bring two pairs of gloves so he could teach the older boys to box.

Now time moved swiftly. Winter slipped into spring. New sounds had come to the log church—the voices of the little ones reading their first words and the shouts of the older and the thud of the gloves.

He worried sometimes about the bishop's visit, and he watched anxiously for announcement of his pending arrival.

The statistics were not impressive. So few baptisms, marriages, funerals. The Sunday school and attendance at church had grown. But the truth was not in these. It was the feeling that had changed. The Indians no longer watched and waited. He had become their friend and they his. But how to say it? That the children took pride in their spelling? That the loggers from the camp walked a mile of a Sunday and stayed after the service to chat? That even Mr. Whitty, a strict nonbeliever, had taken it upon himself to help with the singing?

Then early one Saturday afternoon the bishop arrived by rented boat and without warning. With him were two others, a pea-green archdeacon, who had been violently seasick all the way, and the head of the Women's Missionary Auxiliary, who was the formidable Mrs. Clifton.

The little church was filled with robust laughter. All the boys of the tribe were there, and the chief watching a boxing match, the vicar acting as referee. When the door opened suddenly, the shouting stopped. The old chief arose slowly. The small boys slipped out the door like wraiths.

The archdeacon spoke first and sadly. "Oh, Mr. Neal," he said, "in this consecrated place?"

The trouble with morning is that it comes long before you're ready for it.

HOMER PHILLIPS

Now the young vicar's own faith had deepened, strengthened and also simplified considerably. He was so surprised he showed it. "But, sir," he faltered, "we have no social hall. All we can do is pull the curtains in front of the altar."

"I think it's splendid," said Mrs. Clifton, coming forward like an ancient schooner in full sail. "I always insisted my own sons be able to defend themselves."

She walked over to the two boys who had been fighting. "That's a good left," she said to one. And to the other, "You're remarkably light on your feet." Next she shook hands with the chief.

"It's a good thing for the Sitkas they no longer raid down the Hecate Strait and steal your women," she said to him cheerfully. "You'd certainly be ready for them now."

Then she saw it—the article hanging on the hook on the church wall. She walked to it. She plucked it with two fingers. "What," asked Mrs. Clifton, "is this?"

"It's my surplice," said the vicar meekly. "I've been washing it on the rubbing board. I'm afraid those spots are candle grease. You see, the altar frontal was supported by old crates that wobbled. Oh, we've fixed it—the Indians and I built a new one—it's quite firm ——"

"Disgraceful," said Mrs. Clifton. "Hereafter, young man, you'll send your surplices to the mainland to be washed. I'll speak to Captain McKenzie myself."

While the bishop and the archdeacon talked to the chief, the vicar showed Mrs. Clifton his cabin, so she could check those items which needed replacement.

She went straight to the dishcloth, which was sour. She snooped in his coffeepot, did not like what she found and told him so. When they returned to the church, Mrs. Clifton was still in full vigor. The young vicar was limp. "Have you checked what he needs?" asked the bishop.

"What he needs," said Mrs. Clifton firmly, "is a wife. Young man, do you have a girl?"

The young vicar said meekly, yes, but she didn't know it. That is, he didn't—he wasn't sure this was the kind of a place that any girl would—could ——

"How do you know if you don't ask her?" asked Mrs. Clifton. "Ask her to come and see for herself, and I'll bring her over."

Then the chief took the archdeacon and Mrs. Clifton to see the Indian settlement, and the youth was alone with the bishop. They went over the records. The young vicar told the bishop all about it, and the bishop listened and made suggestions, and he watched the young man. The smile was the same. But on the face was a look a man earns only with self-discipline in some far place, and he would wear it all the rest of his life.

"About this girl," said the bishop at the end. "Would she be anybody I know? If she is, let Mrs. Clifton bring her. Don't be afraid. It is possible now for a man to have his wife with him even in the Arctic."

Then, so soon, it was time for them to go. The young vicar and the chief went with them to the dock. Mrs. Clifton asked if there was anything else the vicar needed, and the boy said there was one thing. If he sent her the money, do you suppose she could ask Captain McKenzie to bring him a parrot, a live one, of course? "Mrs. Whitty needs a parrot," he said simply. "To love."

Mrs. Clifton said she could. "Captain McKenzie will sputter a little, but don't worry, he'll bring it," she promised.

Then they were gone. The chief and the vicar were alone on the dock.

"My friend," said the chief slowly, "what are you thinking?"

The funny little smile took the vicar's face as he answered. "I'm thinking that the Lord uses some very strange people to do some of His work for Him. Don't you agree?"

The chief smiled, and they stood there nodding in complete agreement—but with a difference. The vicar was thinking, of course, of the formidable Mrs. Clifton, who in a gruesome sort of way had turned out to be quite wonderful.

But the chief was thinking of the young vicar, and he did it thus: *Long after I am gone my people will remember this one. In the fall twilights of the powwows they will speak of him, and they will smile. He couldn't hunt. He couldn't fish. He shared our joys, and his heart ached with our sorrows. How good he was, and how stupid. Can you believe this? He was so stupid he never knew he showed us clearly the love of the great One who sent him.* THE END

how to outsmart the sun

coming

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The Headlock (Continued from Page 37)

"I don't know anybody else that acts the way he does," said Danny in sullen rebuttal.

"What's the matter with the way he acts?" said mom.

He shrugged. "I don't know, I don't know. But every Friday I feel like kicking him."

His mother looked at him strangely. It made him uncomfortable. She was a pretty mother, and that made it worse. He didn't like to hurt or disturb her, but on the other hand he didn't like the fact that he couldn't really talk to her, get close to her. Mom would stand up for dad every time, regardless. And it made the anger perk through him.

On this particular Friday Dan was more than ever eager to escape. This afternoon his father had come home fairly early from the business, and he and Dan had kidded around, talked about sports and finally had wrestled a little. What had happened then did not sit well in Dan's mind and was the reason for his wanting to get away. He didn't blame himself for what had happened—he felt his father had brought it on—but it sat in him like a huge amount of food or something else that filled you and made you wish you hadn't. Mom didn't know about the wrestling match, and he hoped dad wouldn't tell her. But you couldn't depend on that. They never fooled around when mom was home because it got her all mad and excited, and once she had even thrown a glass of water on them when they were just sparring.

Well, he was free until midnight tonight and the rest of the weekend wouldn't be so bad, until three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Saturday he could do what he liked. In this season he would probably caddy, although he would rather get a job putting up merchandise or delivering for the grocery down the street. If he caddied he'd have to see his mother and father going around the course, and they might even request him for their caddy; and he hated that even though they paid him the standard price and gave him as good a tip as anyone else did. He didn't like to be out on the course with them. It was embarrassing. They were so full of good spirits, after being grinds, that he was sure everybody was looking at them. Other people laughed when his father did comic things on the course, but Danny wasn't sure they were laughing with him—they might be laughing at him. Anyway they always wound up at the nineteenth hole and had a cocktail and then tried to get him to have lunch with them. But they did let him refuse, he could say that for them.

Saturday night was his own, although his folks had to know where he was, with whom, and all that. He could stay at another kid's or have a kid over. Sunday morning there were the papers, the funnies, and if he didn't have a kid over, mom brought in the papers about ten-thirty and some jelly doughnuts and milk; and he was allowed to stay in bed as long as he wanted—as long as it wasn't later than twelve. Then he could do what he wanted until three. At three—during schooldays anyway—he had to be home, or if he was home and had kids around, they had to go, and then he had to settle down. He had to prepare his attitude. He had to get ready to study and then he had to study. And there were no ifs, ands or buts.

Well, anyway, this was Friday, and Sunday afternoon was a long ways away. Mavis was cross-legged in the living room, with the records going, and she had a terrific collection, and her mother didn't always say, "What *is* that horrible junk?"

He was looking at Mavis, and she hadn't even lifted her head. She was far out, and the music had a beat that made everything better. Dad and mom wouldn't understand this at all—they couldn't—and he had the feeling that he had met something in life they could never match.

"Danny," said Mavis's mother, "a piece of cake?"

"Oh? Oh, sorry. No, thanks—thanks a lot."

She was astonished. "No cake?"

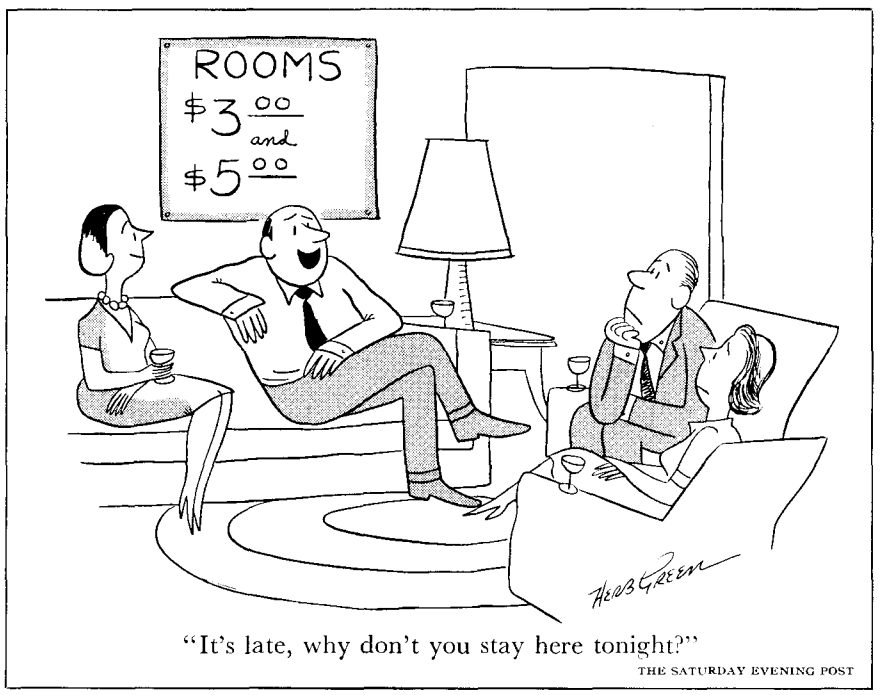
"I just ate."

"You always just ate, but you always wanted cake."

Inside himself he shook his head. Even Mavis's mother could be so square she should be whittled. What was he, an animal? Eat, eat! He had had a hard time putting down his dinner tonight.

"No thanks," he said. "Thanks."

Mavis was looking over at him with her long eyes, smiling a little. She had caught on that her mother was being the gnome. She tried to get him out of the gnome woods. She waved to him. "Come on over." He walked into the beat of the music. It built in him. He felt angry. He felt justified. He wished he had a million dollars and was able to buy all the cake in the world and make the mother eat it.



"It's late, why don't you stay here tonight?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Sodas?" said Mavis's mother.

Mavis and Danny lived a private joke. "Fine, mom," said Mavis. "Two sodas." Danny sat beside her. The square mother went for the square sodas to try to square herself for something she had done to them and knew she had and couldn't imagine what it was. But Mavis and Danny, smiling, in the beat, knew. She was there, and she wasn't required. She was excess. She was intruding. Not on privacy. They wouldn't have cared how many people were present. She was intruding on a world and she was a stranger.

Mavis's mother came back with two sodas in tall glasses filled with crushed ice. She handed them to the kids. She wore the puzzled, annoyed, willing, hopeful expression of a mother who wanted to please and be pleased and who, above all, wanted to understand. She was baffled by the way the kids sat in the music and did not approve of it, although she could not have said why. They looked decorous and were not even touching each other. But there was an aura of intimacy that was unmistakable and that mystified and riled her. She became resolved to speak to them and, if not to explore them, to gain at least some form of response that she could consider normal.

She sat in a chair facing them, artificial happiness and approval on her face. "Where're you two going tonight? The recreation hall?"

"Maybe," said Mavis. She was on a star or something.

Her mother frowned. "Maybe" was not in her lexicon when her daughter went out. "Danny, I thought your father insisted on knowing the places you go to."

"Oh, he does," said Danny. "I told him we'd drop into the rec and see how the dance was going. Then we'd go to the bowling alley and have some hamburgers and play a game if we could get a line."

The crease between the mother's brows grew deeper. And the music was reaching her, although her reactions were obviously opposed to theirs. She wanted to take one big leap and land on the player with both feet. "The bowling alley? But it's right next to the bar, it's even part of the bar, the same management."

"Oh, mother ——" said Mavis.

"It's a hangout," said Danny. "It belongs to the kids on Fridays. Nobody from the bar goes in there."

"I'd rather have you dance at the rec hall," said the mother.

"Oh, mother."

Mavis's mother bridled. "I want you home at eleven-thirty—the latest, young lady."

The young eyes looking at her were soft and steady and like those of a lioness. "O.K., mother."

The mother felt betrayed. It was all too easy and yet not easy at all, not managed. She knew, of course, that her daughter was not lying. When Mavis said she would be home at a certain hour, she was. And although the hour seemed late, it could not be helped. There had grown up a certain time schedule in town, and you couldn't ruin your girl by making her violate it. A boy wouldn't even take her out. And, of course, come to think of it, if a boy took a girl to a movie or dance after dinner, they would have to run to get home between eleven-thirty and twelve.

But that was not what was basically bothering Mavis's mother. When she was alone with Mavis, they often found friendship. But when the strange music was on, or a boy was here, her daughter was speeding away in a mist on wheels, and she could only try to run after her and stumble, with a fog all around her.

This realization coming once again made her think of a newspaper headline and story. She felt an odd, righteous affiliation with the story and its shock value, and she chose to thrust it at these two smug removed young people. "Danny, did you see the story in the paper about the boy in Montrose?"

Danny felt the steely disturbed essence of Mavis beside him. He knew that she knew also that the boy in Montrose had a fascination. The beat of the music almost staggered him. And a memory of the late afternoon with his father lifted choking into his throat. He felt fierce, knowing and yet as if he knew nothing.

"The boy that killed his father with a shotgun," said Mavis's mother. "Montrose is real close and the high school has a wrestling team, and the boy was on it. Maybe you met him, Danny."

"No," said Danny, "I never met him. We haven't wrestled them since I was on the team."

"Wasn't it awful?" said Mavis's mother.

Mavis turned off the record player, leaving her mother suddenly nonplused in an environment of silence that she had not anticipated and did not know how to handle. This was the first time that Mavis had ever turned off the player in the middle of a song, even if she had been severely ordered to.

Danny had read the story in the paper, but it had not been discussed at home so far. His father might discuss it with him if the opportunity arose and he brought it up, but mom didn't like sensational stories, especially gory ones; and so they couldn't discuss it around her. She always said, "There are enough troubles around; why borrow some from the paper?" And dad always smiled at that, winked at Danny cryptically, "Your mother is gentle, and things have bothered her. So don't think she's an ostrich—she isn't. She just needs to think about more pleasant things."

Mavis said, "I read it, and I don't believe in shooting parents, it doesn't get you anywhere, and it's ridic. But that boy was O.K. That's what the kids from Montrose say. He had the worst parents you could imagine. They were on his back all the time. Kids say that."

Now the mother knew why the player had been turned off. For a change she had said something that met their interest. She had zeroed in and she wished she hadn't.

Danny said, "He probably took all he could. I heard he was a wheel in school—a big wheel. Mavis's probably right. He took all he could. If I know anything, I know that wheels don't like to be pushed under. You don't like to always be pushed under. That kid was a pretty big wheel and he shouldn't have been pushed around."

Mavis's mother did not know what to say. Her husband was off on a business trip, and she wished he were home. She had opened Pandora's box, and her own daughter and her daughter's current boy friend had popped out, and she didn't like their aspect. But what was she going to do now? Put Mavis in escrow? Locked in her room? Or was she going to lock her own door? Or tell this boy to go home and never come back—a boy she thought was as gentlemanly as any of them or more so?

"Well," she said, "I think you children are very silly, and when you get a little older your ideas will change. That I know."

The words made her feel better. And she thought she really did know it.

"I think we ought to go, mother," said Mavis. "The rec ought to be jumping by now."

Danny got up. "Thanks a lot for the soda."

She nodded.

"I'll be home by eleven-thirty," said Mavis.

"Come in and kiss me good night."

"I will, mom."

The kids went out.

Danny and Mavis didn't get to the rec right away. They walked toward it hand in hand; but a car pulled up fast beside them, and a friend of theirs, old enough to have a license, looked out and called, "Hey, we were going to look for you." There were other kids packed in the car. "Come on."

Danny and Mavis went over and stood beside the car. "What's the score?" said Danny.

There was excitement and giggling in the car, but the driver was serious. "We're going over to Montrose."

"Montrose?" said Danny.

"Come on, kids, get in." Doors opened, and kids tried to grab them in. "Come on, we want to see that garage where the guy killed his old man with the shotgun."

"Hey, hey!" someone cried.

Mavis nervously clenched Danny's hand. "Let's go over," she said. "Come on."

The car was full of gaiety. Danny knew what it all meant. The kids wanted a kick, and he wanted it too. It was a kick they couldn't get at the rec or the alley; it was a kick that somehow meant a great deal. But as they drove they became silent. And finally they were in Montrose, where they drove to the house as if in a dream, airless and peculiar and familiar. They found the house. It was dark and silent.

"That's the garage," said one.

"He shot him with a shotgun."

They were stopped directly in front of the house. A light went on in the living room, and a woman's shape was looking out at the car.

"That must be the mother," said a girl. "That must be the mother."

"Oh, no, no," said Mavis. "She has no one left. Get me out of here. Danny! Danny."

"Get out of here," said Danny. "Ride it, ride it."

A girl began to cry.

"Get going!" several cried.

The car took off, stripping rubber, weaved, flung around a corner, broke into a long stretch of clean, open road and went hard; the air came in, and the kids were clenched-faced in the whip of the air.

"Take us to the rec," said Danny.

"I want to go home," said Mavis.

Danny held her hand. "We'll have a soda at the rec, and then I'll take you home. We'll walk down. Slow and easy, honey. You don't want to go home yet; your mother'll see you've been crying."

"Oh, Danny," she said, "why did he do it?"

"I don't know," he said. But he did. He thought he did. And the car was silent as they went. No singing, no jokes, no griping against the folks. No superiority. They all thought they knew.

The only trouble with dancing at the rec was that they never put down the lights. But it wasn't so bad once you got used to it, or told yourself to, and once your girl told herself the same thing. You squinted, sank into the mood, or lifted with it, according to the things that were on the player. If you and your girl could do that together, you had it made. You got lost. Cool in the wandering, deep, friendly way required, or with the aloof, pure excitement that the older people couldn't understand.

Tonight Danny and Mavis went far out, and it was good out there. You could forget. Others were moving around you, and that gave you the sense of belonging. You were all here together, and you all knew the score. The world was only here, belonged here, and there was a solidness to it that you didn't find anywhere else.

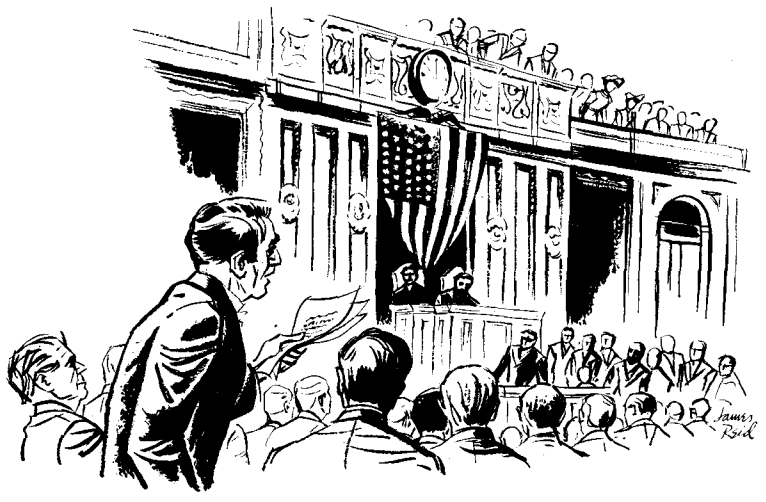
"I feel better, Danny," said Mavis.

"I feel O.K. too," he said.

"Danny. When we went out there to Montrose, when we stopped in front of the house, I thought I was doing something against my mother and father. You know what I mean?"

"Yeah," he said.

He wished she hadn't spoken that way. It made it impossible to reach the far out again. It made him unsure that he was as safe and as right here among his friends, among all the (Continued on Page 70)



What's Going On Here?

The United States, unprepared as usual, finds itself caught up in a major war fraught with unprecedented threats to the nation. To win, the Government mobilizes all available strength. Subsequently there develops a persistent movement in Congress to give a middle-aged spinster the military pay and pension of a major general for her part in the war effort. Who was she, and what was the basis of her claim?

Richard Q. Rodgers

(*Answer on Page 70*)

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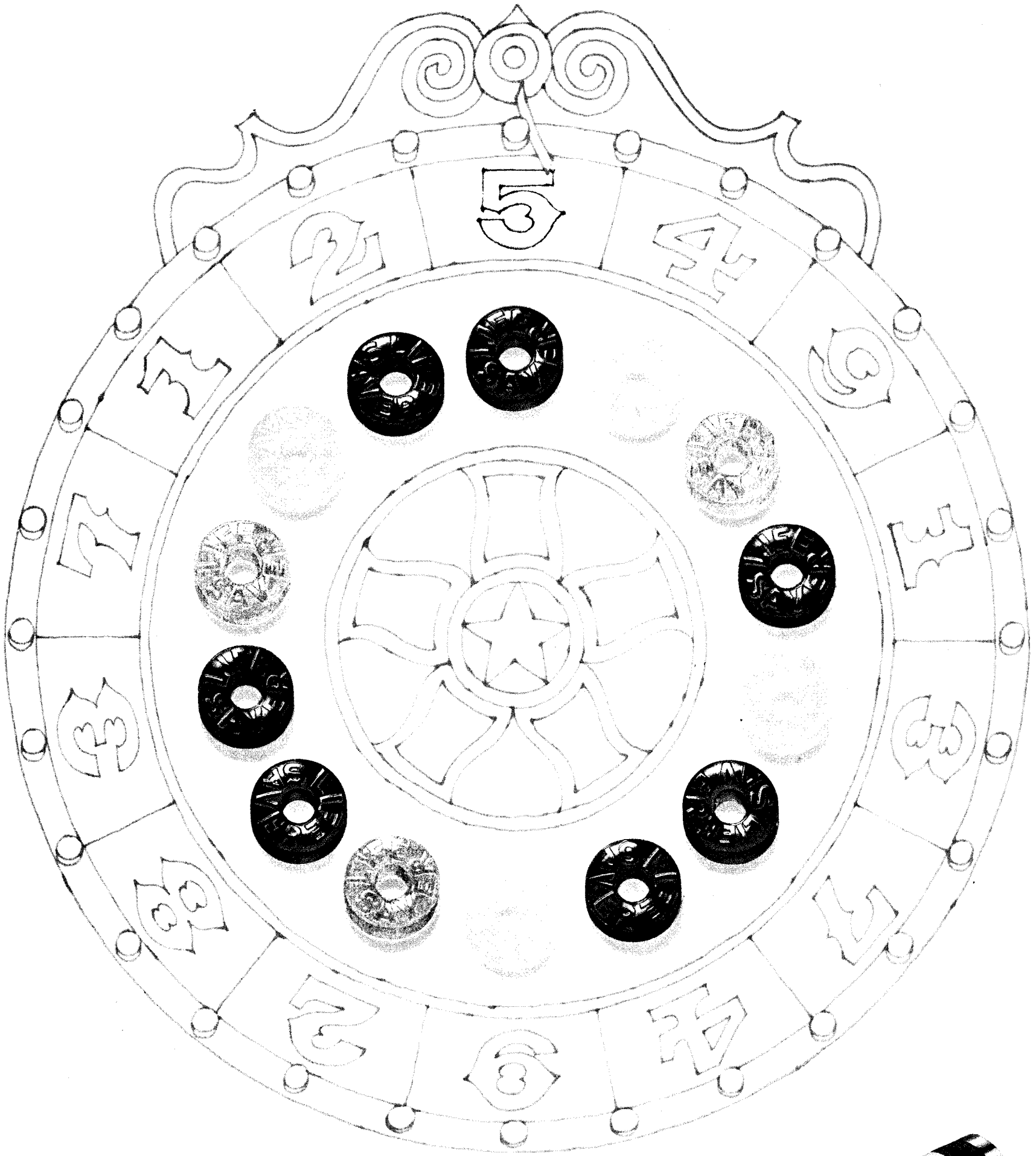

Winning flavor everytime

The candy with the hole ...still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 68*) others like him, as he had thought he was. It made him remember, despite his attempts not to, the wrestling match he had had this afternoon with his father. It was supposed to be all in fun, but it hadn't stayed that way, and Danny wondered whether he had ever wanted it that way at all.

Dad had been on the wrestling team in college. He had never been an intercollegiate champion, but one year he had won the intramurals. "O.K., Danny," he had said this afternoon, "think you can pin the old man yet?" Mom had been out, of course, or they wouldn't have tried it. "Let's go," dad had said with the big happy grin he got when he wanted some exercise.

And this time Danny had got his famous headlock. In school, when the coach was around, you weren't allowed to apply and maintain punishing holds. But when the kids were alone, unsupervised on the mats, or when they were on lawns, on the beach or in houses when no one was around to protest, they applied surrender-or-I'll-break-it holds. Danny was notorious for the terrible efficiency of his headlock. No kid he had ever pulled into it had ever got out of it. Every single one had submitted. And now he had it on his father.

At first Danny was only glad that he had been skillful enough to get the grip. His father was running to paunch, but he was still strong and clever and had an amazing memory of the holds he had practiced twenty years ago. Also he was, despite some overweight, still quite agile and supple because of golf, swimming and occasional games of tennis and handball. Danny was proud that he had been able to slip in past the hedge of his father's bulling arms and get that left arm around his head, and get the fingers of his right hand into those of the left and bend and turn so that his father could not throw him or push his head back. He felt an athlete's sweet delight in knowing that his opponent was off balance and that he himself was on full balance, temporarily at least, holding command.

But the purity of the contest corrupted and dissipated rapidly, so fast that Danny was not at first conscious of it. He knew it only when he heard his father's grunt of pain, and when he felt his stringy young muscles bearing down and pulling out to make the grip most effective. Across from him in the living room was a wall mirror, and he saw his dad halfbent, twisted, pushing futile arms against his sides; and he saw himself on full purchase of semibent knees, and the veins popping blue and thick on his arms and the gritting of his teeth. The vision and the feeling of command swept together, and he was held in a tide of frightening, fierce elation that was much greater than any small victory he had ever gained against another kid.

He pulled, gripped, turned, twisted. He worked the headlock over the side of his father's head.

"Give up, dad? Give up?"

His lungs were pumping air. He was savage with the will to win. Conquer. Not quite knowing that he wished to conquer himself, the painful inadequacy of being young. The mandates: you shall be home at twelve and not a moment later; you shall make up your own room or be docked on your allowance; you shall get certain grades or some of your privileges will be rescinded. The humiliations: Do you ever use soap in the tub? Do you know that when you and your friends are finished doing calisthenics in your bedroom the place is a wreck? Now, listen, you use soap and you change those socks every day, and here's a good foot powder we got you—use it. And the slights: We're talking business, Danny. Would you mind going to your room? And the fear of his judgment: We want to see your friends, meet them, girls and boys. Now who is this Fred? Who is Joan? Why haven't you brought them around? What's the matter with them? And the other fear: Why did you turn the lights down when we were in the other room and you and the kids were listening to records? Danny, there's a lot of things I have to tell you —— And the lack of understanding; the smiling, affectionate, tolerant, infuriating lack of respect for a world they would never know: O.K., Danny, the music is good. Good, good. But you'll get over it. Or: Sure, Danny, your ideas—the other kids'—are yours, but you'll get over it. You'll get over it, Danny, you'll get over it —— And he pulled and tugged, and had his father in the headlock and he knew that for once in his life he was supreme—completely supreme, free, independent, in command. He had his own dad in his famous headlock, and no one had ever got out of it.

"Give up, dad? Give up?"

Danny didn't know quite how it happened. He had the grip, and his father couldn't get out of it; and then there was almost a gentle tap behind Danny's knee, and he found himself falling backward, losing his balance, the headlock tugging off. His reactions were fast, and he tried to turn on his belly as he went down, but a half nelson caught him poised, and slowly, inexorably, superior weight turned him and pinned his shoulders as his dad laughingly intoned the count. Clapped him on the shoulders, said, "That's it. Pinned again. But good try, lad, good try."

Danny had gotten up dazedly—saw a flame-red on his father's left ear. He wanted to touch that ear, to soothe it, to explain. He was sorry—and yet he wasn't. He had never lived through a moment of glory like the one in which he knew his dad was suffering; and yet he had never felt such a desperate contrition.

His dad was breathing hard. "You're getting strong," he said proudly, "very strong." He put his arm around his son's shoulders. "Danny, you're a better man than your old man was at your age. Now that's for sure." He laughed, panted, clapped his chest. "My wind is lousy, damn it."

"Danny?" said Mavis, as they danced.

"Huh?"

"I want to go home, Danny."

"O.K., but let's stop off for a burger."

"I want to go home."

They walked gently in the moonlit streets.

"You're not mad, are you?" she said. "Dad's away, and I don't like to leave mother alone."

"It's O.K."

"Why don't you come in? We can make some burgers, if you want."

"I think I'll get along home," he said.

"That woman—" said Mavis "—that woman we saw in Montrose. Danny, do you suppose that was really his mother?"

"I don't know."

"We shouldn't of done that," said Mavis.

"He was supposed to have been a good kid," said Danny. "He was pushed too far."

"I don't know," said Mavis. "Seeing that woman there, I didn't know any more. She looked sort of spooky. And I knew she wasn't supposed to. I knew my mother would look the same way if I did something wrong, and she's not a spooky person. She just worries a lot."

They got to her door. She said, "Night, Danny."

"So long," he said. He did not try to kiss her.

"Ah," said his father as he went in. "Home from the wars, or whatever you do?"

"Hi."

"How about you lock the door, as I've told you a hundred times."

Danny locked the door. His father looked tired. He was still working. "Home early, Danny. What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

His father rubbed his eyes. Danny saw that his left ear looked burned.

His father got up, stretched. "Listen, how about you get me a cold beer and yourself a soda or something, while I go see a man about a wagon?"

"Sure."

His father went out and toward the bathroom. Danny lingered over the table where his father did his Friday-night grinding. The profusion of papers, the neatly sharpened pencils in the old porcelain cup. The long green metal filing case in which, Danny knew, were all the precise records of the family and business accounts. He had long known that, but he hadn't looked into it. He had never had the opportunity. The only times he saw it were when it was on the table Friday nights.

He wondered somehow if he, Danny, as an account of a sort and certainly as a member of the family, was in the drawer. He pulled it out a little more, rifled the tabs, and sure enough, there was a white, green-lined card tabbed DANNY. He lifted it a little in nervous fingers. In parentheses beside his name the card had a notation: College Fund.

Danny stared at it. His eyes swept down the neat columns in his father's blue-ink small hand. Came to a place and date where it was noted that a thousand dollars had been borrowed from Danny. Borrowed from him? Danny dropped the card, wiped his wetting fingers on his pants, lifted the card again hurriedly. A thousand dollars! He looked at the date. Yeah, that had been last year when mom went to the hospital.

Then, in a moment beleaguered with the fullness of anxiety, suspense and a terrible affirmation of his place in the file, he saw that the money had been repaid. Paid back—paid back to him?

He came upon an entry that made his fingers wet again, and he dropped the card back into the file so that his smudge would not telltale his espionage.

The entry had been for twenty-five dollars. Danny heard his father's footsteps and rushed to the kitchen for the beer and soda. But all the time it was hitting him. Twenty-five dollars? That little amount? He opened the beer and the soda and got glasses. Poured. Stopped. Looked out the window of the kitchen at the sweeping moon. Twenty-five dollars! And he knew what that meant.

Piece by piece, piece by piece, his father had paid him back; paid him not what Danny would think he owed him, but what his father had decided for himself. He had done that, even when all that could be done was twenty-five dollars. And Danny had an awful comprehension of adult responsibility, a crashing despair that came as he looked out on the night—and a fear. Someday, someday, he, too, would have to pay thus. Without price, without glory, without the knowledge of him or her for whom he paid. He stared at the riding moon. He thought of his father's muscle-singed ear.

"Danny?"

"Yeah?"

"Dreaming or something?"

"Coming up." He took the beer and soda into the living room.

"Ah," said his father and gulped some beer. "Hah. Nothing like it for a dry throat." Then he relaxed with a cigarette, lounging in his chair. "Lad," he said, "no fight with Mavis, I hope."

"No, nothing like that. Her dad's away and her mother gets scared to be alone."

"How was the rec?"

"Same as usual. They have all the lights on when you dance, as if they don't trust you."

His father laughed. "Maybe they don't," he said, "maybe they don't. What're your plans for tomorrow?"

"I don't know; maybe I'll caddy."

"Good, good. Caddy for us?"

"I might."

"O.K., see you in the morning. Meanwhile, you look knocked out." His father put out his hand and they gravely shook.

Danny went off to bed. But after he was in his pajamas, and the lights in his room were out, he went on quiet feet into the hall and stared at his father working at the table. His father's face did not look so tired now that he was back to work. It was calm, resolute, and his pencil did not falter. Finally he took a package from the chair against the wall and took off the wrapper. He looked at the book and smoothed an edge of the dust jacket that had been slightly torn. He looked at some figures, opened his billfold and counted out some money. He put the money inside the flyleaf of the book. Sighed, stretched. Danny hurried back to his bed and pretended he was asleep. In a few minutes his father would come in, look down at him a long moment, put the book with the allowance it contained on the bed table and then go out, softly closing the door.

Danny sighed. He heard the wind and felt the cool of the night and acknowledged the deep sweep of the stars beyond the brushing tree, and he felt a rushing sense of peace and security. Before his father walked into the room, Danny was smiling and asleep. His father tucked the edge of a blanket under the mattress, yawned, and went to bed himself.

THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 68)

Long before the "yeomanettes" of World War I and Waves and Wacs of World War II, Anna Ella Carroll, red-haired daughter of a governor of Maryland, supposedly dabbled in high strategy in the Civil War. Later she claimed to have proposed to President Lincoln the successful Union campaign along the Tennessee River, and to have helped plan it. Several Congressional measures to reward her with the pay of a major general were drafted after the war. But Lincoln was dead, critics shot holes in Anna Ella's story, and the Congressional measures got nowhere. Instead of becoming our "first woman major general," the most she received was a committee report saying she could feel proud of herself.

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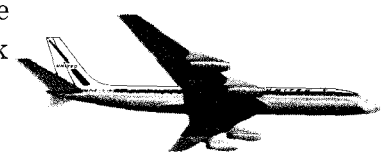

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The Perfect Mate (Continued from Page 26)

want to investigate that broken engagement to the Johnson girl. Not his fault, maybe—she's a flighty girl. But Otis Page and Jack Millerton are the best prospects."

Routing Nancy required pushing the project, but he didn't have to enjoy it so much. "How do you plan to—uh—implement this decision? You going to just waltz up to the chosen victim and inform him, offhandlike, of the wedding date?"

"Oh," he said airily, "there's no problem about that. Both Otis and Jack are around all the time, and Nancy will just observe them a little more and gradually weed out the loser."

Not even I could quarrel with father's choices, since he had modestly picked the two most eligible men in Puerta Maria. Otis Page certainly had all the virtues, with the kind of face you can't help liking, and a stance as sturdy and solid as the Bank of America. He *was* the Bank of America, in fact, in Puerta Maria, a right responsible slot for a guy his age.

Where Otis was craggy, Jack was smooth—not calculated, just naturally smooth. And good-looking—smooth blond hair and even tan, well set up. Jack was a coming lawyer who dabbled in real-estate promotions, so the two were neck-and-neck for prospects and status, though of course father hadn't been so crass as to rate them financially. Jack had more glamour, but Otis was more dependable. Otis was a shade too attached to his mother, but then Jack was a sports fiend. Jack danced like a cross between Greco and Astaire, but Otis played sharper bridge. Nan might even have to fall back on that little thing called love, in order to tip the scales with those two.

When her field narrowed, they were obviously only too willing to play for keeps. Jack made a steady thing of Sunday afternoons at the beach; Otis drove her to Portland to visit his parents. Jack asked her to cut the ribbon on his new shopping district. Otis took her to Sacramento—chaperoned by his mother—when he testified on utility regulations.

Half the time Nan went out with both guys at once, a female tactic that really tries a man. One evening when the three of them were going to a dance, Jack breezed in first, bearing a small white florist's box. He looked trim and easy, but he was trying so hard that it spilled over on me.

"Charles, good to see you, boy!" We shook hands, being hard and manly. "I was going to call you tomorrow. How about a fishing trip up the Feather River next weekend? If you can get away from those math hounds at the college ——"

"Sure, I can get away. I'll get somebody to take my Saturday class." Might as well lap this up while it lasted.

"Well, good," he said heartily. "You got boots, or you want to borrow a pair?"

"I have some. And a hot new spinning reel to try out too."

Jack spoke with a touch of superiority. "Nothing like a good casting rod."

I'd have argued about that, but just then Otis showed up. The florist's box he toted would hardly come through the door, and I wondered how Nan decided whose flowers to wear.

Jack said pleasantly, "Hi, Otis; you on the decoration committee?" The eye he peeled at the big green box was only slightly satirical.

Otis didn't rib very easily; in fact, sometimes he didn't get the point at all. "No, not this year, Jack." He shook my hand even harder than Jack had. "Charles, I've been wanting to talk to you. How about having lunch tomorrow?"

I liked the fringe benefits on this double-barreled courtship. "Sure, I can come in. What's on your mind?"

Otis even had a solid way of sitting, and wherever he sat, a conference table seemed to materialize in front of him. He leaned over it now confidentially. "You know how hard it is to attract good young men into the banking business, Charles?" I didn't know, but I nodded soberly. "Well, I've been thinking, why not start an apprentice system—summer jobs for the more promising boys from the college? So I thought, why, Charles Todd's just the man to do the screening. You'd know which are the bright boys."

Well, so I would, in my own classes, but my kind of math is a mite far out for the banking business. Premature to mention that, though. I could hie myself around to Business Administration for some names—earn my keep as liaison.

Jack said, "If your father's at home, Charles, I might chat with him a second. He's interested in a land deal I'm putting together." His glance at Otis was hardly triumphant at all.

I managed not to laugh, but it wasn't easy. My father's idea of investment is to sock all his spare cash in a savings account at about two per cent per annum, not compounded. If he was taking a flier on a land deal, he was really giving his all to this project.

"Well, I don't know, Jack. He's writing a paper to give in San Francisco tomorrow, and from his expression a while ago ——"

Jack backed off hastily, and I wondered if he would always back off from father. That might be fatal with Nan, because she never did. Went around sometimes, yes —— The doorbell cut off speculation.

Nobody we know rings our doorbell any more; they just barge in. Sure enough, it was a stranger standing there in the dusk. A thin young man with fierce eyes and hard mouth and stubborn black hair. Good heavens, I thought, not another one! Nancy's carrying this too far.

But he said, "Doctor Todd, please." His voice was very definite, and it didn't occur to me to tell this boy that father was busy.

"Certainly," I said. "Won't you come in, Mr. ——"

He smiled, and all at once the hardness of the mouth vanished in astonishing warmth. "Oh, sorry, of course you don't know me. I'm Peter Canaris, new in your father's department. I ran across some data that he may be able to use in his paper."

"Oh, sure, Pete, come in. My dad's been wanting to get you here for dinner, but he says you're all sewed up on your thesis." He had also said that this boy had his wits about him, and father is never lavish with praise for his assistants. Spare the rod, and so on, is his theory of runing a department.

"That's right, I am," Canaris said. As he came in, Nancy tripped down the stairs, looking luscious in floating yellow chiffon. Canaris stood waiting for her to pass, only politeness on the keen face.

"Oh, Nancy, this is Peter Canaris, father's new assistant . . . . My sister, Pete."

"So nice to see you, Peter," Nancy let her hand linger just appreciably in his. She knew perfectly well, the wench, that Jack and Otis could see from the living room. Never lost an opportunity, our Nan. But Canaris might not be quite so biddable as the others, from the look of that mouth.

Nor did he seem interested, beyond courtesy. He peeked at his watch, and I said, "Come on back, Pete. Father's in his study."

Just then father came out. Seeing Peter confused him slightly, but he became expansive when he heard about the new data. "Just what I need for a clincher. How about a drink, Peter? . . . Nancy, one for you and your friends?"

"Why, father, we'd love to. It's really early for the club, anyway." She pounced on the flowers. "Oh, look! Here, Charles, you open one while I undo the other." A neat solution to the problem of precedence, I thought. "Oh, what a perfect orchid—look, everyone!" Sure enough, the bronze orchid was just right for copper curls and creamy dress. "And such magnificent roses. Oh, Otis, you remembered that yellow is my very favorite." If she knew what a fetching picture she made with the orchid on her shoulder and a sheaf of roses in her arms —— No if about it—of course she knew; that half smile was showing.

"Lovely flowers," Canaris said politely. "Doctor Todd, if you'll excuse me, I won't stay for a drink this time. I've a seminar at eight, you know." He smiled again, that curiously charming smile. Then an odd, almost shocked look appeared on the keen face. He was gazing at something behind me. "Is your wife—I had no idea—is *Lucinda* Todd ——"

Father looked pleased. "Why, yes. You know her work?"

"Know it? Who doesn't? This is an early picture, isn't it?" True enough, it had been done fifteen years ago, one vacation at Carmel, dunes and rock and cypress. But he had to know her technique pretty well to date it.

"Yes," father said. "But I won't let her sell it. I like it better than anything she's ever done since."

"Oh, no," Canaris said decidedly. "No, look—the brush work is faulty here, and that muddy gray isn't at all characteristic of her."

Well! Criticism of Cinda's work—by anyone else, that is—always brought out the heavy in father. But now he said only, in a strange tone, "Possibly you're right, Peter. It has a strong emotional content for us."

Well, again! Father marched Canaris off to the study, and Nancy and her swains departed. When I went in later to call father for dinner, he was sitting alone, staring down at the papers on his desk. "What's the matter, father? Doesn't the dope Canaris brought fit in?"

He jumped. "Oh, yes," he said. "Yes, very well indeed." He turned a notebook hastily over what he had been staring at, but not before I glimpsed it—he was revising his analysis of Nan's beaux.

Though I was about to split with curiosity about the changes, I couldn't very well sneak away from the dinner table. Father was unusually quiet, until I asked him about Canaris's thesis. He said absently, "It's on the implications of the Oedipus complex in hysteria-induced malfunctions."

Beth said with interest, "Was Peter Canaris here? I'd like to meet him. Louise Johnson is in a perfect swivet about him."

Father said sharply, "Peter's much too good for that flighty Johnson girl," and got up and grumped off to the study. But in about five minutes he called out, "Charles, bring your coffee and come in, will you?"

Looking very pleased with himself, he took the cup of coffee I handed him, sugared it a second time and said with conscious restraint, "Charles, did you like Peter Canaris?"

It wasn't Canaris I wanted to hear about, but the shortest distance in father's mind is often a loop, not a straight line. "Bright and (*Continued on Page 74*)

"Did it ever occur to you what might happen if a cable suddenly parted and sent you hurtling through space?"

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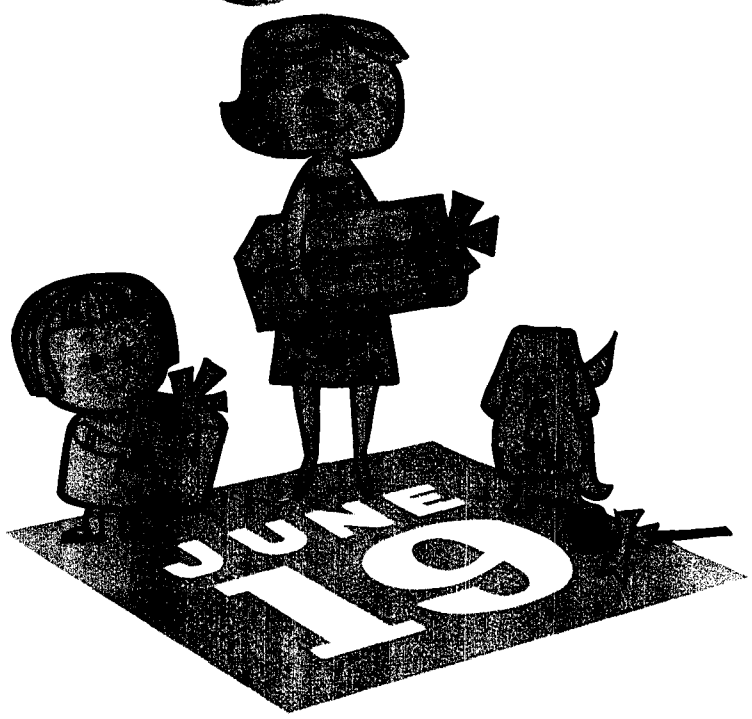

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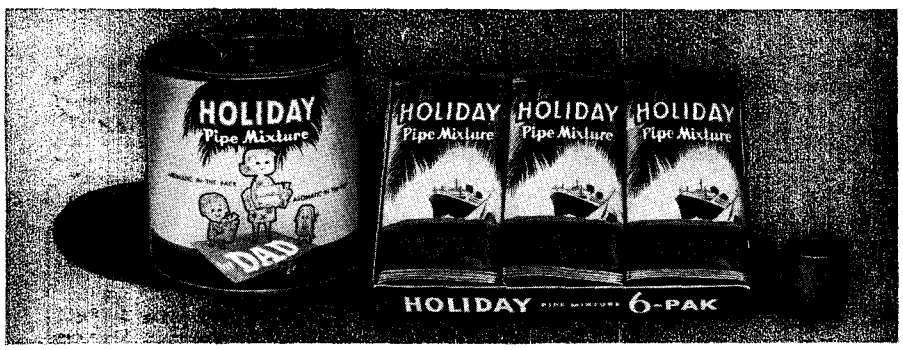

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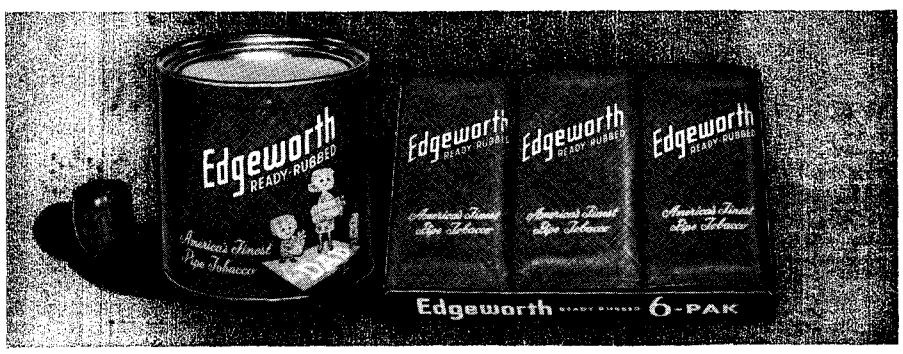

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(*Continued from Page 72*) knows it. Prickly, can't always be bothered to do the proper thing, but disciplined about the important ones. Like him? I don't know yet. I'd say yes. Anyway he's interesting."

Father nodded smugly. "He's the one, Charles." He tapped the analysis sheet.

Jolted, I spilled my coffee. "What do you mean, the one? Holy Moses, you can't fob off some stranger on Nan!"

"Well," he said reasonably, "he doesn't need to stay a stranger. Just look, Charles ——" True enough, Canaris nosed out Jack and Otis on the chart about like Man o' War would my old cob—though there was a question mark on family and a peculiar squiggle under religion. Canaris would carve out a god to suit himself—something separate and not quite equal, most likely.

"Now listen, father, this is going too far! You can't just—just ——"

Father was hurt. "I see you don't give me credit for any subtlety at all. Naturally I know better than to face Nancy with this choice without—uh, proper preparation. I trust that you won't find it necessary to interfere."

I stood there feeling helpless. Finally I shook my head. "I don't like it, but I won't interfere." *Not yet, anyway,* I said to myself. Canaris was a reprieve, because he was about as malleable as granite. And Nancy would come to her senses any day now. With this new bee in his bonnet, father would never back down, so she had to.

When father connives, he goes whole hog. Beth reported at lunch the next day that he had surprised Cinda and Nancy by offering to take them to San Francisco with him. Cinda said she was too busy, but Nancy took him up. And by golly, when I went to meet their plane Sunday, there was Peter Canaris, too, coming back with them. Father had left part of his file and had called back to have Peter bring it down. I must say, a couple nights doing San Francisco should give any romance a boost.

But it hadn't seemed to do much for this one. Nancy was glowing, very smart in her green suit and feathered hat, and Peter handed her off the plane courteously. But then he spent the whole drive back arguing with father about the final point in his speech. At the house he said, "Nancy, it was nice being with you," pleasantly enough, but with no pointed enthusiasm.

Nancy said warmly, "Peter, come over any evening and we'll practice that samba. Any time you feel like taking an hour off from the Oedipus complex."

He nodded politely and they drove off. Nancy might have felt dashed—it was something new for a male not to pin down a date. But she looked only mischievous, and I began to feel sorry for Canaris. My father being subtle and Nancy mischievous could whittle down a Samson.

Father, still playing it cool, asked Nancy if she could help him evenings with the freshman testing program—which cut into the double play with Jack and Otis, of course. Not to mention throwing her with Peter, though he still spent most of his evenings in the library. But pretty often he wound up back at the Psychology Department in time for the last pot of coffee, and whenever I drifted around, he and father would be hot at it. I was puzzled that Nan kept so quiet in those bull sessions; she has opinions of her own and no false maidenly modesty.

I kept wondering how father meant to wind this up, and he was a shade puzzled himself. Catching him with that fool chart again one evening, I couldn't resist needling. "Why don't you tell Nancy who the lucky man is? I bet she could crack this."

"No, no," he said testily. "It's true, I haven't found just the right catalyst yet, but it's developing. It's developing."

Well, maybe so, though not quite according to plan. Neither Nan nor he, it appeared, had even considered the possibility of an unco-operative man. But father didn't give up easily, I'll say that.

I came in one evening, tired and hot from riding, and Beth said, "Hurry, Charles. There isn't even time for a beer."

"Why not? I'm not going anywhere." The beer was already open.

"Oh, don't you want to? Doctor Braun will be here only tonight."

I groaned, but I got up and started dressing. Albert Braun is father's dearest friend and rival; if one can't top Gesell, the other will. And he was Nan's godfather.

When we arrived, I wasn't too surprised to see Peter Canaris; he'd come to father with a recommendation from Doctor Braun. But for some reason Nancy had rung in Otis Page. He had the lead right now; in fact, Jack seemed to have been scratched. I wondered if Otis had any idea what he was getting into. Put three psychologists at the same table, to say nothing of a child-guidance amateur, and things get sticky right away. If there's one thing all psychologists are, it's articulate. And opinionated.

It didn't take long. Polite general conversation lasted through Cinda's *gazpacho*, but by the time the squab came on, the talk had become a free-for-all on Fromm's theory of the masochistic drives in authoritarianism. All at once I noticed that Otis looked lost, and I grinned across at him to say I didn't understand it either.

Maybe he thought I was prodding him to say something, because he edged into the first sliver of silence. "You know," trying to be light, "all this about the id and the ego and the superego—it seems to me like picking a few beans at random from a bagful and then naming them. They all look alike to me."

Doctor Braun sent a puzzled glance toward father, and Peter looked at his plate, and Nancy looked shocked, and then father picked up the silence and went on talking about Fromm as though kindly determined to ignore what could only be embarrassing.

Otis might not always get the point, but he got it this time, painfully. And if

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Once I Sang of Grief

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

When I was sorrowless, safe and young,
I sang of grief with a ready tongue.
For woe was a condiment I could savor.
But now that I know true sorrow's flavor
From many a wormwood cup I've downed,
I sing of happier things. I've found
Those bitter flagons are easier faced
With laughter to take away the taste.

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there's one thing Nan can't stand, it's seeing someone picked on. She must have been shaken—I doubt if she's ever considered how it might be to marry a man who thinks the id and ego are an indistinguishable bag of beans. But she doesn't like people to be uncomfortable. When father paused, she said in a clear, stubborn voice, "Otis, I wish you'd tell Charles about that book of Graham's. He's very much interested in investment theories, and I'd like to understand it better." Her glance at me said, *Play up or else!*

I tried, and so did Otis, but dollar-averaging didn't stand a chance against that triangle of polite patience, Braun and father and Peter, just waiting to go at it again.

An ominous spark moved into Nan's eye. She said suddenly, "Oh, dear! Otis, if we mean to make that movie, we'll have to hurry.... Please, everyone, excuse us from dessert."

Otis looked surprised, but he was glad enough to go. "Let me just try my Los Angeles call again, Nancy, please."

"All right, Otis, I'll be waiting." Her voice to him was warmer than I'd ever heard it, and I hoped uneasily that she wouldn't get carried away by sympathy.

When Otis had gone into the study, she stood up, flushed and accusing, surveyed the table and burst out, "Psychologists—life adjustment—sadism! All of you make me sick!" She stamped her foot so hard that her heel splintered, making her even angrier. "I hope I never see another psychologist!" For some reason she was taking it out on Peter, glaring straight at him. He looked cool and amused, and Doctor Braun just chuckled—he knew Nan's temper. But Cinda made a distressed sound; she saw what I had seen. Nancy in this mood was vulnerable, and if Otis caught on to his opportunity ——

Apparently that dawned on father. He said placatingly, "Now, Nancy dear, I'm very sorry. Don't go. We'll put on some records and take our coffee into the living room."

But Nan didn't placate easily. She limped off in her heelless shoe and said furiously, "You'd be sure to play nothing but Bartok if we stayed!" Nancy likes Bartok, but Otis apparently doesn't.

Father began to look wild; his plan was coming apart. He roared, "Nancy, I won't have such insolence!" A whisper would have done as much good. Nan kept on limping up the stairs.

For some reason I looked at Peter. He'd been sitting quietly, being a diffident guest, but there was nothing diffident about his eyes now. He stood up and said in a quiet, distinct voice, "Nancy."

She stopped on the stairs as though she'd been lassoed. Her shoulders quivered; she was about to cry. After a second she turned very reluctantly and faced Peter. He simply stood there, waiting, but what blazed out between them said all there was to say. The anger died out of Nancy's face, and she came down the stairs slowly, slowly, looking at Peter all the time, with a strange new glow beginning in her eyes.

Finally he moved out a step to meet her, and they turned, not touching, but together, and went into the living room, and Peter closed the door very firmly.

When I dared, I peeked at father, who was looking staggered. Cinda had that secretive look of satisfaction, and Beth was clearly pleased. Doctor Braun said, "Well ——" in a dazed voice.

But in about a minute father cast a smug glance at me, and all of a sudden I got sore and said, "Did you ask Nancy to invite Otis tonight?" I guess I sounded pretty hot; I was.

"Why, I ——" Father never liked having his cruder machinations exposed.

"Of all the put-up jobs! I promised not to interfere, but this is dirty pool!"

Just then Otis came out of the study and looked around for Nan. Everyone was slightly stupefied, not knowing quite what to do with him. But in a second the door of the living room opened and Peter and Nancy came out. Peter still looked quiet and contained, but not nearly so fierce as usual. And the glow on Nan reached out and took in the whole room.

Facing that radiance, Otis gave a small sigh and backed out like a little man, saying, "Nancy, I'm so sorry, but I have to go back to the bank to mail some papers. . . . Thank you, Mrs. Todd, for dinner." He nodded around and left. Nancy didn't notice.

I was still so peeved at father that I blurted out, "Peter, I think you should know that you've been jockeyed into this."

He said, "Oh?" looking only mildly interested.

I couldn't quit now; I gave him the whole story. But he didn't blow his stack, as I figured he would. He looked at Nancy and then at father, and his lips began to quiver, and then he chortled, and pretty soon he was practically rolling. I hadn't even known he could laugh that hard. He just stood there and guffawed, holding himself up by a chair back.

Finally he stopped enough to say, "Thank you, Charles, very much. I'm"—his lips shook again, and he straightened them as well as he could "—I'm extremely grateful to you for telling me." He looked at Nancy again and said in that definite voice, "Come on, Nancy." And they went away.

I noticed that Doctor Braun was gazing at father and me in a measuring sort of way and seemed to want to laugh, too, but I couldn't pay any attention to him for trying to figure out Peter.

I never did, until the wedding day. Even at the altar, he got a funny little grin when I handed him the ring. We came back to the house and were milling around, trying to get pictures and a reception line started, when Doctor Braun loped up to Nancy—he'd come out for the wedding, of course.

"Nancy, dear, what I started when I introduced you to Peter last year in New York!" Very beamish, he kissed her heartily.

She said serenely, "Yes, isn't it lovely?"

But I jumped. "Nancy, you mean that whole screwy deal was aimed at Peter all along? Did he know what you were doing? For heaven's sake, why not do it the normal way?"

She gurgled with enjoyment. "No, of course he didn't know. But you know how father's always been about his assistants. How do you think he would have behaved if Peter had started courting me when he first came out? I just told Peter to lay low when he got here, and I'd manage father. I didn't tell him how."

I could well see why she hadn't. But she had worked a loop out into the shortest distance between two points, after all. I didn't ask if she had known father's lecture was a joke—why quibble? Nancy had what she wanted, and so did father. And so, I discovered, did I. THE END

A Communist country is one where everything which is not forbidden is compulsory.

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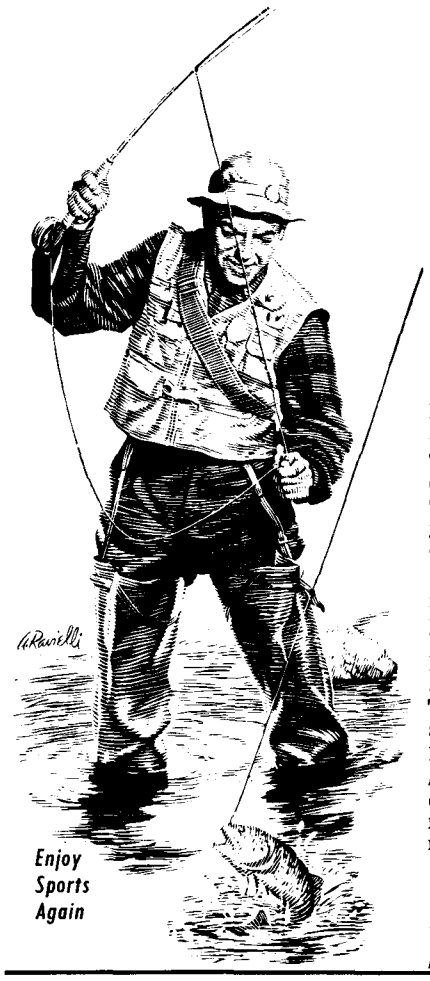

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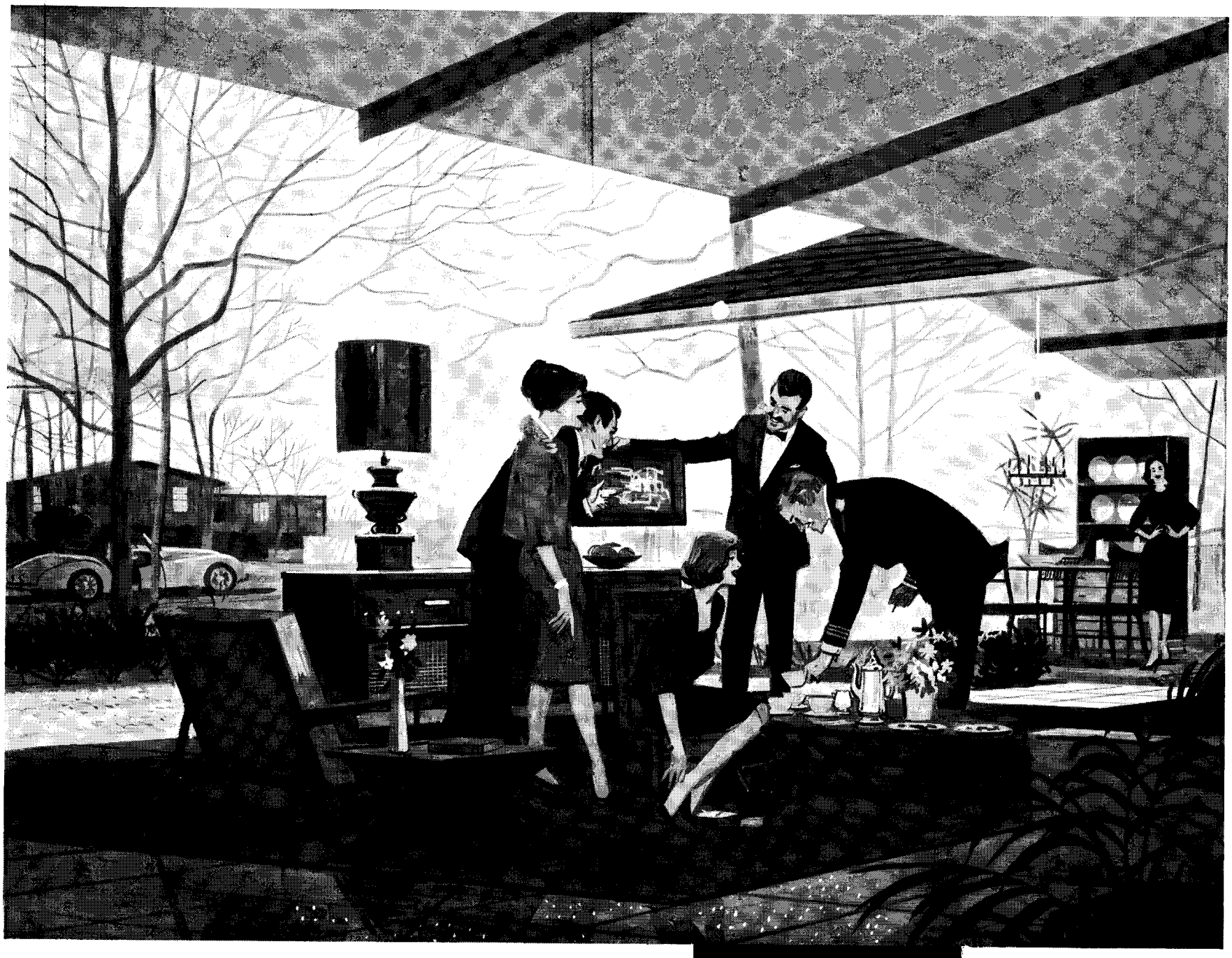

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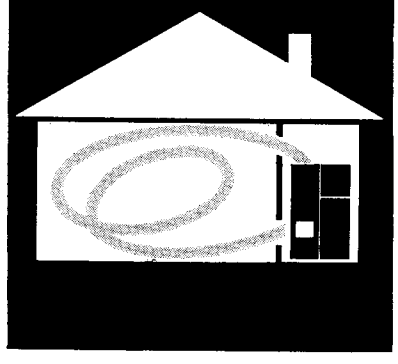

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Uncle Sam's Orphan Airline

(Continued from Page 31)

moment when all of these moves and debates were reaching a climax.

To find out what the big squabble is all about, *The Saturday Evening Post* recently sent me on a tour of MATS installations. This trip included a visit to MATS Headquarters at Scott Air Force Base, Illinois, and a round-trip MATS passenger flight to Europe, with stopovers at several MATS passenger and cargo bases. I talked to a hundred MATS men, ranging from the commander, Lt. Gen. William H. Tunner, one of the world's foremost authorities on airlift, to the lowliest airman. I soon came to the conclusion that the MATS issue is indeed a can of worms.

I found that one urgent new MATS fact has not been brought into the open.

... ...

Guests Have Staying Power

By Norman R. Jaffray

There's nothing that can
get you down
Like having visitors in town.

They keep you up until
you're dead;
They never want to go to
bed.

Their appetite for recreation
Is bottomless—it's their
vacation!

And when they've drained
it to the dregs,
And you are wobbly on
your legs,

They thank you for the
week of riot
They've pilfered from your
normal quiet,

And marvel with their
farewell kiss:
"How do you keep it up
like this?"

... ...

This is the problem of the sagging morale in MATS. Brig. Gen. Robert D. (Red) Forman, a key MATS commander at McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey, told me, "Morale is one of our gravest problems. Frequently I have to gather all the officers and men in the auditorium and drum into them that what we are doing is important for national security. We are attacked nearly every week by someone." MATS brass say these discouraging attacks led in part to General Tunner's early retirement. He will soon be replaced by Lt. Gen. Joseph Kelly.

Morale directly affects safety, the airmen say. In 1959 MATS achieved a safety record—including no fatal crashes—that is the envy of every airline. MATS is the first to say that record was partly due to good luck, partly the result of MATS's rigid pilot checks and careful maintenance. But as a senior MATS pilot puts it, "If a guy begins to worry about his outfit, everything falls into an unnatural slump. When that happens, efficiency drops off." When airline efficiency drops, accidents occur. There has been one MATS crash this year; luckily no one was killed. But all MATS hands are holding their breath, waiting for the big one. This anxiety itself conceivably could bring it on. Thus, MATS brass claim, there are lives at stake in the debate.

MATS resulted from the merger of the old and famous World War II Army Air Forces' Air Transport Command (ATC) and the Naval Air Transport Service (NATS). ATC was a world-wide military airline network, bossed by volunteer experts such as American Airlines' C. R. Smith and Pan American World Airways' Harold Ross Harris. It hauled urgent cargo—such as proximity fuses—VIP's, and general war cargo to areas beyond reach of Navy and maritime-service cargo ships. The most famous of ATC's operations, "the Hump," reaching from India across the Himalayas to China, air-trucked some 750,000,000 tons of supplies during a period of thirty-three months—everything from ammunition to vegetables—to Chinese armies.

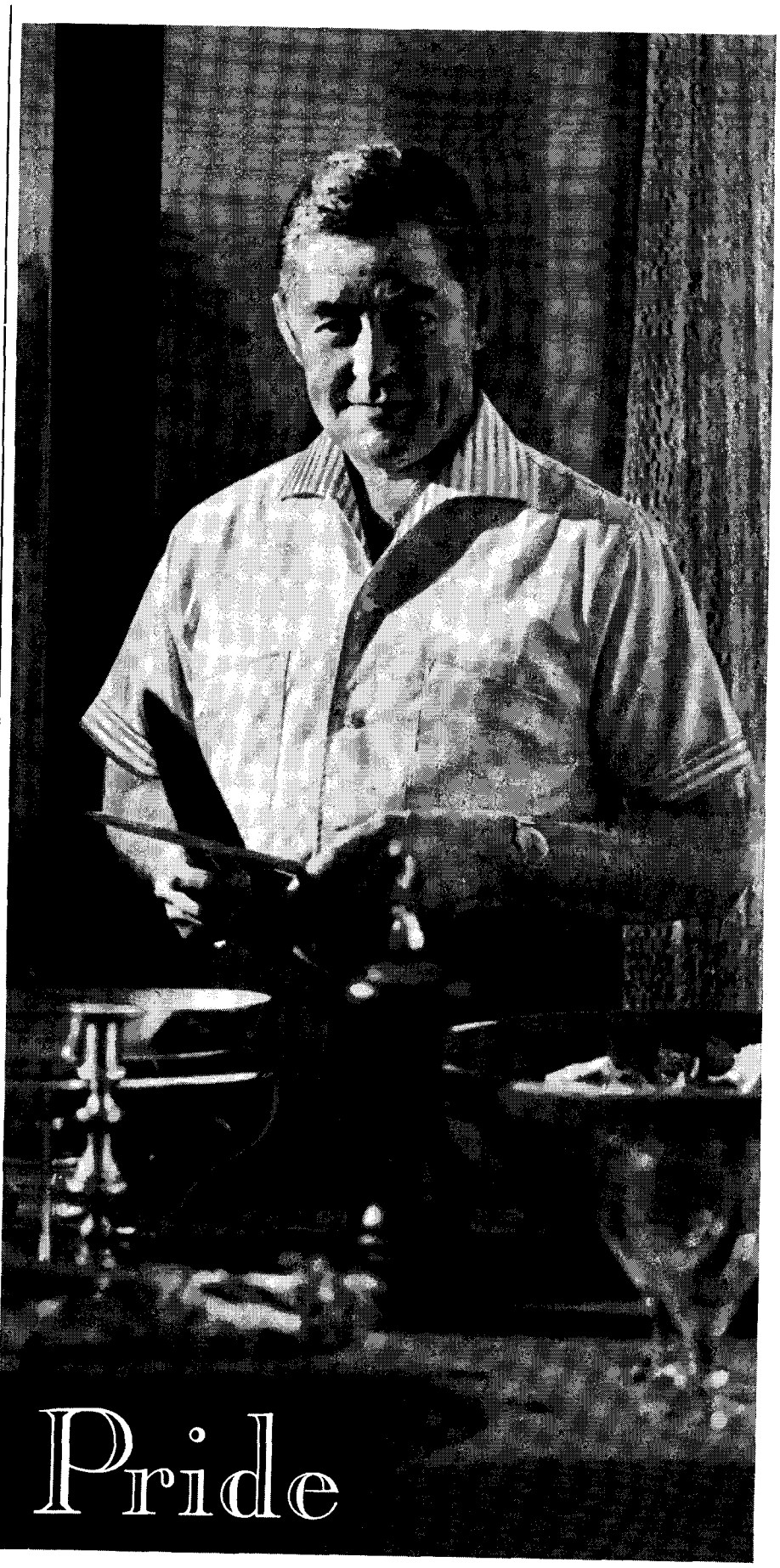
The success of ATC and NATS convinced many air-power zealots that in the postwar years air cargo in the United States would zoom, threatening rail and truck transport, providing a job for every ex-Army pilot. The transportation revolution failed to materialize. To be sure, there was and is a significant growth, but, by and large, air cargo is restricted to "perishable" items, such as fresh foods, highly styled clothes, race horses and tropical fish. The lagging growth, the experts say, is attributable to many factors. One is that ground operations—loading and unloading, billing, delivery—never caught up with the air age. Another—and more important—is that the shoestring air-cargo industry could not afford to develop economical airplanes especially designed for air cargo. The industry had to make do with converted passenger planes and is still doing so, to a certain extent. However, the new turboprop and pure-jet cargo planes may change all this. Pan American World Airways, for example, foresees a 35 per cent increase in air-cargo business this year alone.

MATS airplanes have performed well during the many ups and downs in East-West relations between 1948 and 1960. In 1948 and 1949, when the Russians barred land travel to Berlin, a MATS air fleet—including some British planes—under the command of General Tunner came to the rescue, lifting 2,500,000 tons of food, medicine and coal into the besieged city. (The supplies were first sent to European ports by ship.)

During the war in Korea, the Air Combat Cargo Command, bossed by the ubiquitous Tunner, shuttled 110,000 tons of supplies to UN troops, including a sixteen-ton bridge, air-dropped piece by piece to marines retreating from the Chosin Reservoir. The MATS planes also lifted 62,000 wounded and other patients back to the United States.

When the 1958 Lebanon crisis boiled, MATS planes rushed 5400 troops and 5500 tons of supplies to Adana, Turkey. A few weeks later, when trouble brewed in the Formosa Strait, giant MATS C-124 transports swallowed up twelve Mach 2 F-104 fighter-interceptors in California and delivered them across the Pacific to Formosa. This airlift feat put out that brush fire, the generals say.

In the Pentagon, high-level strategists planning against the vastly compressed time element of the nuclear-age war, big or little, leaned hard on the transport plane. SAC set aside big transports to



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hustle nuclear bombs from the United States to overseas bases, to enable bombers returning from a mission to load up and take off again quickly. As SAC increased in size and readiness, it called upon MATS to help lift not only bombs but also advance-base people and matériel—relief crews, maintenance men, spare parts, jet starter units and other urgently needed items. In time SAC support became a vital MATS "hard-core" mission. Meanwhile, to cope with the nuclear age, the Tactical Air Command organized a stable of highly mobile fighter-bomber strike forces, designed to zip off to any part of the globe in a matter of hours, to put out brush fires or, if need be, to help SAC with the big job. In time, TAC allotted about one hundred C-130 turbo-prop transports for this mission. But as the strike forces grew, TAC also turned to MATS. Today the support of TAC strike forces stands high on the MATS priority list, alongside mighty SAC's own support.

In high Army circles, meanwhile, it was also discovered that "There is nothing like a plane!" Army strategists—paratroop generals James Gavin, Matthew Ridgway, Maxwell Taylor, and others—laid down and refined a new Army combat doctrine known as "air envelopment." This doctrine, designed to eliminate huge numbers of divisions massed along a front, World War II style, evolved from the Army's experience with the lightly armed, brave paratroopers of World War II. Under the refined concept, paratroopers would jump out of planes and seize an "airhead," or piece of ground, in enemy territory. Once this "cell" was secure, a giant air fleet would follow to land the mass of troops and supplies within the airhead. Many such "cells" would be dispersed throughout enemy territory. Army soldiers, supplied by air, would fire in all directions at the enemy until he yielded.

Critics scoffed; paratroops might get in, they said, but Army equipment was too heavy and bulky for air transport. The demand per soldier for battlefield supply of ammunition alone was prohibitive. The problem of supplying enough gasoline to the airhead to enable the cargo planes to refuel and go back for another load would defeat the concept. Undaunted, the air-minded generals pushed the Army into a massive reducing program which is still going on today. The generals "miniaturized" rifles, jeeps, guns, radios, mess halls, and a thousand other items. They reorganized Army divisions into "battle groups," a more efficient formation for airhead deployment. The generals urged the aviation industry to lay plans for a family of aircraft designed to lift not only armed soldiers but also trucks, jeeps, rockets and even tanks. Many of these planes died a-borning, but the "air envelopment" doctrine lives on. The generals still talk of "flying jeeps" and tanks and Buck Rogers devices to whiz troops across deep ditches.

The Army's flirtation with airplanes culminated not long ago in the formation of a controversial outfit known as the Strategic Army Corps (STRAC). STRAC, in concept, is a streamlined force of soldiers organized into battle groups based in the United States, which can rush off by air to the big or little war, as necessary, on a moment's notice. Sometimes called a "fire brigade," STRAC is designed to back up dwindling United States troops in Europe (five divisions) and the Far East (two divisions). Critics of the Army say STRAC falls short for many reasons. The Army's reducing program, they charge, has lagged. Much equipment has been miniaturized, but tanks and trucks and other battlefield machines are still too big and bulky. Moreover, some of these Army vehicles burn more fuel per mile than their World War II ancestors.

The Army admits to some of this criticism, but puts the blame on the Administration's military economy drive. To get up-to-date, the Army has asked the President for an additional $3,000,000,000 to $4,000,000,000 more a year. But these requests have been denied. The Army's budget is shrinking, not growing. Meanwhile, Army generals have compromised, blending the old with the new. To support STRAC, fuel, ammunition, tanks, trucks and other heavy stuff have been "prepositioned" or stock-piled in likely combat areas, such as Europe and Korea. The Army generals have asked for more STRAC supply dumps, but these dumps are considered a high price to pay for compromise. As it stands, the critics say, if STRAC must go to an area where there is no dump, supplies must come the old-fashioned way by sea; otherwise, the Army will wither on the vine. Naval officers point out that to keep one Army battle group (about 2000 men) in position in Lebanon, about twenty-five Navy ships (transports plus escort) answered the alarm. Some harsh critics say the coming missile age will soon drive STRAC to the boneyard—if it hasn't already.

From the outset, there was always the nagging question of just where the Army would get airplanes to move its troops. Beginning in World War II with the paratroopers, TAC had traditionally hauled the Army around in the air. But TAC's troop carriers lie on the bottom of the long Air Force priority list. By 1950 TAC could muster only a few Flying Boxcars—plus some Reserve and Air National Guard crates—for the soldiers. These planes flew about, training shock-force paratroopers, some of whom jumped in anger in Korea, while the planners sought to trim down the size of troop units and equipment for the airhead mission. During Korea, when TAC grew, air planners grudgingly set aside additional planes for the Army's role and planned others which died in the economy wave following Korea. Today TAC has an active force of 240 rugged transports earmarked exclusively for Army use. But these airplanes are so limited in range that they can only operate within the United States or within the theater of combat. TAC's additional 100 longer range C-130's *could* be used for the Army, following completion of the TAC mobile strike-force mission, or some of these airplanes *might* be assigned to the Army from the outset. But this is very iffy.

How to move STRAC and other Army troops efficiently and swiftly from the United States to the theater of combat independent of TAC's own mission? The best answer seems to be MATS, and this new mission of strategic Army troop lift fell in side by side with the SAC and TAC support role. As a countermove, the Army privately talked of creating its own air force. But when the Air Force brass got wind of this, they clamped down hard. Even so, the Army gave birth to an air arm. But today the arm is still a pygmy force of liaison planes, only a few of which are large enough in size to alarm the airmen and sailors. An irrepressible and unrealistic Army dream is that someday its air arm might grow to encompass not only TAC's intratheater Army lift, but also the MATS long-range, overseas Army airlift. Meanwhile, the Army bumps along, feeling shortchanged, and sometimes very sorry that it gave up its airplanes in 1947, when the Air Force became a separate service.

In time, the Joint Chiefs of Staff embraced all of these military airlift concepts and froze them into the United States war plan, where they remain today. Although SAC, TAC and the Navy maintain modest transport fleets, the prime responsibility for the nation's airlift in time of war rests with MATS. MATS stresses again and again, with complete justification, that none of these airlift missions are MATS inspired. All flow from the Pentagon to MATS.

While the Pentagon heaped one mission after the other on MATS, it allowed MATS, paradoxically, only a small sum of money for new planes. Caught in this tightening noose, MATS brass feverishly juggled and rejuggled columns of figures—representing ton-mile capacity, turn-around time, maintenance, total aircraft capacity—trying to make ends meet. First and foremost, MATS set aside a classified number of planes for the SAC support mission. Today these transports, like SAC bombers, are poised on the runway, alert, manned, fueled and ready to go. They cannot be diverted to other tasks. The remainder of the MATS fleet was then stretched to cover the TAC mobile strike-force mission, certain Navy jobs and the Army strategic troop lift. Long ago MATS realized it was lagging in capability to meet JCS requirements and sounded the alarm for newer and better planes. But the cry was lost in the rocket roar of the ballistic missile.

Today, as Exercise Big Slam dramatically revealed, MATS is creaking with

"Are you waiting for me?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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obsolescence. Several years ago the Pentagon reluctantly allotted MATS a thin crust—fifty—of behemoth C-133 turbo-prop transports, each one of which can lift fifty-nine tons for a short distance, or less tonnage for a longer distance. But the greater portion of the MATS fleet consists of four-engine piston-powered crates—average age, seven years—which the major airlines long ago traded for more economical turbo-prop and pure-jet craft. These slow, short-range airplanes must rely on vulnerable island bases—the Azores, for example—and in exercises with SAC they show up an average of twelve hours late. As these planes grow older, MATS's reliability will drop off correspondingly.

In the event of a total national emergency MATS can call upon some 300 reserve airplanes from the Air National Guard, Air Force Reserve and the commercial airlines' Civil Reserve Air Fleet (CRAF). But this is an uncertain quantity. The force does include forty-six commercial jets, but most of the reserve planes are old—older than the MATS fleet—and ill-equipped for long over-water flight. No general is eager to rely on uncertain reserve forces, especially airplanes which are regularly flying commercial passengers. None of the reserve planes could be relied upon for missions—such as SAC support—where time is a vital factor. The Army has publicly expressed doubt that CRAF could be ready in time to airlift STRAC into combat. None of the planes, including the CRAF jets, can carry outsized equipment, such as missiles or spare radar screens. CRAF pilots, as MATS points out, would not be subject to military discipline and could refuse to enter a combat zone, where insurance policies are void.

General Tunner insists that, given the MATS force in being and considering the uncertain nature of the reserve component, there is only one way to meet the JCS airlift demands. This is for MATS to fly in peacetime as a busy, round-the-clock military airline. He explains: "In time of war, the Joint Chiefs need so much airlift. We translate that into flying hours per day per airplane. It is a high figure. To meet it we must have all the parts of the airlift organization running, even if on a minimum basis. That way we can quickly expand—step up our operations and fly our heads off. But we have to keep running all the time. You can't expect an idle factory to begin mass production overnight. And mass production is, in effect, what the Joint Chiefs want in terms of wartime airlift."

General Tunner makes his case in terms of total average flying hours per airplane—the common yardstick in the airplane industry. "During Korea," he explains, "the Joint Chiefs of Staff asked us to build to ten hours a day per plane. Starting from a pre-Korea MATS level of about two and eight-tenths hours per plane, we could only get to a little over six hours. We never did reach anywhere near ten." Today, MATS "exercises" itself at about five hours per day per airplane, which is about one hour below what MATS considers a minimum peacetime rate. "We cannot drop below five hours with our present equipment," Tunner says, "and still carry out the JCS missions."

Granted the planes must fly as Tunner says, then why fly empty or with dummy cargoes? The Department of Defense agrees that such training is a senseless waste. Thus, while training for war, MATS hauls military cargo and Government passengers over the established network that it would fly in wartime. To cover these "exercising" routes when MATS's hard-pressed air fleet is busy with other tasks—such as Big Slam—and to air-supply remote spots, such as the military forces in the arctic and antarctic, MATS must, by Congressional edict, hire civilian airplanes. Today, in fact, about half the MATS Atlantic and Pacific passenger load flies on civilian airplanes chartered by MATS. The tab for this service, which would be unnecessary if MATS's air fleet were newer and more efficient, runs to about $100,000,000 a year. Some of the charter airlines were organized only after receiving a MATS contract—by submitting the lowest bid—and they provide less than satisfactory service and safety, MATS complains.

Some of the big United States commercial overseas airlines—especially TWA, Pan American, Northwest, and Seaboard and Western—take a dim view of the MATS operation. Watching all that lucrative MATS traffic, they have challenged Tunner's concept of an "exercising" peacetime airlift nucleus. They claim, in effect, that the concept is a gigantic boondoggle. Shrink MATS to a handful of modern planes, they say, capable of supporting SAC, TAC and the Navy, and keep these planes on the ground, ready to go; give the huge MATS passenger and cargo loads to the commercial airlines. With this new business, the commercial lines could afford to develop and buy a large fleet of economical transports which, under CRAF, could be made available in time of war to provide STRAC and other Army troops with strategic airlift. The airlines scoff at the charge that their pilots might shirk duty in time of national emergency because their insurance policies would be void. "Hell, the whole world will be at war when this day comes," says an airline spokesman.

The sum of money involved in military airlift is so immense that it is not surprising that the commercial airlines view MATS as an octopuslike competitor. All the MATS overseas business—people and cargo—could mean to the overseas commercial airlines as much as $500,000,000 additional revenue each year. This money, added to the $231,000,000 the Department of Defense already lays out to the commercial airlines for individual passenger tickets—mostly for military people traveling within the United States—would bring the total Defense air-travel tab to $731,000,000. The new business, the airlines claim, would help offset the pressure of highly competitive foreign airlines, nearly all of which operate attractive pure jets. Charles Thomas, president of TWA, points out that this foreign-airline pressure, for example, will cause his line to lose money on its Atlantic run this year. "Why should TWA lose money while the Government supports a competing military airline?" he asks.

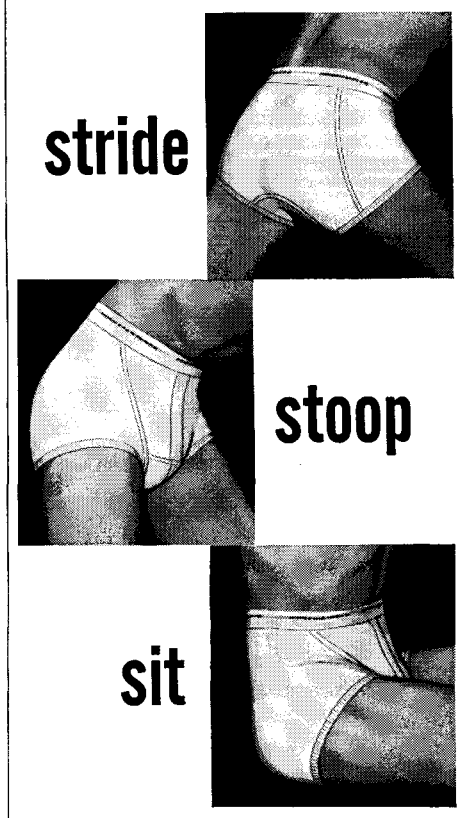
Some time ago the interested airlines, through their publicity and lobby organ in Washington, the Air Transport Association, launched a campaign to take over the MATS cargo-passenger operations. As the drums rolled, ATA picked up much impressive support on Capitol Hill, in the Federal Aviation Agency, in the White House and the United States Chamber of Commerce. It was at the peak of this campaign that President Eisenhower ordered the Pentagon to take a second look at MATS, to find how much business could be diverted to civilian airlines. To General Tunner this intervention, added to the mounting anti-MATS public pressure, sounded suspiciously like a death knell for MATS.

But MATS seized the publicity offensive and, by dint of hard work, got there firstest with the mostest. Big Slam alone generated the amazing total of 35,000 column inches of press space pointing up the inadequacy of MATS aircraft. The Chamber of Commerce toned down its strong anti-MATS position. Anti-MATS members of Congress suddenly about-faced. The Pentagon report prepared for the President was viewed as generally favorable to MATS. It agreed with Tunner's case for an "exercising" peacetime airlift over regular routes. It not only ruled against shrinking the MATS air fleet but also proposed a modernization program to include immediate purchase of available turbine-powered airplanes, plus money for development of more efficient cargo airplanes. It suggested new ways for MATS to charter civilian airplanes during peak loads, to eliminate fly-by-night bidders and to build up CRAF. As to diverting MATS business to civilian airlines, the language was vague enough to enable MATS brass to rejoice. Civilian airlines will get increased business on a "progressively phased-in basis," but how much or at what rate was not specified.

Meanwhile, during this fracas Representative Rivers, a dedicated MATS man—his state, South Carolina, perhaps by coincidence, contains a MATS base—continued his exhaustive Congressional airlift investigation. Before this contentious committee, General Tunner laid out the MATS dilemma in a report nearly half a foot thick, urging an eight-year, $2,000,000,000 modernization program, to include immediate purchase of modern turbo-prop airplanes and money for advanced aircraft development. The Rivers Report came out resoundingly in MATS's favor. Rivers urged the House Appropriations Committee to grant special funds for MATS modernization. Remarkably the committee allotted $250,000,000, a sum whose final approval remained with both House and Senate, of course.

As in the case of most crucial defense matters now being debated in Washington, some vital fundamentals have been left dangling. The strategists ask, for example, does MATS indeed have a legitimate role in the coming missile age? The toughest mission in MATS is to supply SAC bombers at advance bases with additional bombs, people and spare parts. Yet as the planners look into the future, they see SAC depending less and less on overseas bases and shifting over to United States-based bombers and missiles. Moreover, the funds for SAC's only new manned bomber, the B-70, have been cut to the point where the plane may never be built. If SAC, facing a Russian ICBM threat, goes on airborne alert, then MATS, to be safe and ready, must follow suit; but no one seems to have given that fact—or its cost—any serious thought. The basic questions about the reliability or feasibility of the Army's STRAC, not only in the missile age but today, have not been answered to anyone's satisfaction. Yet MATS is being granted money to gear for a rapid movement of STRAC—at a time when the Army is being denied enough money to make STRAC truly airliftable.

It is perfectly sensible, the experts say, for Congress to vote money to modernize MATS to carry out efficiently its airlift missions as laid down by the Pentagon. But the crying need, these observers say, is for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, or the Secretary of Defense, to reappraise these fundamental MATS questions. But if the past is prologue, the Chiefs will not be rushing to grind out new resolutions. The basic airlift problem of MATS lies near the bottom of a long and important list of vital defense issues over which the Joint Chiefs have never reached agreement, and which the Secretary of Defense has been loath to resolve. THE END



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A Visit With Jascha Heifetz

(Continued from Page 33)

new career as Regents Professor at the University of California at Los Angeles. "My old professor put a finger on me," Heifetz smiles. "He said someday I would be good enough to teach." Three hours a day, twice a week during the spring semester he teaches an exclusive "master class" at the university.

"Violin playing is a great but perishable art," Heifetz says, explaining why he has begun to teach. "It must be passed on from one generation to another as a personal skill; otherwise it is lost."

Ruthlessly demanding of himself, Heifetz applies his own standards to his students; even those who audit his course have to be auditioned personally, so that he knows they can play the violin well enough to understand the subtleties he is trying to teach. The course, limited to students between fourteen and twenty-four, has a minimum of teaching aids or paraphernalia. "There are no credits, no gold and silver stars, no microphones and no tape-recording machines," he says, grinning. "There is just us—teacher and students—and what we can learn to do with our hands.

"I never stress concertizing in my classes. What the students need is a good hard foundation that will give them security. When you do the right things, you are happy with what you are doing.

"I stop the person who is playing, discuss what he's done and demonstrate with my own fiddle. There's no time limit for playing. If things go well, the student may play for an hour and a half; if not so well, fifteen or twenty minutes. I make fun of bad things, so everyone realizes it's bad and so the student can laugh it off."

His course is the antithesis of mass education. In Heifetz's first session last year he started with five students and eliminated two before the course was over. "This year I have two students and two auditors in my class. I thought I might come the first day into an empty classroom, sit down with my fiddle on my lap, do some contemplating, figure some things out, then go home," he chuckles, then turns serious. "This is not a factory, you know. This is handmade stuff."

Suddenly Heifetz bounces out of his chair, forgetting his injured hip. Then he remembers and moves only slightly less briskly and with the barest trace of a limp, over to his large desk with the top shaped like a violin. "Hard candy?" he asks, for he's trying to give up smoking. He paces back and forth in the studio for a moment. The large six-sided room decorated in green, tan and brown was carefully designed for good acoustics; the wood paneling, stucco ceiling, draperies—all have purpose. The room has that spectacular view of Los Angeles, a grand piano, a music stand (with, at that moment, a Bach composition open on it), a straight-back chair, paintings, sculpture—a head of Beethoven and one of Heifetz—neatly stored music and comfortable chairs and couches. No Bohemian, Heifetz has a shipshape studio; there is a place for everything, and everything is in its place. He comes back to his chair and speaks carefully.

"Most of my students have had bad schooling. They do not have enough." He stops. "What is it that Sherlock Holmes used to say? Ah, yes, 'Elementary, my dear Watson.'" He shakes his head vigorously up and down. "They do not have enough elementary training.

"We need good music teachers more than performers today. Nobody's playing; everybody's talking. The teacher doesn't need to play as well as the student, but it isn't all theory, you know. A student naturally challenges his teacher, saying, 'Show me.' The teacher must be able to show him. Too many just tell him—that's the trouble with music education."

His graceful, strong fingers fold, roll and tug at the candy wrapper. "I know of no short cuts to playing the violin—I wish I knew some. There are no buttons you can push. Playing the violin is all guesswork; you cannot even scratch a mark on the wood so you can tell where to put your fingers to repeat the right note. You have to work hard to play the fiddle.

"Concertizing today is a rat race. As we travel faster we have more concerts to play; we used to work only winters and rest and study in the summer. Now there are summer festivals. And when do the summer festivals start?" He jabs a finger at you, but doesn't wait for an answer. "At the end of March. And when do summer festivals end?" Again the finger jabs. "In the middle of December.

"Now I am in the position of being able to choose; what concerts I play depends on what comes along. This spring, however, I will be recording." Heifetz made his first recordings for the Victor Company on October third and fourth in 1918, at the age of seventeen. Since then, he has sold more than 1,500,000 albums and almost as many single records for RCA Victor—many times more than any other classical violinist. He has an encore album and a new recording of the Sibelius concerto ready to be released, and for his spring recording sessions he is considering doing compositions by Bach, Brahms, Mozart, Bruch, and some chamber music by Beethoven and Schubert.

His interest in chamber music is a product of his vacation from concert tours. One of the most exciting activities at the Heifetz home these days is an evening of music with friends. "Chamber music is an exciting form of expression," he says and smiles ruefully, then adds, "it is the only one in which every one of us is in the amateur class."

Several evenings a month some of the world's greatest musicians, such men as cellist Gregor Piatigorsky, a neighbor, come to Heifetz's studio about 6:30. There is no audience—just the players, a few wives who tag along, maybe a couple of intimate friends. Together the players read through the music. There is joking and discussion, but always the playing of the music comes first. There is no drinking and no snacking until shortly before midnight when they put the instruments away and stroll over to the main house for beer, a casserole supper and conversation about music.

This is a far different life from the one Heifetz lived when he was harried by the constant demands of a road tour. Now that he has "time for doing nothing, for thinking," his views range far from the world of music.

"We have got too soft," he states bluntly. "This is not sour grapes, for I had the choice of the world, and I am an American. I am proud of that. Yet it worries me that we are soft; there's little chance to think, to dream, to be original. It is a difficult place for creative work—and I mean work. Everything is within reach."

Heifetz has never been a hollow-cheeked musician. He has always been a vigorous man, who once said he was as proud of his backhand in tennis as of his legato. He loves exercise.

Heifetz jumps around in his chair and raises his voice. "It irked me no end when I found the what-do-you-call-them, those little carts, on the golf courses. For me the good thing about golf is the walking. It is healthy to walk." His voice grew lower, and there was a razor edge to his tone. "Soon we'll have turntables on the greens so you can rotate them for the easy shot."

Heifetz leads no indolent southern California life. He is an enthusiastic flower gardener, an inveterate stamp collector. With his second wife, Frances, and their eleven-year-old son Jay (for Joseph) he plays all sorts of games—word games, card games, guessing games. He takes time to help his son with science projects, even drives him to school some days. Heifetz is a handy man around the house—he tunes up his own car, creosotes his own fence. An unapologetic egotist, he is naïvely proud of each job he himself has completed.

He has strong opinions about how a fence should be creosoted—and how the world should be run. "Once I started to keep a book of beefs, called *What Should Be Done*," he says, laughing at himself. One of his pet beefs is hi-fi music, which he calls "high phooey." "High-phooey fans don't want to listen to music," he says. "They want to hear squeaks. An orchestra should have a blend. Who should want to listen to a solo on a triangle?"

Heifetz disconcerts other violinists by the ease with which he dashes off an almost impossible series of notes in a cadenza, and he leaves those who chat with him breathless by the speed with which he darts from one positive opinion to another. One moment he is attacking high-fidelity music reproduction, the next, modern music. "I think musical audiences are too damn polite," he barks. "I can't understand why they allow some modern things to be encouraged." He adds with a grin, "Certainly I think they ought to play modern music more." He laughs out loud. "If you want to discourage something, play it."

Like a machine gun, Heifetz swings from one target to another. He disapproves of red-carpet treatment for first-class airline passengers—"undemocratic"; best sellers, "hit-and-run reading"; night clubs, "no room; you push, don't dance"; restaurants, "so dark you can't see the food."

He's the master of the sweeping generality. "We are stressing the wrong things. I see it in every instance. Am I cockeyed?" But he soon finds a specific target and zeroes in. Striding to the window, he waves his hand impatiently so that you will stand beside him, then points dramatically to a brutally terraced hillside. "Look, (*Continued on Page 82*)

NEXT WEEK

Exclusive Interviews With the Communist Axman Released by Mexican Police Last Month

MY FRIEND, TROTSKY'S ASSASSIN

By Marion Bell Wilhelm

I CALL ON LAURENCE HARVEY

By Pete Martin

IS BASEBALL COMEDY DEAD?

By Harry T. Paxton

IN COLOR:

GERMANY'S ENCHANTED FOREST

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

THE U. S. PRESIDENCY

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(*Continued from Page 80*) there are five hundred acres out there; they have chopped into the mountain to make four hundred homes. They butched it all the way up. Everybody wanted to be on top." He nods. "So, everybody's on top."

An insane music box, playing a tinkling tune, grows closer and louder. His arm shoots out in the other direction. "See, we have a concert." His voice drips with disgust. "It's an ice-cream truck, and they even play a loud-speaker. I would think that no one would pay them money for that music; still, we have neighbors who run out and give them their money. In the rain the other day they gave them money. Ice cream in the rain?"

Sadly he returns to his chair. "One of the worst things is forcing music on you whether you like it or not—in a plane, in restaurants, in a hospital even." There is a long pause until the irritating tinkle of the ice-cream wagon has disappeared into the next canyon. "People must be afraid to be alone. Will you tell me why they want to listen to music while they work? Isn't it hard enough to do their work well? How can you halfway listen and halfway work?" Without hesitation, he thinks of another target and shoots from the hip.

"Rock and roll is a catastrophe. I like jazz and I play jazz, but rock and roll—its chief quality is noise. A while ago I was taken to a night club to hear a comedian I must hear. They were playing rock and roll, and I should have walked out, but I sat there in a small room, and they actually had the music coming over a microphone. I felt almost faint." His hands made vigorous tearing motions. "I finally tore up my handkerchief and stuffed the pieces in my ears." Heifetz looked angry all over again, and then he suddenly laughed at the picture of Heifetz sitting in the night club with the streamers of handkerchief dangling out of his ears.

He turned serious once more. "I think music should be subsidized. I only hope it isn't too late and I don't want to be told about free enterprise, either. Baloney! The Government can afford it, and as taxpayers, we don't get enough for our money. The United States is looked up to today in many parts of the world because people have suddenly discovered we can do something artistically. But we don't do enough. We need more money for the art department.

"The young violinist has a more difficult time than when I started. Commissions and expenses are higher, traveling's harder, and there is more competition." Heifetz stops, thinks over what he has said, nods his head in agreement with himself and goes on. "There's more competition today, but I do not think there has been a change in the quality in the past forty years. People are in too much of a hurry; there is not enough time for building. Students are always trying to be just beyond where they should be. They rush to be part of the latest fad, pay too much attention to what is popular at the moment. Young players, they ask each other, 'Whose boat are you going to get on?'; not, 'Where is the boat going?' The boat may be stopped already, and you haven't had any trip.

"I've talked more people out of music than in." He pauses, stares across the studio, seeing again the hundreds of hotel-room and backstage scenes when anxious youngsters were brought to play for him. "I've disliked intensely discouraging them." His voice is low. "But I think I have done them a service, and you have to do it clean. When people ask me to listen to someone play, I ask them, 'Tell me what kind of an opinion you want—or do you want the truth?' Of course, they have no choice." There is another pause. "I did my chore. Some are doctors and lawyers today. I had to tell them the truth." His voice grows strong. "I have no regrets."

Heifetz is not a man given to self-doubt and he makes no concessions to the new "arts" of public and human relations. He does not slap backs or quickly encourage the use of first names. He is upset if a visitor catches him without his tie. Twice a day his secretary is given a list of errands to do outside the studio; no one, even a secretary with the door to her office closed, is allowed to hear Heifetz practice. His wife refers to him as "Mr. Heifetz" and answers his questions fondly but formally, "Yes, sir" and "No, sir." If his interviewer is tall, he sits on a low chair, and Heifetz, who is short, sits on a high one.

Heifetz is willing, however, to pay the larger price of pride. His own standards are always out of reach; his lonely goal is the unattainable—perfection. A proud man, he is still humble before his main work. "There must be more humility in the young player, more regard for what is done. He must feel more like a servant to music than a great magician, for the music is more important than the player. I feel I can always learn. I was playing concerts in this country, but when my professor came here for a visit, I went and took lessons from him.

"People were saying a long time ago that I was cold, a poker face, unsmiling, that I wore a mask. Still, I kept playing concerts. From what they said, I should be a flop." His face is no mask; its expression is one of almost arrogant amusement. Then he nods solemnly. "I take my work seriously. Maybe that's what people feel. I'm not willing to compromise.

"I may have had an aptitude; people say I was born to play the violin. Perhaps, but I worked very hard." There is a long time for reflection while another candy wrapper is tugged and pulled and rolled between his fingers. "I still work hard; I play the scales every day. It's still the best way. There can be no set time when I am busy teaching and rehearsing, but I practice at least an hour—usually an hour and a half—twice a day.

"It's a physical thing." He gestures with his arm. "You push that bow back and forth many, many miles, you know. The right and left hands, they have to be synchronized like a boxer's. A good tennis player plays every day. When he gets on the court, he volleys, he works up a sweat, he practices long shots, medium shots, short ones. Then, when he's worked hard, he's ready to play."

There is time for Heifetz to think back to a lifetime of discipline. "The quicker you get done with the essentials the better. By the time I was sixteen I had under the belt all the major literature—the Brahms, the Beethoven, the Bach, the Mozart, the Lalo, the Tchaikovsky, the Mendelssohn, the Glazunov, the *poèmes* of Chausson, the Wieniawski, the Sibelius, the Elgar and the rest. I had studied the piano, the viola, chamber music, accompanying. I knew harmony, theory, instrumentation, counterpoint, the history of music—so many things. Nowadays a boy is twenty-four, twenty-five years old; he still wonders what he is going to do.

"I studied at home six days a week. I took exams at school, but I worked at home, studying under my father. If we went to a play or a museum, I wrote a report about it. On Sunday I rested by reviewing all the work I had done during the week." He smiles. "In the summer we might take a couple of days off if it was hot. When you are young, you can cram your brain, you are ready for it.

"As a child, you have to do the dirty work. I had to, I was made to; my father stood over me while I was practicing. If I wanted something, I had to deliver first, to produce. I practiced twice a day, two hours each time." He smiles wryly. "I must have resented it at the time. No youngster enjoys practicing. But when the results begin to be good, you get a satisfaction.

"My father never made the mistake of being overcomplimentary. Today I hear students play a piece, perhaps they make only twelve or fifteen mistakes—they get *E* for effort, perhaps even a little statuette. I had a student last year, she had an étude, and the score was covered with stars from her teacher. I told her she had so many stars there was nothing I could teach her. We put the piece away."

Heifetz insists that potential students play the scales for him before they are accepted for his class, and many a young violinist with a blossoming reputation has failed this elementary test. Heifetz, however, does not relent. He cannot believe that one can be a good musician and not know how to play the scales. He thinks they are a most basic discipline—and a most revealing test. He cannot understand a music teacher who does not insist that his student master scales, but he thinks he does understand the student—"They are trying to be there in too much of a hurry." Heifetz firmly believes their haste is a mistake.

"How long do you want to last?" he asks. "If you want to last long, you'll not do it trying to run before you walk. If you memorize in a hurry, you forget in a hurry; memorize slowly, and to the end of your days you'll remember what you learned at the school. To memorize well, that too is work. There's no way out, you have to work to do something in this world.

"But you're not happy if you're lazy; you're not happy not being busy, now are you?" he asks quizzically. "If you see a happy kid, he has enough outlets for his energy. I had a boat. My friends talked about having chrome fittings that didn't tarnish; then somebody said that I should have brass that had to be cleaned every day if I wanted happy deckhands. I did, and the crew went to bed tired, and they slept well.

"I know I've always lost weight when I've played a concert. It depends, of course, on what you play, where, what time of year. But I've always lost at least a pound and a half, and often as much as three and a half pounds in two and a half hours."

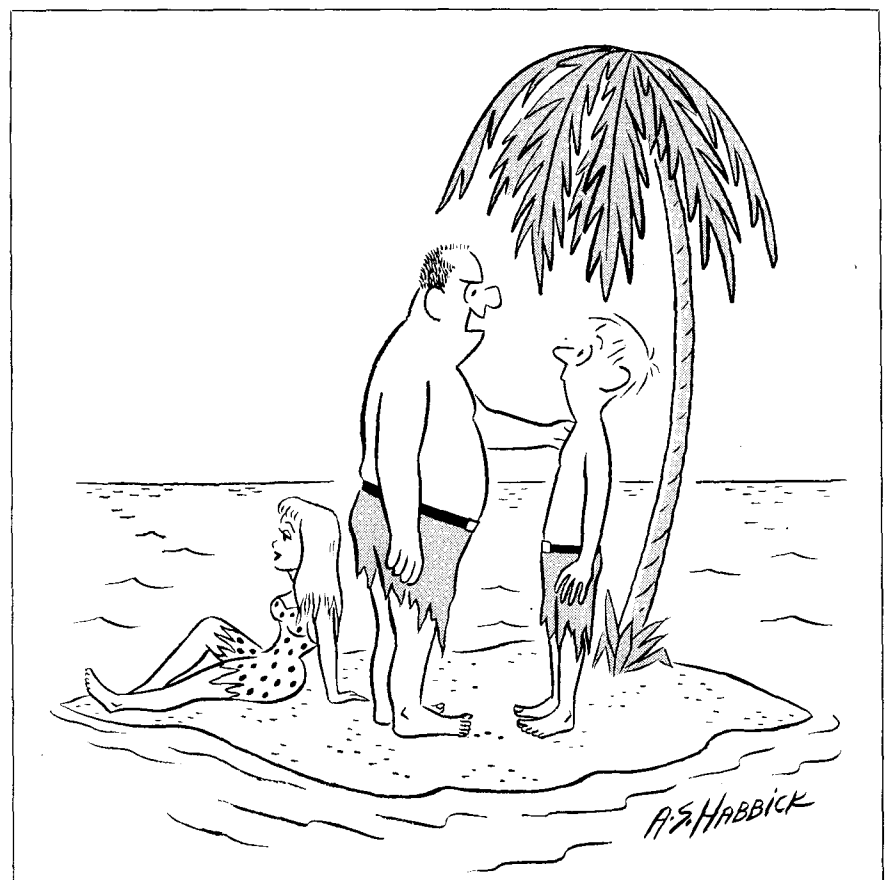
Although Heifetz recordings are famous for their excellence, he is not satisfied with them and will not listen to them. "They are like a machine gun shooting at me saying, 'There, you did that wrong.'" Even after the decades of praise from critics in every musical city of the world, Heifetz says, "You always hope to do better next time. I ask myself, 'How could I have played it that way?' 'How did I get away with it?' I know now it was wrong.

"If you have learned the mechanical part, then you can discover what the music has to offer. I am still discovering new things in Bach and Brahms—new meanings, things I didn't hear before."

Heifetz takes a long time to speak, his brow furrows as if he were trying to think of some way to express to a layman just what he has found in his years of probing, searching study of the great classics of music. At last he speaks in a soft voice, almost wistfully, "I'd like to see music having more influence on people's actions, not their emotions only. Perhaps someday I'll see people do fine and constructive things because of what they found in music. Music then, would make people—the world—be better." He shrugs. "That's kind of a dream; but then, this country started as a dream. Who knows . . ."

The question is started, but never finished, for he leaps up and jabs a finger at his listener. "I may stop playing in public, but I'll never stop playing the violin at home. So long as I can, I will play. I couldn't think of anything more demanding, more challenging; and you can not sit on your laurels, you know." The world's greatest violinist summed up the lessons of his lifetime—"You have to keep practicing and learning."

THE END



"I'm going to close my eyes and when I open them I don't want to see hide nor hair of you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Michigan's Island Innkeeper

(Continued from Page 39)

unaware that there is anything on the island but the Grand Hotel. In a sense they are right.

The natives all know that the enigmatic Great Man of the Grand Hotel is more than a hotelkeeper. When he moves, they jump. When he speaks, they listen. And when he thumps his walking stick, the heavens appear to crash and miracles descend. The local Indians call him Chief Walkum Stick. Most people call him "Mister" Woodfill or "sir." He summons his guests to dinner with a yachtman's whistle. He rides erect and lordly in a vis-à-vis carriage with hackney team and a top-hatted, red-coated coachman. As he transports himself about his dominion, the grapevine passes the word: "Here *he* comes, the old gink with the stick."

Woodfill, a whimsical, self-made millionaire of sixty-three, is a rare phenomenon in America—a sort of feudal prince. His realm, Mackinac (pronounced Macki-naw) Island, lies in the Straits of Mackinac seven miles northeast of the northern tip of Michigan's Lower Peninsula. It is the summer show place of Michigan and the Newport of Chicago society. Woodfill actually owns only 100 acres of the island. He merely runs the rest. He is one of the few remaining exponents of gracious living—Victorian style—and the island reflects his philosophy. Automobiles are banned to preserve the tranquillity of the island and probably will stay banned as long as Woodfill lives. Before he dies he hopes to have the whole island groomed with white picket fences and *Ye olden* store fronts. A man of sturdy build, courtly manner and definitive mind, he never has wavered in his love for fastidiously tailored but long-out-of-style double-breasted sport jackets, always complemented with a gentleman's straight walking stick, not a cane.

The walking sticks are more than an affectation. Early in life Woodfill decided that if a man had the guts to carry a walking stick, he would have the guts to do anything. He has gathered a collection of 300 and occasionally lends one to such distinguished guests as Harry Truman.

Woodfill's feats as an innkeeper frequently have enlivened the Michigan press, and his extraterritorial impact has moved the island's mayor, Jack Gough, to declare: "I think Governor Williams should do something about him." The mayor, frankly, would prefer to have Woodfill permanently removed.

Nothing seems less likely. In fact, Michigan's Democratic Gov. G. Mennen Williams did study the matter a couple of years ago and wound up by appointing Woodfill, a Republican, as chairman of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission. The island is 85 per cent state park, so this ties it up rather neatly for Woodfill. In fact, Governor Williams regards Woodfill as one of his "most fabulous" constituents. "He's a creative genius," Williams says. "He's made the island. He put sparkle in it. He isn't beyond stretching the facts a little for purposes of showmanship, but he knows how to get things done."

Last summer, for example, Woodfill was stunned to learn that Queen Elizabeth II had not scheduled a stop at Mackinac Island on her historic St. Lawrence Seaway cruise. He dispatched to the commissioner of the royal tour a telegram so persuasive that the course of the queen's yacht, *Britannia*, was changed to bring the ship through the north channel of the straits, within 200 feet of the shore. Her Majesty even consented to come on deck and wave as the ship passed, while three cannon—which Woodfill had arranged for—boomed a twenty-one-gun salute.

Woodfill is a perfectionist. Some years ago he sent a three-page, typewritten—single-spaced—blast to the presidents of seven big eastern colleges reprimanding them for the lack of culture and refinement in their institutions. He had inspected the schools while trying to find one in which to enroll his nephew. The boys, he reported, were lounging around coatless, tieless, with unshod feet, drinking beer out of cans. He considered such behavior an "affront which does not appear to be suitable at all for these troubled times." More recently, as he walked through his hotel lobby, his vision was assaulted by a piece of furniture slightly askew. He likes symmetry and order. Exasperated, he ordered everything movable bolted down. Desks, chairs and sofas are now clamped to the floors, and lamps to the tables.

"To avoid boredom," Woodfill says, "one must always have challenges." And somehow he usually manages to have a challenge handy. Once, having glanced up at the sky and wondered why it was blue instead of yellow, he began researching the subject and wound up writing a book on outer space. It was privately printed and Woodfill gave all 1500 copies to friends, thus discharging what he conceived to be his obligations to the heavenly bodies.

As master of Mackinac he regards the imposition of modern vulgarities on his

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island as a challenge to his righteous wrath. In the spring of 1957 he discovered that during his winter absence the Michigan Bell Telephone Company had installed a huge microwave tower in the island's town area. The tower was painted in "outlandish" colors and had a whirligig on top. Woodfill immediately put in a long-distance call to Bell officials and said, "You've made a horrible mistake. You can't do things like that on this island. It's sacrilege."

Next day a contingent of Bell officials arrived on the island to explain to Woodfill that some $40,000 had been invested in the tower and the whole island would benefit from better phone service. Woodfill was not opposed to this. But, he asked, why couldn't they transplant the "silly thing" to the woods? The men said they had a permit to put the tower where it was and there it was going to remain.

This is the wrong approach to use with Woodfill. He stood up, thumped his walking stick on the floor and roared, "Over my dead body!"

That ended the conference. Woodfill, whose own phones were working fine, put in long-distance calls to the Detroit newspapers and placed orders for full-page ads informing the public that the historical and beautiful island of Mackinac was about to be desecrated by the "world's largest barber pole." He urged all lovers of the state of Michigan and its rich heritage to write letters of protest to the telephone company's president.

There was an exchange of calls between the newspapers and the phone company while Woodfill, up on his historic little island, settled back and relaxed, knowing the "barber pole" would go. It did. Later he put his O.K. on a new site for the tower, far back in the woods where, he feels sure, no one will even be able to find it, much less see it.

Perhaps the most spectacular challenge that the "boardinghouse keeper," as Woodfill calls himself, ever accepted was that of getting the great bridge built across the Mackinac Straits. Governor Williams says, "There is no question but that Woodfill did more than any other one man to start the ball rolling again after the bridge had become a dead issue."

This is no small concession, for the bridge is considered one of the engineering feats of the century. It doesn't affect Woodfill and his business because it does not link the mainland with Mackinac Island, which still is accessible only by ferry, private boats and Great Lakes steamers, but it does connect Michigan's Upper and Lower peninsulas—and represents a dream of decades. The bridge was completed in 1957, took four years to build, cost $100,000,000, and its anchorage-to-anchorage suspension is the longest in the world.

The fight that preceded this venture was as epic as the bridge. Michigan, a state almost wholly surrounded by water, is divided by a narrow strip known as the Mackinac Straits, four miles wide and 250 feet deep, which connects Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. North of the straits lies the region known among Michiganders as the U.P.—Upper Peninsula—a wild, remote, sparsely settled stepchild which Michigan accepted along with its state charter in 1837. Later the U.P. was found to be rich in minerals, timberlands and farming acreage.

State-operated ferries were the only means of reaching the U.P. During fall hunting season tourists often had to wait 10 or 12 hours—sometimes longer—for a ferry; in winter the boats were icebound. The problem of building an all-weather route across the straits became a public issue as early as 1884, but it wasn't until 1939 that the legislature passed a bill authorizing a bridge. But World War II killed the project before construction started. The issue was revived in 1948 as part of Williams' gubernatorial campaign, but seemed doomed again because of strong Republican opposition.

Woodfill became annoyed at the public's lack of enthusiasm. "I am opposed to blandness," he put it. In the autumn of 1949, at the risk of being called a political turncoat, he exploded the Republicans' blandness by organizing a Mackinac Bridge Citizens Committee, appointing himself chairman. He spent a year at his own expense investigating every angle of the geological, engineering and economic problems involved. Then, armed with facts and several walking sticks, he barnstormed the state to rouse the citizenry from blandness. He plagued radio and TV stations, newspaper editors and state legislators. When a University of Michigan geologist announced that the cavernous rock beds in the straits would not support a bridge, the boardinghouse keeper challenged him to a radio debate. Many listeners were impressed by Woodfill's arguments, and the bridge soon became a lively issue.

The evidence indicates that Woodfill's passion for letter writing—and his letters are classics in emphatic rhetoric—helped bring final action. As part of his campaign Woodfill had demanded a hearing before a joint legislative session in Lansing, the state capital, but the legislators seemed less than eager to listen to him. Unhappy about the run-around he was getting, Woodfill sat down in his Lansing hotel room at three o'clock one morning and composed one of his classics in longhand. He then called a taxi and, dressed in pajamas and topcoat—and carrying a walking stick, of course—he rode to State Sen. William Ellsworth's hotel and personally delivered the memo by tucking it under the senator's door.

Woodfill always sleeps soundly after a mission of this kind. He was awakened by the telephone's jingling—and an invitation to deliver his bridge oration to a joint session of the Michigan house and senate. By this time, of course, a good deal of support for the bridge had built up in other quarters. But not long after his lecture a bill was passed, creating the new bridge authority—with former United States Senator Prentiss Brown as chairman. The Mighty Mac was under way, and Woodfill went back to his favorite pastime: dolling up his island.

The mildewed ruins of old Fort Mackinac, built by the British during the American Revolution, became the next object of his attentions. Aggrieved by the old fort's untidiness, Woodfill took it on as a restoration project in 1958. He hired a University of Michigan historian, Dr. Eugene T. Petersen, to spruce up the place with dioramas and life-sized manikins depicting highlights from the island's colorful past. Then, having provided the attractions, Woodfill made sure that visitors would take advantage of them by rerouting all private, co-operative and city-owned carriage tours along the most historic streets, winding up at the fort. He also put all the island's carriage drivers—except his own and Grand Hotel coachmen—into neat blue uniforms, despite the opposition of Mayor Gough—himself a livery stable owner—who believes the uniforms are too much of a fancy touch, especially on a hot day. The mayor believes Woodfill should confine his gracious living to his hotel.

Next to Woodfill's Grand Hotel, Fort Mackinac is now the island's most popular tourist stop. Some of the islanders thought Woodfill was going too far and becoming too mercenary when he set up at the fort a tearoom with red-checkered tablecloths—and they were sure of it when he installed turnstiles and started charging a fifty-cent admission. But in just one year these projects paid off a fifteen-year, $50,000 bond issue which had financed the restoration project. Woodfill easily persuaded a private investment firm to underwrite a second bond issue of $75,000 to expand his historical empire.

No matter how they may feel about his top-hat airs, most islanders look to Woodfill to protect them against the intrusion of religious missionaries, in this case the members of Moral Re-Armament movement, formerly known as the Oxford Group. The M.R.A.'s goal is to "unite men and remake the world" by prayer and pure living. Many islanders believe its aim is also to take over Mackinac Island. When the re-armers decided to set up world headquarters on the island in 1942, their leader, the controversial Dr. Frank Buchman, paid a protocol call on the eminent boardinghouse keeper and gave his references. Woodfill double-checked with Army and Navy Intelligence, the Michigan State Police and the F.B.I. Satisfied that the moral re-armers were not plotting revolution, he extended his personal blessing—a gesture without which the disciples might have found life on Mackinac somewhat disenchanting.

Woodfill's relations with the M.R.A. are cool but courteous. "This is a democracy," he says. "They have a right to be here. And they *do* wear a coat, collar and tie." He put his seal of approval on the architectural plans for their "world center," an $8,000,000 cluster of buildings which, Woodfill feels, vastly upgrades the swampy end of the island. And he obtained written agreements from the re-armers that they would stay in their own ten-acre mission area—"on the reservation," as the natives call it.

Only once was he compelled to lift his stick against what he felt to be uncircumspect conduct. The re-armers were greeting visitors with songs of uplift at the Mackinac docks. Woodfill sent for Doctor Buchman and explained that he did not think this was good for Mackinac Island, the M.R.A., nor public relations between the two.

He added, "Your people are going around knocking on doors and proselytizing. Our cottagers come up here to rest. They do not wish to be disturbed." They have not been disturbed since.

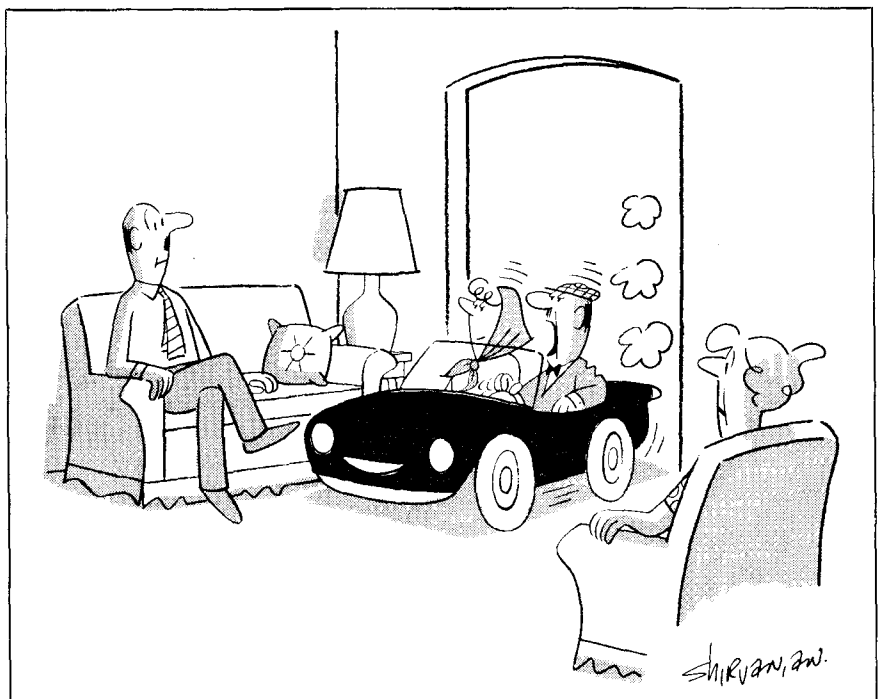
Woodfill is so busy with causes that he does not have much time for his hotel. On Monday evenings he conducts seminars—which he calls "séances"—at his home. Here he holds his own against distinguished scientists, theologians and philosophers. Nicknamed "Soc," for Socrates, in high school, Woodfill spent only two years at Bowdoin College in Maine (1914–16) and quit in boredom. His present massive knowledge is the result of unceasing study with dictionaries, encyclopedias and reference books. He even provides dictionaries for his house guests. His ability to converse authoritatively on anything from Nietzsche to existentialism frequently leads new acquaintances to assume that he is at least a Phi Beta Kappa. Dr. Stanley Pargellis, director of Chicago's Newberry Library, classifies him as a "first-class brain." "He is *sui generis*," he says. This means one of a kind. "He could have been a great scholar."

In the hotel department the *sui generis* hotelkeeper guarantees satisfactory service. Last summer after a Michigan bankers' convention, he received a letter from a Detroit banker complaining that his luggage had been damaged, his socks stolen and the tip of a new shoe marred by the too-vigorous application of saddle soap by an overenthusiastic hotel employee. Woodfill promptly dispatched a note of apology and a signed check—with the amount left blank. "The sky is the limit," he wrote. "The bank account is loaded. Go to it and have fun. And next time you visit here I shall personally attend your every move, as well as your luggage and shoes." The overwhelmed banker used the check only to pay a modest luggage and shoe-repair bill.

During Woodfill's campaign to land another convention, the wife of an automobile-corporation sales manager asked about proposed menus. Woodfill said he would send samples to her home in Grosse Pointe, more than 250 miles away, at noon the following Monday. At the appointed time one of the Grand Hotel's best waiters, in crisp uniform, arrived at her home with heated containers, cooled containers, Grand Hotel linens, silverware, china, glassware and a large table display of flowers.

"Don't tell me Mr. Woodfill is actually going to serve those sample meals here," said the embarrassed wife.

"Oh, yes, indeed, madam," said the waiter. "Mr. Woodfill does this regularly all over the country." He doesn't, of course, but the gesture clinched the convention. (*Continued on Page 86*)



"We can only stay a minute."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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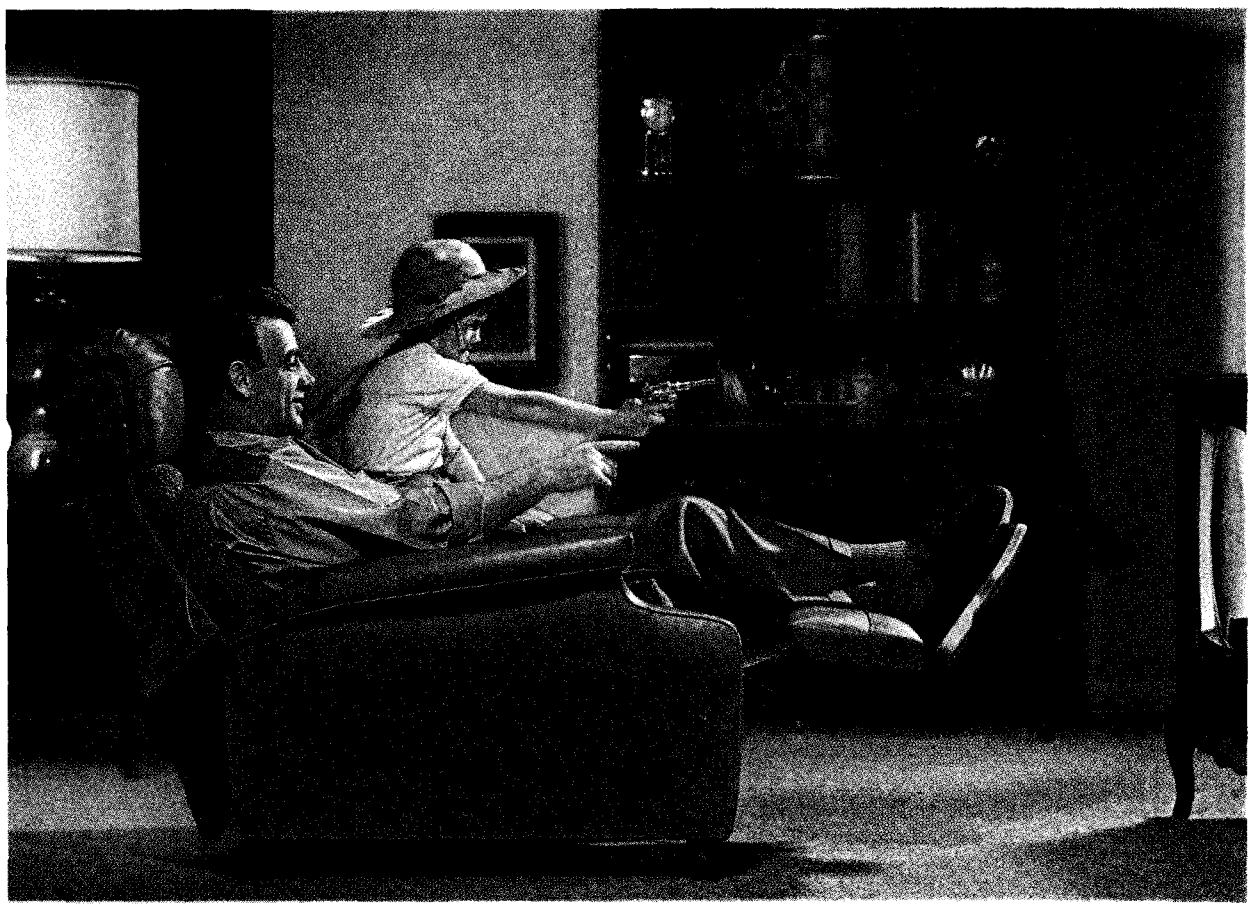
A chairful of contentment and three more unusual gift ideas for Father's Day



To help you with the most difficult shopping of all—gift-hunting—here's a page of interesting and unusual suggestions for Father's Day:

1. The luxurious TV chair

It's hard to believe you can find peace of mind by simply sitting. But if you've ever relaxed in the magic luxury of a real reclining chair, you know what a wonderful feeling of serene well-being and perfect relaxation these chairs are able to create.

The handsome reclining chair shown here is one of the country's best and most popular—the Stratolounger by Futorian-Stratford. It is built on the patented principle that the human body assumes its most relaxed position when floating—as on water. The chair's design duplicates the floating position, while a deep layer of famous B.F.Goodrich Texfoam cushioning helps provide the buoyant "float."

Of course, BFG Texfoam rubber is highly important to the comfort and durability of the Stratolounger. And so is the heavy BFG Koroseal vinyl in which the Stratolounger comes covered. Available in a rich variety of textures and colors, Koroseal has strength and durability known to no other material. It resists scuffing far better than leather, wipes clean of stains and spills with a little soap and water.

Ideal for living room or den, the Stratolounger chair becomes a conventional armchair when not extended. Its only draw-back; once you get Dad into it, you may have trouble getting him out.

Stratolounger, covered in BFG Koroseal, priced $159.50 in most stores nationwide.

2. The best bucket

There are ice buckets made of silver, of teak, or of leather. But the ice bucket that is literally the world's best is made of B.F.Goodrich Koroseal foam. It is BFG's 'Nicer Bucket. The beautifully functional 'Nicer will sit decorously in the living

room and keep ice cold and crisp even hours after the party's over. But you can toss heavy cans of cold beer into the same bucket and never hurt it a bit. In its wicker hamper, it carries easily for picnics, too, and keeps a gallon of food piping hot or refreshingly cool for hours. Made in black, red, green and black-and-white.

BFG 'Nicer Ice Bucket, $9.95 at better stores.

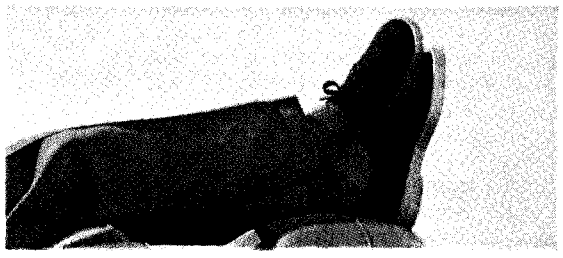
3. Fisherman's friends

If Dad likes to fish, he'll really appreciate fine fishing boots. These, by BFG and Hood, are lightweight but extremely strong. They have an inside knee harness and top belt straps to keep them in place. Cleated soles aid firm footing in any stream bed.

BFG and HOOD Fishing Boots, about $15 and up, in shoe stores and sporting goods stores.

4. Cool and casual shoes

June starts the big season for canvas shoes. They're more than welcome for free and easy summertime wear—ideal for vacation trips, camping



and boating. The smart shoes shown here are made with the exclusive B.F.Goodrich and Hood "P-F" design. A rigid wedge in the heel of the shoe helps decrease foot and leg muscle strain, gives Dad his share of deep, solid comfort while walking or standing. And he'll go for the trim, masculine styling too!

Men's Canvas Shoes by BFG and Hood, about $4.95 and up at shoe stores everywhere.

For information about where to buy any BFG product, write: President, The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

FIRST—with new ideas for the good, rich life at home

B.F.Goodrich

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(*Continued from Page 84*) Even Texans are impressed with the unfaded grandeur of Woodfill's establishment. During a recent oilmen's meeting, one of the conventioneers accosted the "gink with the stick" and drawled, "Hey, mister, that's a hunk of hotel, ain't it?" Woodfill allowed that it is indeed.

The hotel is eerilyWoodfillian. It dominates the island with authority—a long, straight, stark-white frame edifice with an 885-foot veranda colonnaded in Doric simplicity. Visitors get the red-carpet treatment—with a genuine red carpet, red-plumed horses, fine carriages, and coachmen in genuine beaver top hats. The doorman's uniform is completed by a six-tier, white-embroidered organdy dickey. Only dessert spoons—not teaspoons—are served with desserts, and after-dinner coffee is served in the main parlors.

The hotel was built in 1887 by railroad interests. Cornelius Vanderbilt was its first president; among its first guests were Chicago's great meat packers, the Swift, Cudahy and Armour families. Under Woodfill's ownership the hotel has continued to play host to top-drawer customers. None, however, has made a more-lasting impression on him than a group he entertained in the summer of 1924. Business was dreadful. Two men arrived at the hotel and asked about rates for a convention of 450 people for seven days. Noting that one wore expensive knickerbockers with matching vest, cap and jacket, and a genuine diamond stickpin in his four-in-hand tie, Woodfill inquired cagily, "What is the name of your group?"

After considerable sparring, the men disclosed that they were delegates of the Ku Klux Klan on a mission of finding a spot for their first national "Konklave."

Woodfill was shocked but recovered quickly. "Gentlemen, I cannot entertain the Ku Klux Klan in this hotel," he said. Then, permitting the smell of money to override his convictions, he added, "But I can entertain the Colonial Historical Society."

Thus the "colonial historians" held their first Konklave at the Grand Hotel—at double the usual rates. Meals were served in their rooms. They were not permitted to lounge around the lobby or on the streets. Woodfill secreted them for one tense week, managed to get them off the island without a massacre, and the $52,000 they left in the till saved the season.

Woodfill was then only the hotel's manager. The following year he bought a one-third interest in it, but not, as rumors have it, with tips he made as a bellboy. He has officiated as a wine boy, bus boy and desk boy but never as bellboy. He sees no merit in being called a self-made man because it puts him in a category with too many others. But the only family inheritance he ever received was $200 from his Great-aunt Ophelia as a maintenance endowment for an Egyptian walking stick bequeathed him by his great-uncle. He was born in the corn-belt town of Greensburg, Indiana, and started working as a boy in an uncle's sawmill for one dollar a day. It was then, arising one morning at the customary hour of three o'clock by the light of a kerosene lamp, that he vowed to become rich enough to sleep until noon. He now is and does.

Woodfill drifted into the resort-hotel business by literally following his nose during hay-fever season until it came to rest on Mackinac Island. He bluffed his way into a desk clerk's position at the Grand Hotel in the summer of 1919 and decided he liked it. He rose rapidly to manager and purchased his interest in the place on borrowed money and fortitude. In 1928 he sold out at a fat profit, then rebought the whole works—for just one tenth of his original investment—when the hotel was in receivership in March, 1933, during the bank holiday. He calls this transaction his "concerto in timing and courage."

It costs around $1,000,000 a year to operate the 300-room hostelry, which is closed 80 per cent of the year, but is filled to capacity when open. Employees are hand-picked from a large floating population of south-in-winter, north-in-summer migrant hotelworkers and southern Negro male college students. Gardeners are imported from Holland.

At just about any time during the season Woodfill's hotel is populated by an average of 550 guests and 450 employees. This influx triples the island's year-around population of about 500 and makes Woodfill the largest landowner, landlord, employer and taxpayer on the island. His benevolences are evenly distributed among the natives: a private carriage and bouquet for each funeral, a silver water pitcher for every wedding. Woodfill was married in 1927, divorced in 1954 and has no children. But he is grooming a nephew, Dan Musser, twenty-seven, and his Hungarian-born manager, Nick Bicking, to carry on in the Woodfillian tradition.

No one knows what Woodfill's real estate is worth today. He has been offered $5,000,000. But when you see him reveling in his creation, it is not difficult to understand why he refused to sell. One evening last summer, swinging his favorite Malacca stick, he strode the almost-nine-hundred-foot length of his geranium-lined porch, meditating upon a moon dripping gold on his empire, with the blinking lights of the Mighty Mac Bridge as a backdrop.

"What a joint!" he declared, thumping his stick on the red carpet underfoot. "And what a setting! A masterpiece of perfection. I can't find a damn thing wrong with it."

Journey Into Danger (Continued from Page 44)

that caught Harry on the point of the jaw and knocked him onto one knee. Carter raised his foot to kick him in the belly. Now was his chance. Kill him now. Carry off the girl. *I've got him alone at last*, he thought. *Got the girl alone. Your luck's in, Freddie boy. Your luck's in.* But he had forgotten Francina. Before he could send home his kick, while his right foot was still in the air, she hit him from behind. Harry sprang up and drove his right fist into Carter's face, flattening his pudgy nose. He followed with a left into his eye and jumped back as Carter's great gorilla arms came out to grasp him. If he ever got hold of him, he knew Carter would crush the life out of him—smash his ribs, driving their needle points into his lungs.

"You'll never get away," Carter said. "It's dead you are, and the girl in me bed, and all before you can say Jack Robinson." He laughed wildly. It was the mad laugh of a maniac. All humanity had left him. He jumped forward. Blood dripped from his nose, one of his eyes was almost closed. A white soapy foam of spittle dribbled from his mouth. On his cheeks were the strips torn by Cina's nails. His great hands opened and closed spasmodically. He was no longer a man, but an apelike creature, mad with fury. Harry avoided his next rush, side-stepping it. Carter turned and attacked again. He came with his head down like a charging bull, his arms swinging.

Harry met his rush with an uppercut which, though it jolted his arm, appeared to have no effect. Carter was berserk, beyond pain. The great arms closed about Harry's waist, one hand reached up over his back for his neck. This was another of Crusher Carter's tricks. Holding a man with his left arm against his body, he would bring his right hand up to his opponent's chin and, with a sudden pull and thrust, break his back as easily as a boy smashes a stick across his knee.

He's got me, Harry thought. *I should have kept farther away from him.* The girl. What would happen to the girl now? He saw himself, probably not dead—but helpless with a broken back—watching what Carter did to the girl. He tried to drive his knee into Carter's groin, but he had him held too tight. Any moment now it would come. Carter was savoring his triumph. He had a grip on Harry's chin and waist. He loved to kill. This was the moment of power, of exultation. A quick jerk and friend Harry would go limp, slack in his arms—still alive, but finished, a sack that had once been a man. His mind was calmer now. He was thinking of how to escape with the girl. He'd leave Harry for the vultures. He thought of his dying slowly, growing weaker and weaker. He liked to make people suffer. Then the girl. He wondered why he had not used his full strength on the girl and taken her at once, and then he realized that he had enjoyed the struggle with her. But he would do it now. A ripple ran through the muscles of his arm. Smash Harry's back and take the girl in front of his eyes. That would teach him to act the hero.

Cina had stood watching the fight, appalled. These men had turned into wild beasts, into savage males, into bulls and stallions fighting for a female—for her. In spite of her fear and horror her heart beat faster. Her breath rose and fell, her nostrils dilated. It was for her. There was no more fight left in her now. She would belong to the victor. To the good Harry or the bad Fred. It was something she would never have believed of herself. Though she hated Fred she knew that if he won, she would be his. She would not fight any more or run away. Some terrible female instinct dominated her. "Good" and "bad," "happy" or "unhappy" were words without meaning. Only man was in her mind—only the victor. The loser, though the fight was not yet over, did not exist.

She came closer then, heard the sobbing gasp of their breath, saw the corded muscles twisting like great snakes beneath their skin. She smelled their blood and the sweat, looked into their unseeing eyes—the glowing eyes of fighting dogs, of gamecocks. And suddenly she saw them change. She saw Harry's blue eyes cloud and darken. She saw the triumph burning in Carter's pupils. She took in the grip he had on Harry's chin. Harry, who had tried to save her, was going to be killed before her eyes. Now she became a mother. Harry, the weaker man, her baby—something she must save from death. Stooping, she picked up a stone and brought it crashing down on Carter's head. He tottered, swaying for a moment, and fell at her feet.

Bates stood staring at the girl. How beautiful she was. Her eyes met his. "You are safe?" he said. "I was in time?"

The spell was broken. She dropped her eyes and tried to cover herself with the remnants of her shirt. Like Eve, she had become ashamed of her nakedness. A blush swept over her face. This man who stood in front of her, still breathing hard from the fight, had saved her. Saved her from what? She felt the strength of her attacker again as she struggled in his arms. She smelled the savage male reek of his sweat, of his hair and his clothes. She tasted his blood in her mouth. Man again merged into man, good into bad, bad into good. There was only woman and man in this lonely world of isolated rock and sky. She belonged to the victor, and surely he would take his spoil, the willing fruits of victory. The girl in her was at once desirous and afraid. The woman knew that here she would be considered blameless. Force had been used. Her condition proved it. Spiritually it had happened already. The man lying at their feet would be blamed. She moved into Harry Bates' arms. They closed around her, holding her safe. But he did not hold her as a woman, pressing her to him, his body arched over hers like a bow as he bent her back and into him. He held her tenderly, as a man holds a child and, using his handkerchief, began to clean her face.

These events which had turned the camp upside down had had small effect on *Tante* Maria. She had known it would come to this sooner or later. Francina, riding alone over the veld like that in men's tight trousers that showed her shape to all and sundry! Now she must speak to the girl.

"He did not, I say," Francina shouted. "*Nie, nie.* I was not raped. I am as I always was."

What stupidity and why lie to an old woman like her, *Tante* Maria thought—as if she would be shocked. How much better, more girlish it would have been to have wept in her *ouma*'s arms than fly into a tantrum. Still, as everyone knew, there was no understanding girls of that age.

Francina stared with hot angry eyes at her grandmother. What a horrible old woman! Were the old always like that—seeing nothing but evil wherever they looked?

And Harry—how furious she had been with him, cleaning her face as if she had been a little child instead of a woman.

Barend came up and put his hand on her arm. She pulled it back. Now she was in no mood to be touched by a man. "Well," he said. He did not know what to say next. He loved this girl. What had happened was (*Continued on Page 88*)

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Price No Object

By Thomas Usk

This is hardly the time
To think about thrift
When I'm shopping the town
In search of the gift
That is without question
Right to bestow
On my wife for her birthday—
A few days ago!

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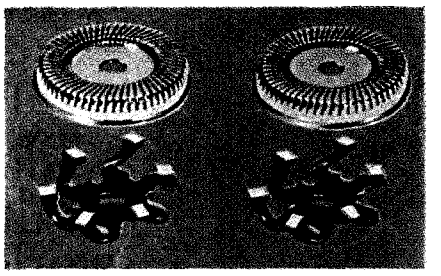
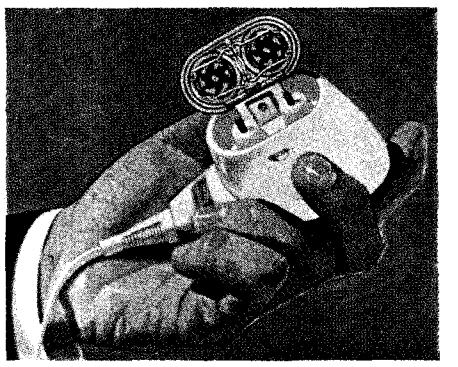
FOR FATHER'S DAY AND GRADUATION

Give the new *Norelco*® Speedshaver...world's largest seller!

It strokes off whiskers with rotary blades...no pinch...no irritation!



1. How rotary blades stroke off whiskers. Norelco's rotary blades whirl round and round ↻ continuously, beneath whisker combs—unlike the back-and-forth ⟷ clipping action of other shavers. You shave fast, smooth, close.



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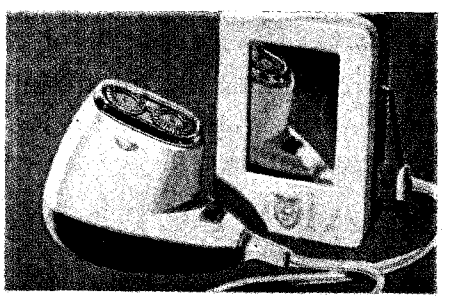

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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 93 PROOF, DISTRIBUTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

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(*Continued from Page 86*) not her fault. She could not be blamed; but it had happened, and there was no need for her to draw back from him like that.

He said, "Well," again. How did one go on? He could not say, "How are you? How do you feel?"

Francina said, "We will have coffee."

"*Ja*," Barend said. "There is nothing like a cup of coffee." He reached out to hold her again.

But quick as a buck she jumped away, laughing at him. Then she came back, with downcast eyes. "Let us drink our coffee," she said.

"Then you will walk with me?"

"*Ja*, I will walk."

It would be better to walk, she thought. But she would not marry him. No, never. Not while Harry Bates was still alive.

Barend thought it was curious that a girl who had been through so much a few hours ago could laugh like this. But he made no pretense of understanding women, and this girl was more difficult than most.

Harry Bates stared at his prisoner. Carter was chained to a heavy yoke. Carter said, "What'll they do to me, Harry? What'll these bloody Dutchmen do, d'ye think?"

"I don't know. But why did you do it? What happened?"

"I was mad, Harry, mad for the girl. And then there she was. And us alone, and the bloody dogs for once could not get to us."

How odd, Harry thought, that without this man he would never have known love. Without Carter he would never have held Francina in his arms. And she had saved his life again. They had saved each other. But he was sure she now hated him. She had said, "I am a woman," and he had treated her as a child. How could he explain that he could not do this thing? *Oom* Willem had allowed him to become one of the trek. Was he to betray that trust—was he to be as bad as Carter?

The sun was low in the sky, painting this wild and empty world in a roseate light. Into this unearthly beauty he saw Cina walk alone. She seemed to float, so easily did she move. Her hair shone like sovereign gold. It was only today that he had held her and he had let her go; only this morning that the man he now guarded had fought to master her.

Carter's curses broke into his thoughts. "Look at her," he said. "And I could have had her. If it hadn't been for you. You—you ——" he shouted. "I should have killed you long ago."

It was dark when Willem Prinsloo left the circle of wagons. He had to be alone. His grandniece, the only thing left him in the world to love, had been set upon by this English brigand and but for the coming of the other Englishman would have been ravished. Perhaps she had been, as that fat cow said—though the girl denied it, and certainly she was the one to know.

So it was on the girl's word alone that Carter must be judged. Her word was that she had been attacked, but had not been raped. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth—that was God's law. For three hours he had thumbed through the great Bible by the light of a flickering candle. Now he was out on the veld seeking wisdom, hoping for counsel from the stars that shone in the dark velvet sky above him.

The old man walked on. He was unarmed. One did not come to God gun in hand. But he was unafraid. Tonight no lion or tiger would stalk him, no snake strike him. For he was walking in the company of the Lord. It was coming now. Carter must not be killed. He must be cast out. But first his teeth must be drawn, for only a fool would trust a hyena.

Oom Willem looked at the assembled people. All were there—and all were dressed as if it were Sunday. The prisoner stood with his back to the crowd between the elder Beyers brothers. The trek chain around his waist hung like an immense clinking tail behind him.

Oom Willem stood silent. His head was lowered, his eyes closed in prayer. He held his beaver hat against his chest. The people in front of him prayed too.

At last, *Oom* Willem looked up, clapped his hat onto his head and said, "Burghers, friends. On this trek we have suffered much. We have left our dead behind us. We have been cold and hungry. But we have upheld one another, the strong helping the weak. Then we took unto our company two strangers, two men of a different race, who told us that they had fled the English oppressor and would join us, live with us, fight with us and become good Boers when we came to the land of Canaan. And what happened?" he went on, raising his voice. "You all know what happened, but I will tell you again. One of our girls, a young maiden, went out

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These days when a wife gives her husband a helping hand, it's usually to tie his apron.

DAN BENNETT

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alone—my Francina—and was set upon by one of the men we had taken into the trek, the viper we had nourished in our bosoms. *Ja*," he said, "this man, this animal, this hyena—for surely we cannot call such a creature a man—flung himself upon the maid and ravished her, stripping the clothes from her and flinging her down upon the veld. This is what I think happened, but Francina denies it. She says he attempted to ravish her, but failed, owing to the other Englishman who, seeing her horse running riderless, galloped to her rescue. But, as it says in the Book that to look with lust or desire upon a woman is to commit adultery, so I say that to strip the clothes from a maid when she is alone in the veld is to rape her."

All eyes turned to Francina, who stared back at them unblushing and unmoved. What fools they all were. Surely they must know that if a girl were raped it would show. She began to laugh. Tears came into her eyes. She could not stop laughing. It was all so funny.

Tante Maria picked her up as if she were a child and carried her away. The people opened up before the old woman like waves to the bow of a ship.

"She's hysterical," Magdalena Beyers said. "And why not? Who would not be after what she has suffered?"

"Why not, indeed?" those near her echoed, quite convinced now that Carter's attack had reached its vile conclusion.

Oom Willem began again, "I have thought of all punishments—*ja*, even of death, for here beyond the law we must make our own. All last night I sought guidance. I prayed to the Lord our God. And this is the punishment which has been revealed to me: Because this man has committed a sin against the flesh of a girl, so must his flesh suffer."

"No!" Carter shouted. "No! No!"

Oom Willem took no notice of his outburst. "*Ja*," he (*Continued on Page 90*)

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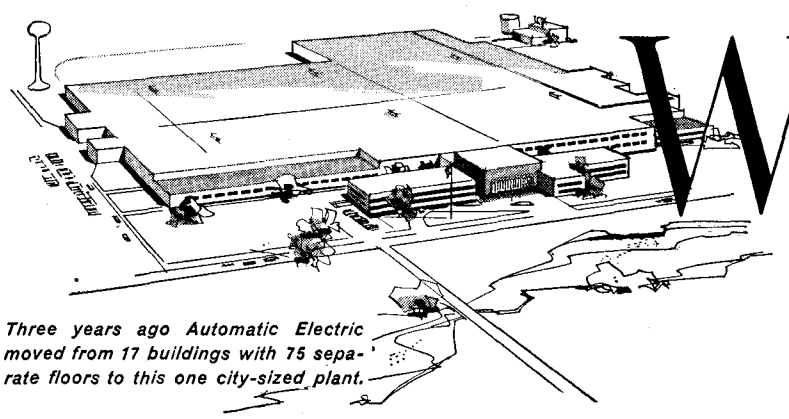
35-ACRE "TELEPHONE CITY" BEGAN WITH A COLLAR BOX AND A PAPER OF PINS



Three years ago Automatic Electric moved from 17 buildings with 75 separate floors to this one city-sized plant.

Wausau Story

at **AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC**—*Northlake, Illinois*
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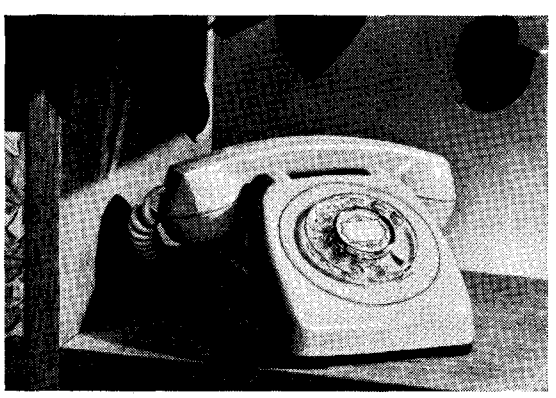

The modern dial telephone is a development of Automatic Electric. The company is the major source of supply for the Independent telephone industry.

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Automatic Electric's Insurance Buyer

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"Using Mr. Stowger's switch as the basis, Automatic Electric originated the dial telephone in 1892. That is only one of many contributions to modern telephony the company has pioneered. Today our 35-acre plant at Northlake is devoted to the development and manufacture of telephone instruments, equipment for telephone exchanges and other products for the fields of communications, and in automation and electrical controls. And to do this work, the services and skills of almost 8000 people are required.

"This is a city in itself, planned not only for efficiency . . . but also so our people could work with greater comfort and safety. But safety is a continuous job. It requires the full time of our own safety directors as well as the cooperation of men representing the company that carries our workmen's compensation insurance. That's Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

"From the time we moved into this new plant, Employers Mutuals men have been part of our team. They've proved the efficiency—yes, and the economy—of having a good insurance carrier. We get full value for our insurance dollar from Employers Mutuals. They're 'good people to do business with'."

Employers Mutuals' punch press specialist, Frank Hausman (center) and Eugene Dymek, Automatic Electric's Safety Director, check the operations at a press where dial faces are punched out. All equipment of this kind is carefully guarded, well lighted, and the operators are trained to keep accidents from happening.

★ ★ ★

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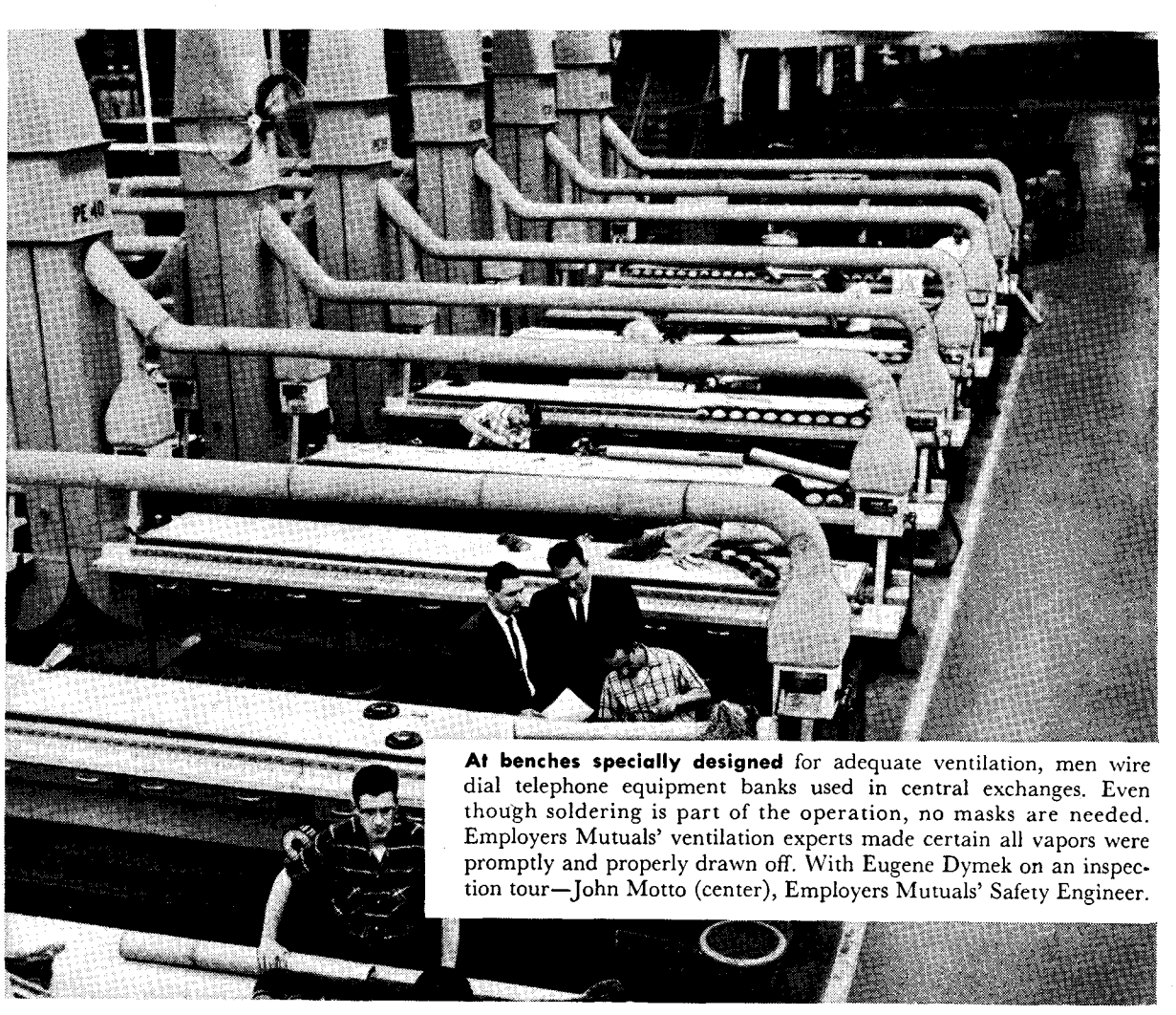

At benches specially designed for adequate ventilation, men wire dial telephone equipment banks used in central exchanges. Even though soldering is part of the operation, no masks are needed. Employers Mutuals' ventilation experts made certain all vapors were promptly and properly drawn off. With Eugene Dymek on an inspection tour—John Motto (center), Employers Mutuals' Safety Engineer.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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(*Continued from Page 88*) said, "he must suffer. He will be tied, spread-eagled, to the rear wheel of my wagon and there receive six strokes of the sjambok. Then he will be set loose and turned away from us to live or to die alone upon the veld as the Lord wills, for then his life will be in the hands of the Lord. Should he try to return, he will be shot. Do you all agree?" he asked. His head turned slowly as his eyes searched the crowd.

"*Ja*," they shouted, "we agree."

Flip and Barend Beyers took Carter's arms. Louis marched behind, carrying the trek-chain tail. Carter was cursing. Foaming spittle dripped from his lips. "Whip me," he shouted. "Flog me like a thieving Kaffir and then turn me loose to die? Are these the acts of Christian men?"

Louis kicked him from behind, and he would have fallen if the boy had not jerked him up by the chain he held. Five minutes later he was tied, his arms and legs apart, to the great yellow wheel of Willem's wagon.

Oom Willem strode through the people with a long sea-cowskin sjambok in his hand. "Come here, Barend," he said and handed him the whip. It was six feet long. "Take it. You are to marry her. To avenge her is your duty."

"You'll die for this," Carter shouted. "By God, you'll pay, you bloody Boers. The lot of you."

Barend stripped off his shirt. Everyone held his breath.

"One," *Oom* Willem said. The sjambok went up. It came down. Carter gasped with pain. He would have collapsed if he had not been held by the wrists as the blood sprang through the broken skin of his back.

"Two," *Oom* Willem said. Again the whip rose and fell, leaving a bloody strip six inches below the first.

"Three!" The third blow fell. Carter was screaming now. Barend stared at the dripping back in front of him.

"Four!" The first diagonal of the second series was cut.

"Five! . . . Six! . . . Now turn him loose," *Oom* Willem said.

Flip, drawing his hunting knife from its sheath, cut the riems that held him. Carter fell in a heap on the dust below the wheel.

"Throw water over him," *Oom* Willem said.

A bucket was emptied over Carter. He came to, spitting and snarling with fury. "Bloody beggars," he said. "You thought I'd die of it, but it'll take more than that to kill Freddie Carter—a hell of a lot more. And I'll tell you this. When you turn me loose I'll still not die—and it won't be the Lord that will save me, but all the devils in hell."

The Boers fell back before this blasphemy. Surely God would strike him dead at their feet. But God did not strike him. Instead, Carter hauled himself up by the spokes of the wheel and turned to face them like a wild beast brought to bay.

"You'll see," he said. "You'll live to regret this day, the whole lot of you."

Flip said, "Perhaps he is right. Perhaps the devil always looks after his own, and we should make an end of him?"

"*Ja*," *Oom* Willem said, "but who will do it? Will you? Will I? That is something to remember—if a man is to be killed, someone must do it." He took the cow-horn trumpet from his back and blew upon it. This was the signal to trek.

"Trek. . . . Trek. . . . Bring in the beasts. Inspan and trek. We have delayed enough."

Only when the trek was well on its way, winding over the veld like a great snake, did *Oom* Willem think of Francina. How was she? Where was she? He rode over to the wagon where Francina slept with the children. She was not there. He sought *Tante* Maria. "Francina," he shouted, "where is Francina?"

"She's here, Willem. She must have been here all the time."

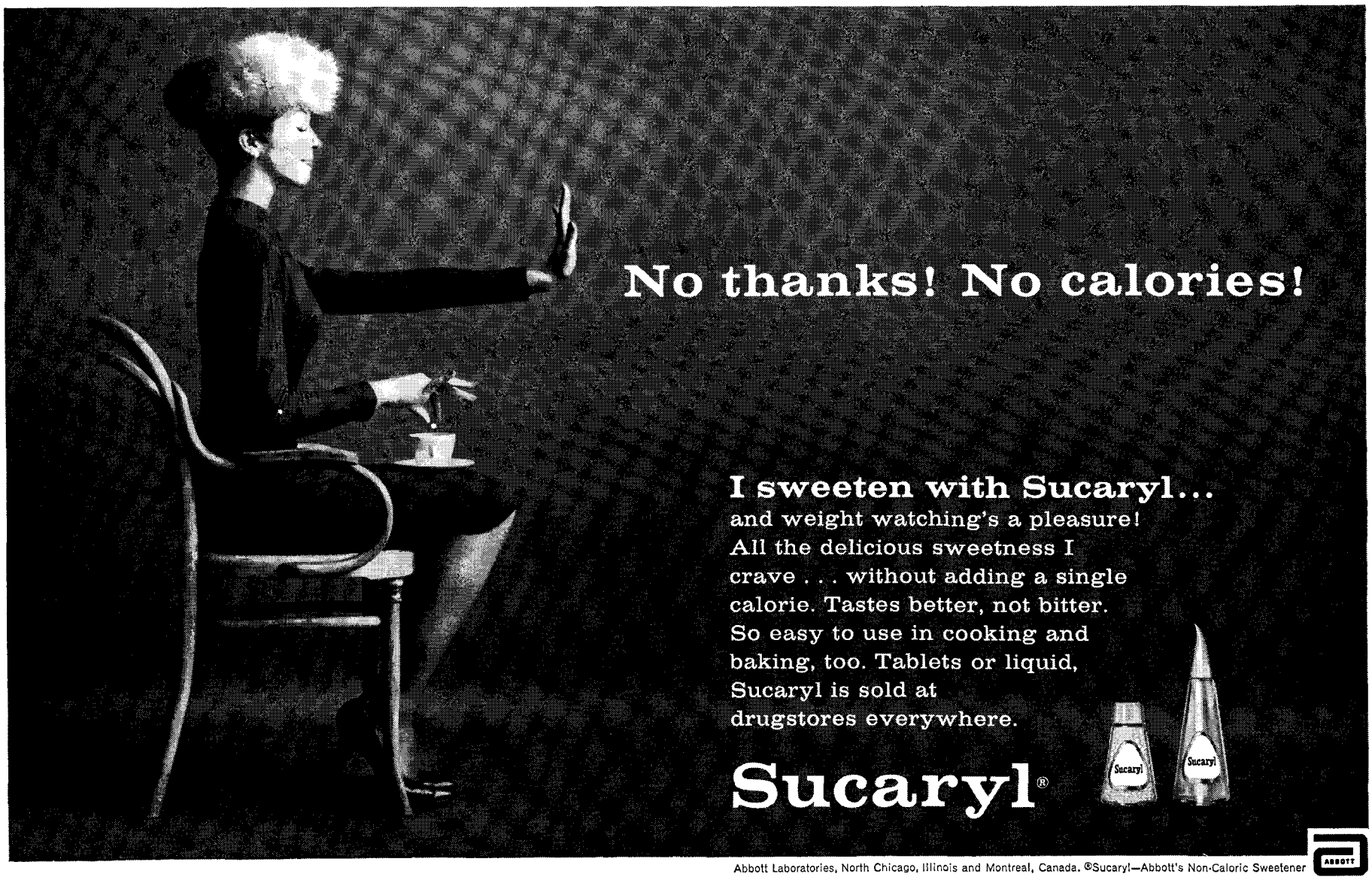
All the time—all the time, lying hidden behind the canvas within a foot of Carter's head as they flogged him. *Tante* Maria had taken Francina back to the wagon where she slept with the orphaned Van der Merwe children and had left her still laughing and crying among the pillows and blankets. Cina knew this would be too much for her. At any moment some of the children would come crawling back. They popped in and out of the wagon all day. She could not answer another why this? and why that? and why are you sad? and why do you laugh and cry at the same time? She would hold no more filthy rag dolls, kiss no more milky faces. No. Not now. Not today. And as soon as she felt it safe to do so she had slipped away back to her old bed. To be safe from interruption, she pulled down and fastened the canvas flap that closed the rear of the wagon and lay on her belly, muffling her sobs against her forearms.

She had noticed nothing till she had heard her *oupa* say "one" in a loud voice. One what? Then the blow of the whip had come, sickening her as it thudded against flesh. Then the groan and the slumping of a body which shook the wagon. *Carter, Carter.* They were flogging Fred Carter for what he had done to her. But he had not done it. Why would no one believe her? If she had had the strength, she would have run out to stop them.

She felt cold, so cold that her teeth chattered. She felt sick, ready to vomit. What a fool she had been to come here. At each blow Carter's body was driven against the wheel. At last she heard her *oupa* say, "Cut him down." Then she almost fainted. It was as if she had helped Carter sustain the whipping and that now, like his, her strength was spent. It was in this state, half-conscious and utterly distraught, that she heard Carter curse them all—Barend, who had flogged him, Harry who had betrayed him, *Oom* Willem who had condemned him, herself, Francina, who by her teasings had sent him mad. One and all he cursed them. He cursed the trek and everyone in it, every beast—there was something terrible in the sound of his voice. She felt that even if he died on the veld, the evil he wished upon them would not be ended. Only now did she know what she had escaped. Harry had come to save her. With Harry Bates' name on her lips she fell into an exhausted sleep. She never knew that the wagons had moved and was surprised to find herself at a new outspan when she woke. She saw Harry, but he avoided her—as if he did not want to see her. Perhaps he was disgusted with her, upset that she had flung herself into his arms.

The Beyers brothers came up to the cooking fire. She tormented Barend by flirting with Flip, who responded to her teasing, chasing her, pretending to catch her in his arms.

From a distance Harry Bates watched them at play. He was puzzled by her behavior. It was as if she tried to pretend that everything was as usual, that no great events separated the present from the immediate past. In his heart he was much upset. He could not escape the thought of what might have happened had he not arrived in time. Of all the trek he alone knew that he had come in time, but no one believed him. Naturally, they thought, a man in his position would have to lie, just as the girl did, in her support. Then there was his discovery of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Fred Carter's true nature, and there was Carter's curse—nonsense, of course, but it was an unpleasant memory. And he was not the only one who felt it. Even the children were subdued. Something evil had been let loose upon the veld.

For ten days more they trekked on; and then, because they were losing stock, *Oom* Willem decided to halt and rest for a week. It might even be longer, as Sybella Ullman was beginning her pains, and this seemed to be a fair place for the baby to be born. The cattle and horses could rest and fatten. But these were not the only reasons, though they were the ones *Oom* Willem gave.

In actual fact he was lost. Since they were going north, to be lost was not serious; but somewhere in the last week he had erred. He had gone too far to the east or west. Some landmarks were missing.

Tante Maria watched Sybella Ullman. She would not let Willem move till the child was born. And then, on the seventh day, Miemie came to call her.

"Her time has come," the girl cried, her eyes bright with excitement.

"*Ja*," *Tante* Maria said, slapping her face, "and yours will come too one day, my cheeky little *meisje*, and then you will not be laughing."

Followed by the girl and Francina, she set out for the wagon, where she found Sybella kneeling on a great oxskin, gripping the wheel with her hands. The maidservants had rigged up a kind of screen made of skins set on poles between forked sticks to give her a measure of privacy. A fire had been made, water was heating, and there were clean cloths laid out upon an upturned box.

The birth had gone well, and there was great rejoicing—for this was the first child to be born on the trek, and a boy at that. His mother called him Willem François. And then suddenly, things—which up to now had gone well enough—changed. More horses died, cattle by the dozen and sheep by the hundred. It was as if the trek's luck had flown like a bird from its perch, or, as some said, that Carter's curse had descended upon them.

It was only after it was discovered that there was a poisonous herb in the veld here that a forced trek was made to higher ground. Some of the sick stock picked up, but it was too late for others.

And at last *Oom* Willem, depressed by the anxiety of everyone, decided after several hours of prayer to set up a strong encampment and, taking his wagon, spend a few days looking for some landmark that he remembered. Since nothing changed here, since thirty years was no more than a day in this ancient land, he thought he would have no difficulty in finding what he sought.But his difficulties began with *Tante* Maria. "Trek off with you into the bush alone! What of Francina and the children? What of *Mevrouw* Ullman and her baby? Who will command when you go? How do you know you will find what you seek?"

Oom Willem waited for her to end and then said, "Perhaps you are right. You are too old, too fat and heavy. *Ja*, indeed, it will lighten the load a lot if you remain, and Cina and I go alone with a few boys."

She turned away from him. No man could say things like that to her. Fat? She was not fat. Heavy, yes, but it was all bone and muscle. She filled a chest with clothes and sat upon it.

Now that her decision was made she became very active. She shouted to Francina. She called the girls. "We are going to look for the path to the north. So pack up and make haste. We cannot sit about forever on the veld like flies on meat. The holiday is over."

A day later, leaving Barend in charge of the camp, *Oom* Willem and his wagon pulled out. He was going to look for a baobab tree. He remembered it clearly now.

"A tree?" *Tante* Maria said. "A tree that was here thirty years ago must still be here? In spite of storms and fires? So our fate now depends upon a vegetable, for what else is a tree?"

"Silence," *Oom* Willem shouted. "These baobabs live forever. They will not even burn."

"Trees that live forever and do not burn. *Ja*, that is something that I wish to see. But if you want to know what I think, I will tell you." She stood with her hands on her hips.

"I do not wish to know."

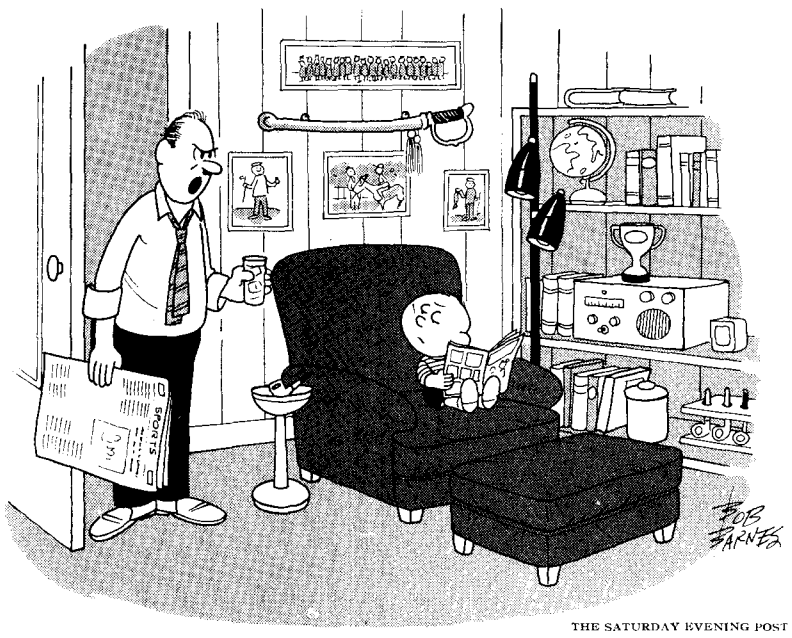
"Nevertheless I will tell you. We have been cursed. *Ja*, the evil eye of the rapist Carter is upon us. Did he not curse us all? Curse the livestock, the very trek itself? Did he not ——"

"Shut your mouth, fool woman. Do you not believe in the protection of God? Do you think we should have come so far with so little harm had we not been sheltered by His hand?"

"*Ja*, Willem, but what has happened to God's hand now?"

"Have you no faith? No understanding? Certain things are sent to try us, to see if we are worthy."

Tante Maria lowered her bulk onto a bench and (*Continued on Page 93*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This is not your hidey-hole. This is my sanctum sanctorum!"

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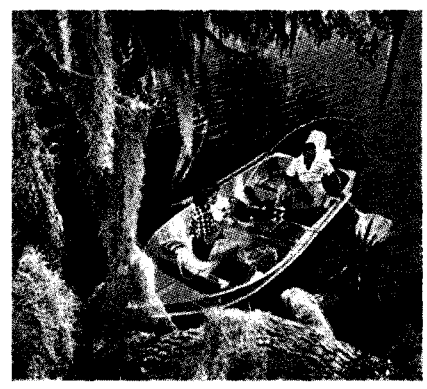

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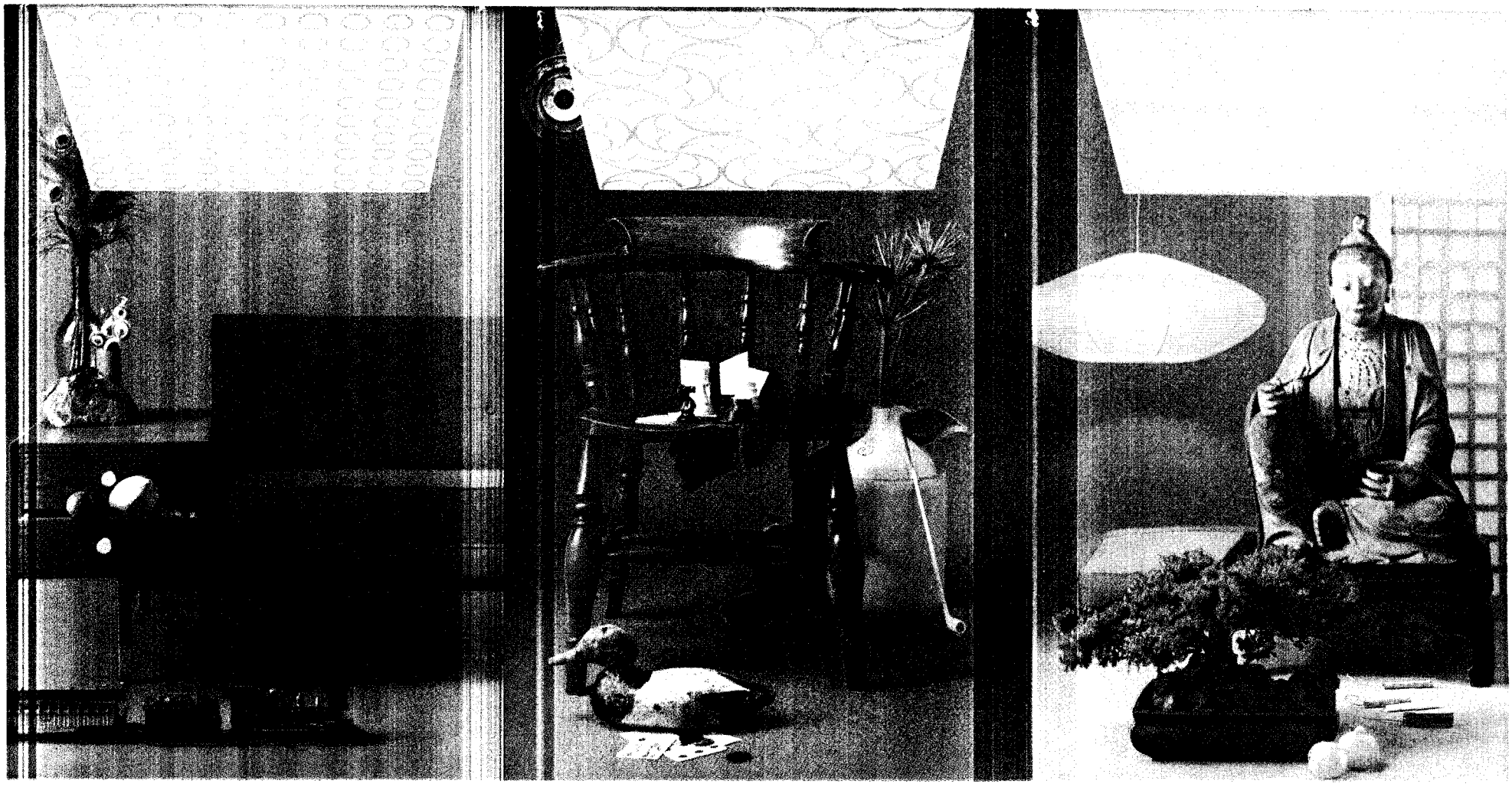

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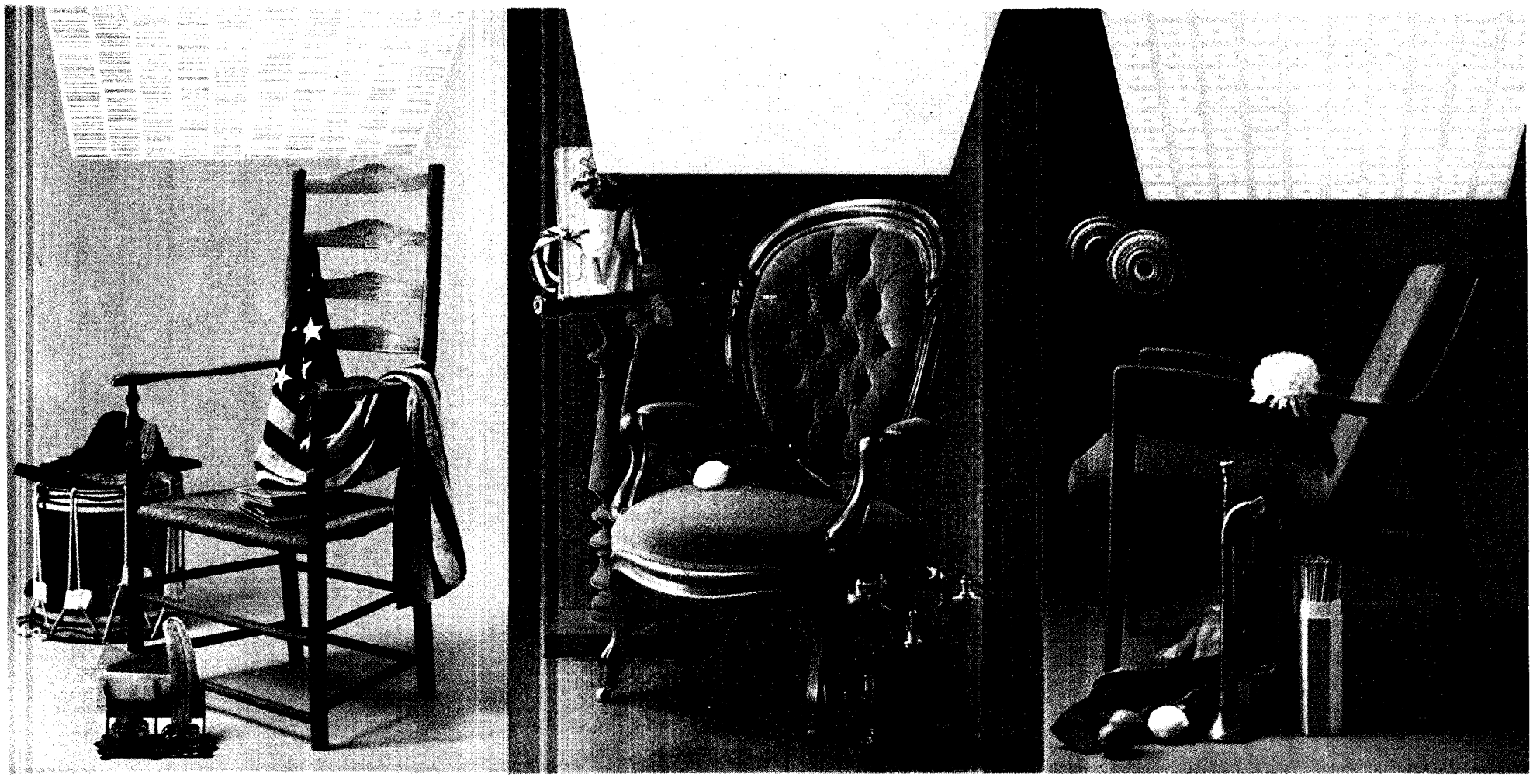

that delight the eye . . . and soothe the ear

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KAISER CEILINGS

THE DECORATOR ACOUSTICAL CEILING BY KAISER GYPSUM

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(*Continued from Page 91*) covered her face with her apron to hide her tears. Here, alone with *Oom* Willem, Francina and their servants, she was not afraid to weep. Her big body quivered like a jelly. It was wonderful to be able to show weakness—not to have to lead, to command, to comfort, to scold, to advise. She pulled the apron from her face.

"It was the devil that drove us from our homes," she said and pointed at Francina, who was picking ticks off her horse. "*Ja*, and the devil is in that horse. Was it not brought to us by an Englishman? Did it not seduce Francina with its beauty and bring the soldiers onto our backs so that we had to flee? The devil is in that horse, I say, for it is he who turned my little girl into a wild half boy. He who has blighted all our lives."

All the hatred, all the jealousy she felt for Blaubooi rose into her voice. Picking up a great stick, she advanced toward the horse.

Francina, seeing what was in her mind, pulled a pistol from the holster of the saddle. "Come no nearer," she said, "or I will shoot. Touch him now or ever, and I will kill you—you or any other, for he is my heart."

Tante Maria shrank back. So it had come to this. The stick fell from her hand. "Now indeed I know it is true that we have been cursed, for I have felt the hot breath of the devil upon my face as I looked into the barrel of a pistol pointed by my child."

Francina put the pistol back into the holster. "*Ja*," she said, "the devil is certainly here when a good woman like you, *ouma*, is inspired to turn upon a dumb beast that is our friend."

"You and your animal friends. Your horse, your dogs, your sheep."

"They also are God's creatures and were taken into the ark by Noah."

"*Ja*, but so were lions and tigers and snakes. Sometimes it is in my heart to think that Noah was as mad as your *oupa*."

"Blaspheme not, Maria." Willem had spoken in a strange voice, and as he stood looking at them, at the wagon and the little camp they had made, his eyes suddenly went quite blank.

"What is it, *oupa?*" Francina cried and ran toward him. The old man swayed. She caught him as he fell. "He is sick, *ouma*. *Oupa* is sick."

"*Ja*, my child. It is the curse. It is as I said. By now you should know that I am always right."

She called the servants, and they carried the old man to the wagon. *Tante* Maria began to search for some roots she carried in the medicine box. She was not unhappy. This was her function—to command and to heal the sick, and once again she had been proved right.

When after five days there was no news of *Oom* Willem, Barend and Flip, leaving Harry Bates in charge, set off on his spoor and soon found the Prinsloo wagon.

Francina ran to meet them. Barend swept her up onto his horse. "*Oupa* was sick, but he is better now," Francina said. Barend looked into her laughing eyes as she turned her face up to his.

"Well, *Oom* Willem," Barend said, "how goes it?"

"I was a little sick," *Oom* Willem said, "but it was nothing, and now I am well again."

Now Francina was pouring coffee. "That is a fine waistcoat," she said to Flip.

"*Ja*," he said, "I put it on for you."

She laughed. "And also for Miemie, so that you would look gay and gallant as you rode off, with a fine spotted-calfskin waistcoat and feather in your hat."

He laughed back at her and put his arm about her waist. "You'll make me spill my coffee," she said.

"I want to kiss you, Cina." His lips were near her ear. What pretty ears she had. And her hair, as long and beautiful as a horse's tail.

"This is no place to say such things, *meneer*," she said, "much less to do them. You forget that I am engaged."

"Then there is a place?"

"Perhaps there are places, Flip. Who knows?"

"And what are your plans, *Oom* Willem?" Barend was saying.

"That you stay the night with us and ride back tomorrow. Then break up the laager and lead the people here."

"And after that?"

"Then we will go on, for though I was held up by my illness I know where we are. It will not be long before we come to the land of Canaan." *Oom* Willem drew him away, his hand upon his arm. "There is something I must tell you. I feel that my time is coming, that perhaps, as I told you in the beginning, I was too old."

"You have brought us thus far safely, *Oom* Willem."

"That is so, and we are nearly there; but if anything happens to me, you will lead them?"

"I will lead them if they elect me."

"They will elect you. That is why I must explain. Barend Beyers, you must understand that this is a holy thing. We go to make a new land to found a new people in the name of God and with God's help." He paused, his blue eyes much paler since his illness, and searched the bush as if he sought something. Then he went on, "You must remember we are alone, we Boers. The English are behind us. They ruled us, but we never belonged to them. Our people, our fathers have been long cut off from their lands over the sea—the Low Countries, Germany, France. Thus we are alone, the smallest people in the world; and of those people you and I are in the front—the *voorlopers* of our race, the *voortrekkers* who drive our tented wagons into the black womb of Africa, who risk all, our lives, the lives of our women and children, our wealth of stock, to do this thing, to found a nation." He paused again and said, "That is what you must know. That to do this you must have faith, for so great a project is only possible with the help of God."

The old man got up. "Perhaps, after all, I shall accomplish the task myself," he said. "But now, should anything happen to me, I shall die in peace. My message has been passed on. Come," he said, getting up. "Let us go back; I smell meat cooking."

The young men slept at the wagon, and in the morning Barend announced that he was leaving Flip there. "I would not be happy, *Oom* Willem," Barend said, "if I left you alone here. In two days I shall be back with the others." And he rode off.

Two days, Francina thought as she kissed him good-by. Was it a wise thing to leave Flip with her for the two whole days?

The breakup of the camp did not take long. All were rested and ready to move; and following Barend's horse, the inspanned wagons unrolled like a ribbon from the reel of the camp. With the slow wagons it would take almost a two-day march to reach Prinsloo.

Barend rode alone ahead of the trek, savoring the afternoon of the second day. He stopped to light his pipe. As he was about to strike the flint, he heard voices.

Francina and my brother, he thought. What were they doing here? Dropping the reins over his horse's head and putting the unlighted pipe into his pocket, he slipped into the bush. The horse would stand. *I'm spying*, he thought, *spying on the two that I love best.* But he went on, unable to stop himself. He had to know.

At last, screened by a bush, he saw them and could hear what they said, for they were upwind. They stood beneath a big marula tree. The sunlight that pierced the leaves flecked them both with gold. Flip stood in front of Cina, stopping her, forcing her back against the smooth trunk of the tree.

"No," she said, laughing, "no, I will not."

"*Ja*," he said, "you have with others. Why not with me?" He put his arms about her; then he raised her face to kiss it. Barend's hand tightened on the gun he held.

Francina pushed Flip back. "Don't try to force me," she said. "A word and the dogs will tear you in pieces."

"But last night you let me kiss you and you promised."

She laughed out loud. "*Ja, ja*, that was last night. A maid can change her mind, and just as yes then could mean no now, so no now might mean yes at another time."

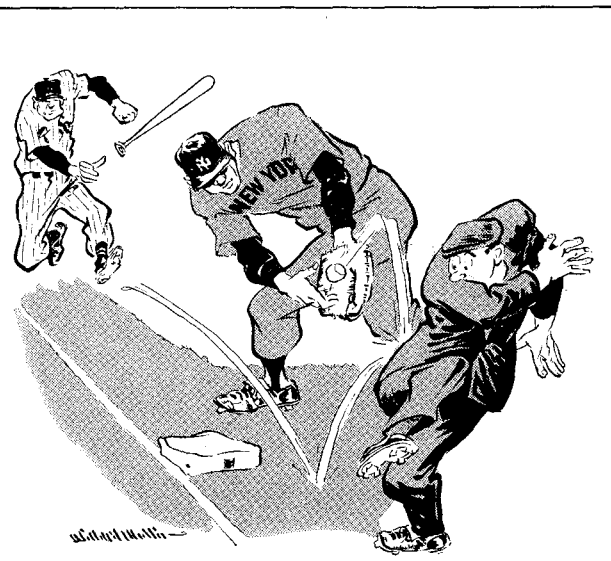
"You send me mad," Barend heard his brother say—his brother whom, up to this moment, he had loved so much. Of course, she had flirted with him before. He had watched her teasing him, but he'd had no idea that it was more than play with either of them.

"I'm going back," Francina said. "Do not come with me. Come later," she said, "and from over there." She pointed in another direction. How skilled in deception she was. How terrible it was to love a girl like this. How terrible to hate one's brother.

Barend went back slowly to his horse and waited for the wagons to catch up with him. He would say nothing. What was there to say? When Flip had tried to kiss her she had pushed him away and threatened him with her dogs. But there had been something. *Flip, Flip*, he thought, *how could you do this to me?* And Francina—had she forgotten that she had promised to marry him?

But he would say nothing. He would act as if everything were well. *Ja*, he thought, as he led the column of creaking wagons up to *Oom* Willem's camp and Cina ran to greet him, springing into his arms. *Ja, I will show nothing.* Then, as he held her to him, kissing her eager lips, he wondered if Samson had loved Delilah as he loved Cina; if, when he kissed her, she tore the insides out of his body with the softness of her mouth and the supple warmth of the body she pressed against him. It was not her fault; it could not be. It was his brother who had led her astray.

TO BE CONTINUED



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

The next time you watch a ball game, note how carefully the baseline umpires take their posts. There is good reason for this. Here, in a simulated major-league setting, is what can happen if an ump gets out of line.

Say Chicago trails New York, 3–2. The White Sox bat in the last of the ninth. Jim Landis raises Sox hopes with a double to left field. He moves to third on Luis Aparicio's neat sacrifice bunt.

Next, Nellie Fox, with a one-one count, drives a hard grounder down the first-base line—fair. The Yankee first baseman lunges at the ball, but it bounds over his mitt—and into the umpire, who moved onto the playing field. Then it caroms back into the baseman's eager hands. He steps on first, far ahead of Fox, and quickly fires the ball home in time to put out Landis, attempting to score the tying run.

Three out. Or is it? The Sox, faced with losing the game, clamor that the umpire's interference set up the double play. They claim the ball was dead the instant it hit him.

If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

(See Page 95 for answer)

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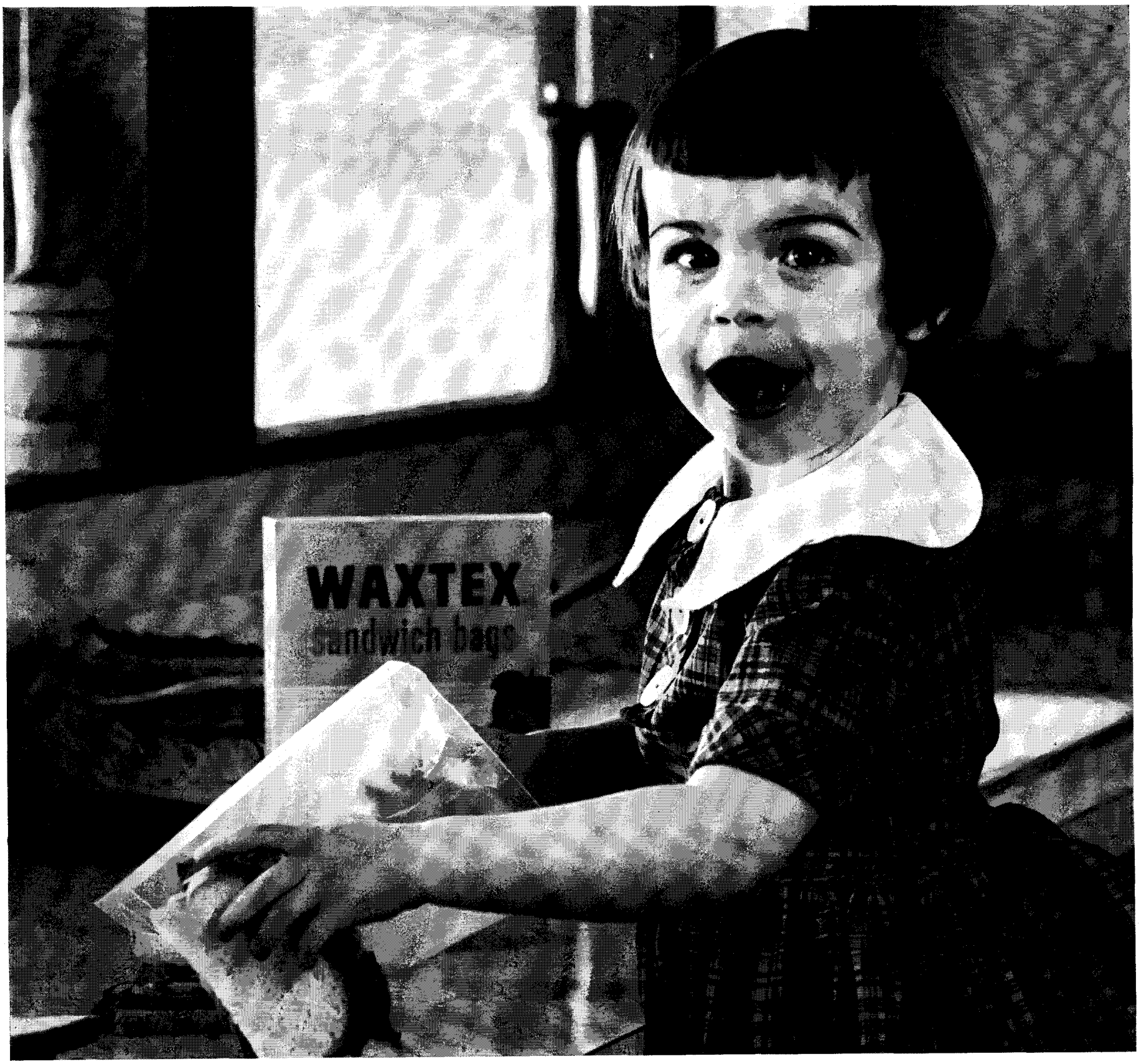
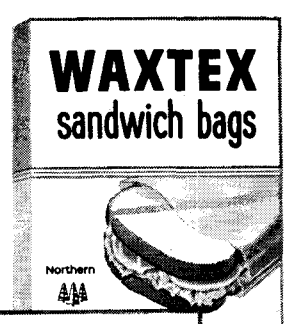


"My brother goes to school on a yellow bus. So Mother puts his sandwiches in Waxtex Sandwich Bags. But not milk. He takes pennies. If he brings a sandwich home, it's still fresh in Waxtex. So I eat it—if it's jelly."



Northern Waxtex is another fine product of American Can Company

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Housewife, You're My Boss

(Continued from Page 29)

what changes she would like to see. We called in Cincinnati and again in Kansas City, introducing ourselves and asking the same questions. You might like to call this a sales-promotion campaign. I have no objection, and I hope it does promote sales. Regardless of that, it did fulfill one very serious purpose. For a few minutes with each housewife we were once again an old-fashioned storekeeper, and during those moments our store was closer to her kitchen than it had been in years.

If we never got a single new idea from these American homemakers—we have gained several—the calls would still be more than worth while. Often they give us assurance. We learn that things we have developed are welcome. We learn that changes we may be contemplating should certainly be made. And it is not only good to meet the homemaker at home, but it gives us a chance to tell our side of a few store problems.

We have found that the lady of the house is a reasonable person. Sometimes we indulge in small, friendly debates with her. One of those I visited recommended that men be refused permission to shop in our stores. "They only bring lists from their wives. They don't know where anything is, and they get in the way." This unexpected suggestion hit me where it hurts. I had to point out that in the Hall family I am the shopper. I go to the store regularly. My wife wouldn't like having this duty unloaded on her. No, we don't intend to bar men.

Another young woman told me that she shopped with a competitor of ours because their bacon was twenty cents cheaper than ours. Should I have called her a liar? Indeed not. She had obviously made an honest mistake, perhaps by comparing two entirely different product grades. We would know within five minutes if a competitor undersold us by any such amount, and in another five minutes we would have met his price.

Once I ran into a great pastrami problem. The husband of a very cute young homemaker had a passion for pastrami, which she obtained at a delicatessen in the opposite direction from our store. While she was tracking pastrami in that direction she also did her general shopping there. Did she know that in our new store in her neighborhood we had a sizable department of delicatessen and prepared foods, complete with pastrami? No, she didn't, but she does now, and perhaps we will henceforth have a fair shot at her food purchases.

The conditions under which I have met many of our housewives surprise me. I have been rather icily brushed off. I have been warmly welcomed, sometimes served our own Kroger coffee in a delightful living room or across a kitchen table. I have enjoyed bouncing any number of children on my knee. I have been highjacked out of dimes and quarters by acquisitive five-year-olds. I have seen more bathrobes in more styles than I knew existed. I never did meet one girl in person. She answered through a speaking tube and explained she was dressing. She handed me another shock too. Her husband worked for the X chain, our principal competitor, and she did not shop with Kroger. I could think of only one thing to say—"Ask him if the president of *that* chain ever called at your house."

In order to speed up my share of getting acquainted with home managers, I have several times joined two or three dozen women at lunch and conducted a sort of town meeting on shopping. Here, as well as on the doorstep, conflicting views pop up, but in this case they often lie among our guests themselves. Suddenly we find that we have allies as well as critics.

Certain issues are always prominent. In those areas where our stores remain open on Sundays, the housewife asks why, and often with a good deal of heat in the question. We explain that we are firmly against Sunday operation, but sometimes we must stay open in self-defense. We have tried closing while others are open, and it hurts. If we did not match the community custom, we would lose so much business that our costs would soar and eventually our basic ability to serve the family needs would be seriously crippled.

Why trading stamps? Here is another hot subject. The fact is that in 1953 we announced that Kroger was against trading stamps. Our customers have changed our minds for us. I must agree that if every store everywhere offered equal numbers of equal-quality stamps at all times there would be no point in having them. But this is not the case, and stamps have competitive and thus inherent value. At first we tried to fight stamps with price concessions or various premiums, but this was ineffective. Then we discovered that while a sales increase of about 15 per cent is normally required to offset the cost, stamps usually increase sales considerably more than that. Our own experiences and those of others indicate sales gains in some instances of as much as 40 per cent through stamps. We can translate that extra volume into reductions in price and improvements in service to our customers and consequent benefits to our 35,000 shareholders. So we had a large part in founding and have a large ownership interest in the country's second-largest trading-stamp company.

Stamps and Sunday closings are policy matters of such breadth that the nation's housewife herself will have to control them, as she ultimately controls everything else in merchandising. And I wish she would hurry. Meanwhile we are vulnerable to the nature of our business. It is one of high velocity, of massive movement and rapid turnover. The storekeeper who fails to meet the demands of this velocity seals his own competitive doom, and he will not have long to wait for it.

Controversial subjects, however, are by no means limited to the policy level of the industry. There is an abundance of them right down on the store firing line. An example which generates considerable warmth is the question of whether to prewrap or not prewrap food products in which the shopper has always exercised a degree of personal selection and choice. The foremost example is meat, and, alas, here our housewife fails us. We are strongly in favor of the system in which the shopper may pick up a meat parcel which has been cut, sealed, weighed, priced and wrapped before she arrives. Often, however, the lady disagrees with us. The result is that we must provide both prewrapped meat and personal butcher service. The difference between these two is worth discussing. It is the key to the merits and possible deficiencies of all self-service marketing.

I do not hesitate to admit to any woman who asks me that the drastic reduction in store markups in self-service marketing is in substantial part contributed by the shopper herself. She donates her time and labor in return for lower prices. For those moments when she is in the store she employs herself as a clerk. She takes the steps a clerk would have to take, she takes her own packages from the shelf, and she does part of a delivery boy's job. She is paid for doing this.

In the case of prewrapped meat she also functions as a butcher, and she is paid for that in lower prices. If she chooses instead to summon a butcher in person, which she can easily do by pushing a button, and direct him to prepare a certain cut in a certain way for her alone, she is going right back to the old days before self-service and encouraging higher costs. In either case the meat she buys will be the same, cut by the same man from the same side of beef.

Now, I must admit that there are small complications in this. It is quite true that while we prepare meat parcels in cuts and quantities that are most popular and most needed, there will be times when these fixed quantities will not be exactly tailored to a given family need. There may also be a tendency on the part of some shoppers to suspect that the paper plate on which a meat cut rests conceals a defect. I wish heartily that the meat package could be entirely transparent, but the housewife should be the first to realize that if it were not for the absorptive paper plate, any meat package would be a very untidy spectacle. Meanwhile the lady will simply have to rely on the integrity of the store if she chooses to collect the savings of the prepackaged product. There is one other aspect of prewrapped meat which we believe is important. It makes favoritism on the butcher's part an impossibility.

The homemakers I have visited show a thorough appreciation of the fact that they save money by serving themselves. Part of this self-service is a willingness to stand in line at the check-out stations during the busiest store hours. Now, it is clear that standing in line also saves money, since it permits checkers to serve shoppers in large numbers and achieves efficiency at minimum labor cost. But many housewives have asked me if we cannot increase the number of express lanes, or the number of baggers, or switch special sales to midweek days to lessen weekend traffic.

We can, of course, do a great deal in this check-out area. But for the shopper's own sake we must compromise at what we calculate will be the best service at the least cost. There are also technical factors involved. As a rule of thumb, newer stores are designed to have better check-out

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 93

The double play stands. The Sox lose, 3–2.

When a batted ball hits an umpire after having passed a fielder other than the pitcher, it remains in play. (Section 6.08d.) Should it hit an umpire before passing a fielder, the ball is dead, and all runners—including the batter—advance one base only if forced. (Section 5.09g) To avoid killing the ball, line umpires are careful to stay behind or abreast of the basemen.

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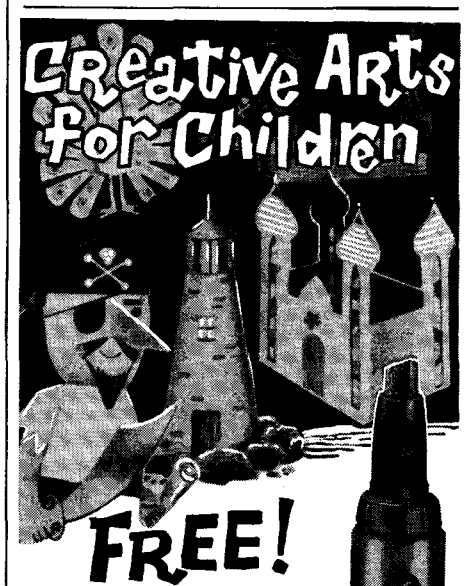

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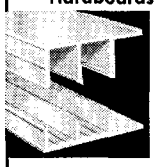
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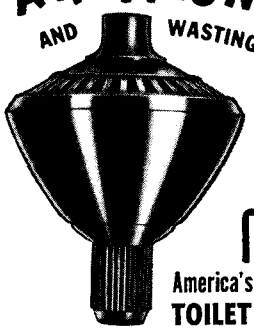
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flexibility than older ones, which may be physically restricted. And traffic timing is not altogether up to us. The boys who fill bags at the end of check-out lanes are usually schoolboys who work part time. We do not dare invite peak traffic at times when they are not available to us.

One woman at a luncheon probably answered this question for me better than I could. "I shop at your store to save money," she said, "and I know service runs up costs. But someone, often it is the manager himself, is always carrying my bundles out to my car. Now, I haven't asked for this service, but I get it anyway." Mentally I invoked a blessing on the manager.

The girls have landed on me pretty heavily for restocking shelves during store hours. They regard it as a nuisance. and sympathetically I am with them. But I have an explanation for them. We actually do three quarters of our restocking before opening time. We also ask outside suppliers, like the bread man and some national-brand people, to try to tend to their shelf areas before eight A.M. We understand that sometimes they cannot. As for our own restocking, an empty shelf might be a greater nuisance to some shoppers than the presence of a man refilling it, and to us empty shelves would be an economic disaster.

I hesitate to call my boss, the housewife, inconsistent, because I think she is a smart business girl. But let her assume that the empty shelf is the one from which the day's special has disappeared. Nothing would make her more furious. We dread the idea, too, and for two reasons. First, it would mean poor store management. Also, we know that many housewives play the game of Specials, charting courses from store to store to hit special sales, no matter what the cost in time and gasoline. When they draw a blank, they are bitterly frustrated about it.

We can easily lick store-management problems. We train our people, send them through college courses, conduct forums, study operations, and maintain a Kroger Foundation which constantly tests products and controls quality. Our personnel are devoting their careers to store work. They are approachable, good-natured and available. They are fully able to handle their stores, and they make many of their own decisions.

But my ladies tackle me on problems outside of our store-family matters. Sometimes they involve manufacturers. A pretty English girl told me that she was getting a bad impression of America because wherever she bought Melba toast it was crumbled and broken. I can't conceive that America is strewn with nothing but crumbled Melba toast, but if it is, the cure lies in packaging, not in the way we run our stores. Also, I have no answer for the housewives who want thin-sliced bread and can't find it. I can only refer them to the baker.

On the other hand, we are going to take extremely seriously what the ladies say about store layout, equipment and types of service. Sometimes we can anticipate their wishes. I think I share with all our shoppers a strong distaste for fruit and vegetables that are not fully ripe. I think there is nothing worse than cutting open a beautiful melon to find that it is hard and unripe inside. At the same time I realize that it is extremely difficult to control ripeness from warehouses that may be far from the store in time or distance. Accordingly we are experimenting with ripening rooms—humid, muggy, warm rooms—right in the store.

We are also trying out a hostess system, in which competent home economists will be on hand to talk over possible menus with housewives who are in need of fresh ideas. We are serving free coffee—Kroger brand, of course—in several stores. We haven't come to the point where we feel that we should maintain toilet facilities in our neighborhood stores, but a lot of mothers have asked us to do so at stores which are located in shopping centers. We agree that they have a point, but we do believe that it is the responsibility of the center as a whole to provide such facilities.

The shoppers we are calling on do not surprise us when they tell us they haven't much use for the lower shelf of our bascarts, which are combination store carts and baby carriers. But we surprise them when we say we don't like them either and are experimenting with single-shelf carts. We differ in our reasons, however. The ladies don't like to bend down to lift heavy bundles from the lower cart level. We don't like the fact that it is possible for forgotten merchandise on the lower shelf to ride through the check-out lanes unnoticed by the checker.

We are surprised, however, that our good housewives are quite aware of the pilferage that can plague self-service stores and are as resentful of it as we are. They know quite well that they help pay the cost of such thievery. What I can't understand is that those who are tempted to try this pettiness do not realize that they also will have to pay for it.

Many modern stores are so large and their aisles so heavily traveled that they resemble superhighways complete with cloverleaf. The traffic is indeed complex. Take the sprightly young mother who accused me of misplacing the bread-and-pastry department in her store. "By the time I have decided on hot dogs I have to go way back to the beginning to get buns. And, mister, it is no easy thing to buck cross traffic in your store."

Another girl complained about the bakery-goods area. "It is right at the beginning, and by the time I reach the checker I've put so many things on top of the bakery goods they are all crushed."

Those are good points and we are more than willing to discuss them forever. Unfortunately it may be forever, because they belong in the realm of store layout, and that is a subject of perpetual evolution. Everyone in the store business has over and over again studied traffic flows in an effort to arrange merchandise in the most convenient sequences for the greatest number of shoppers. I believe excellent progress has been made. But I also realize that each homemaker who enters the front door has a list of requirements like a hand of cards. It is too much to believe that the next player will have an identical hand and will want to play it in precisely the same way. Does the meat purchase come first, and after that do the vegetable and accessory needs fall into place around the meat selection? Yes, sometimes. Or does our shopper want to get rid of her staple needs first, the milk, bread, and soap and then combine the necessity of shopping with the pleasure of playing it by ear from there on? Yes, sometimes.

We allow for as many of the multiple varieties of shopping motives as we can and lay out our stores accordingly. But then we compromise a good deal. In many stores it is most efficient to have the meat department across the back, and if that means a saving in the price at which meat can be offered, then we might decide that the saving is more important to her than the site. There are subcomplications too. A good pastry display, for example, is a visual attraction to nearly everyone, whether or not they intend to buy pastry. It is easy for a shopper to saunter down that portion of an aisle with her eyes held to the pastry as long as the display lasts.

Now here is a little problem. What do we stock on the opposite side of that aisle, and how do we get the shopper to look away from the cakes and cookies and notice the shelves on the other side of the aisle? It is not that we must press her to buy something in that blind spot. We just don't want her to have to go back for something she may need. An attractive fresh-vegetable display exerts a similar blinding effect. It draws the eye and downgrades the shelves opposite.

The store manager has a good deal of leeway in balancing his store against these little quirks. Managers know their neighborhoods and the prevailing tastes there. They will be doing much more doorbell ringing than I will, and it is immensely more important that they do, because it is up to them to recapture as nearly as they can the close and friendly proprietor-housewife relationship that existed in the days of a less-hurried world.

One thing I am sure will offer no difficulty on the housewife's doorstep. That is the matter of price. Competition today will not permit prices that are out of line. Even if it were possible to charge more than the market for any grocery items, I would be dead against it. My enthusiasm for self-service chains is based squarely on the fact that this form of merchandising serves the housewife at the lowest possible cost.

I'll go a little further, and explain my deep affection for thrifty shopping. Quite early in life I learned hard lessons about pennies. I was a poor boy, and I didn't like it a bit. The fact that we were a respectable family did not make it any less painful. We had to take in boarders at our house, and I didn't like that. I had to help put food on our table, and too often it was the plainest and the cheapest possible food. There was only one odd job in my neighborhood on Chicago's South Side that I did not do and none that I was not prepared to do. I have cut more lawns, run more errands, shoveled more snow than I care to remember. I have swept and scrubbed; I have tended fires and delivered newspapers, and it took an office-boy job and night work to get me through high school. I needed a scholarship to make it through college.

There is only one thing I can never remember doing. I never rang doorbells before, and now I like it. THE END

Barefoot

By Edna O'Brien

Shoe-shod was a winter way
One overcame the first hot day.
Not all at once, you understand,
But by a kind of gradual wonder,
As if the toes were reading Braille,
With the summer story under
One, dependable as roots.
One had at first to take it slowly,
Read stone as hard, read soil as soft,
Grass, cool or warm, sticks, firm or roly;
But as the feet grew unafraid,
Summer was a poem to wade.

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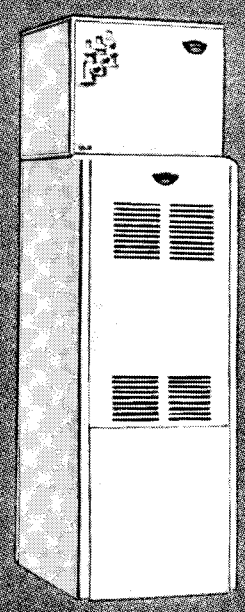

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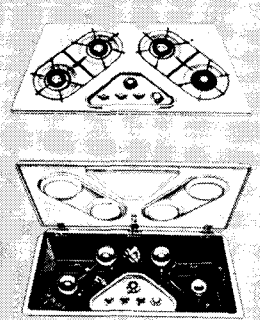

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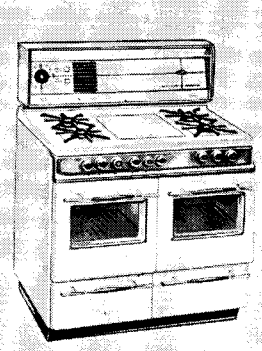

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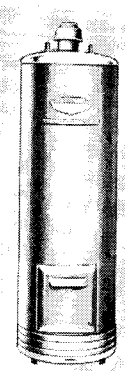

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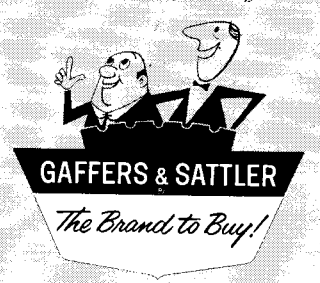

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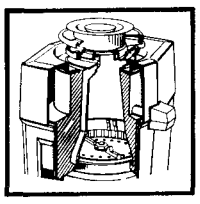

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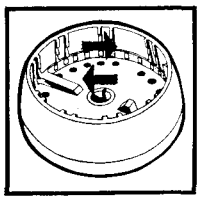

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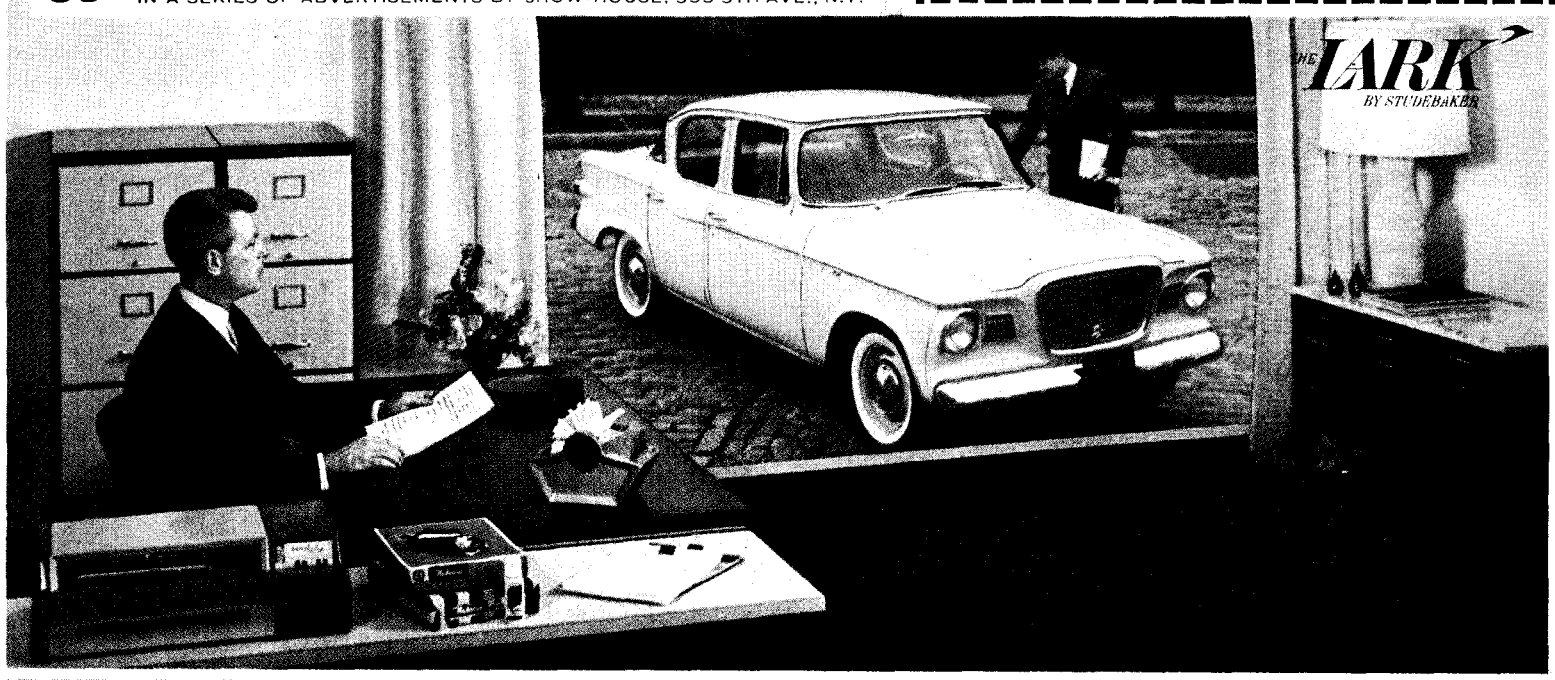

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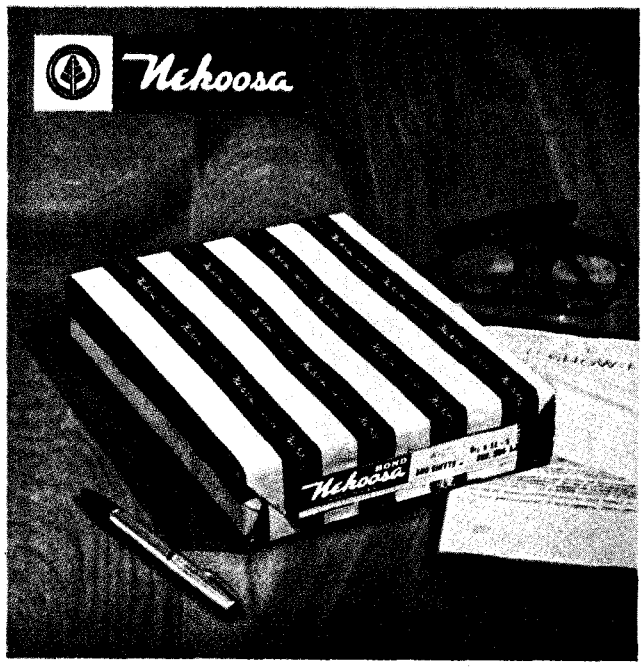

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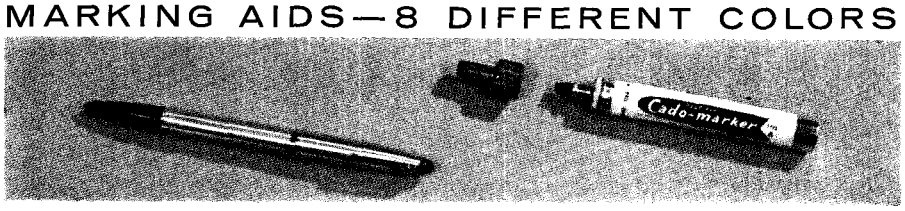

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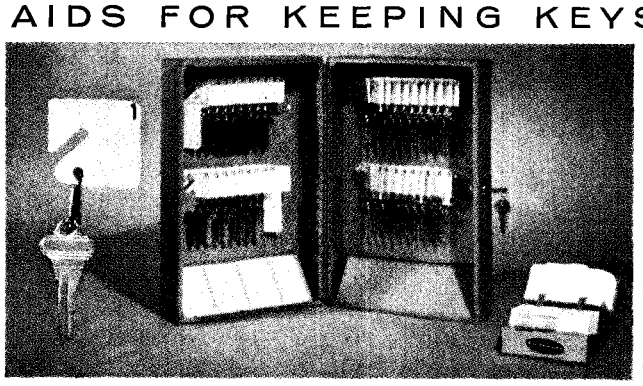

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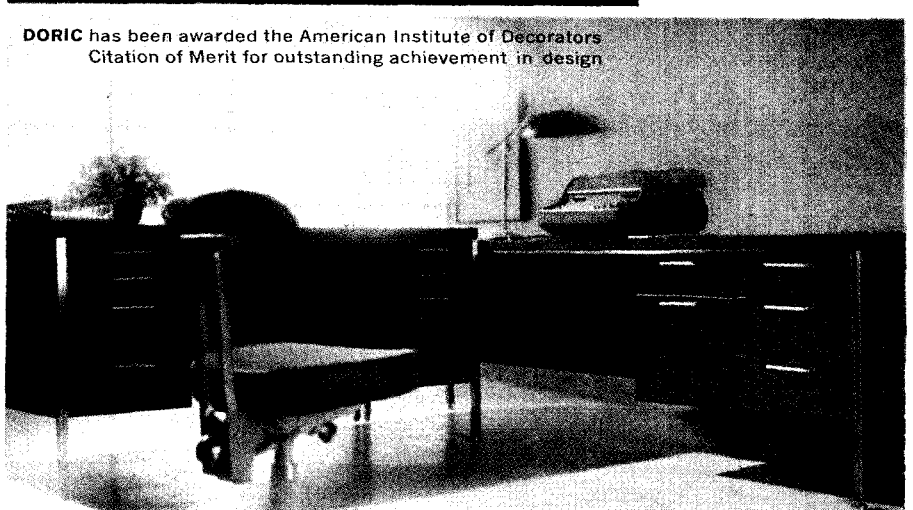

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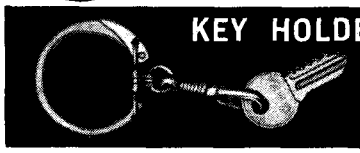

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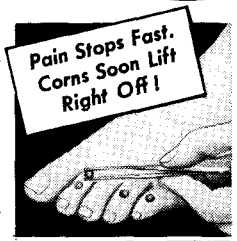

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The Case of the Duplicate Daughter

(Continued from Page 23)

"No, it's all right," Muriell said. "I put on another egg for him and—well, I wanted to tell him it was getting cold."

For a moment there was just a flicker of annoyance on Nancy Gilman's face; then she raised herself to one elbow, punched a second pillow into submission, piled it on the first, smiled at Muriell and said, "You're *so* considerate." And then, after a distinct interval, added, "Of your father, my dear."

Her smile was enigmatic. She dropped her head back to the pillow and closed her eyes.

There was no other place her father could possibly be, unless he might have gone to the attic. A sudden disquieting thought entered Muriell's mind. Recently her father had been rather upset. He had told her only two nights before, "Muriell, if you should ever be confronted with an emergency in connection with my affairs, remember that I don't want the police. Do you understand? I don't want the police."

Muriell had looked at him in surprise and had tried to question him as to what he meant, but his answers after that were smilingly evasive. So Muriell, with visions of sudden impulsive suicides, of bodies hanging by the neck from the rafters of an attic, flew up the stairs to the attic.

The big place was filled with the usual assortment of old boxes, trunks, an old dress form and a couple of antiquated rocking chairs. There was an atmosphere of tranquillity about the place and it reassured Muriell. She walked around under the eaves just to make certain that no one was up there. By the time she descended the stairs she was in a much calmer frame of mind.

At the foot of the attic stairs she encountered the indignant eyes of Glamis Barlow. It was entirely in keeping with the character of Glamis that her sleeping garments would be of a clinging, almost transparent material. Her honey-blond hair framed blazing blue eyes.

"What in the world are you doing prowling around the attic at this time of the night?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Glamis," Muriell said. "I had to go up there for something. I tried to be quiet."

"You sounded like a team of horses up there. You were right over my room."

"I'm sorry."

Abruptly Glamis laughed and said, "Forgive me, Muriell. I'm a beast at this time in the morning. Is there coffee downstairs?"

Muriell nodded and gave her a gentle pat. "Go get back into bed, and I'll bring it right up."

"It's all right, honey," Glamis said, "but Hart Elliott is spending the night here, and I know he needs his sleep."

"Hart!" Muriell exclaimed.

"Yes, dear. He's in the Rose Room. We got in at a terrible hour this morning and came up to sit for a while on the porch. When he tried to start his car, it seems he'd left the ignition and radio on and the battery was run down. So I told him to tiptoe in and ease himself into the Rose Room."

"Does Nancy know?" Muriell asked.

"Of course not, silly! Nancy was asleep. Did you expect me to waken her to tell her I'd invited a house guest? I'm twenty, you know, and if you're thinking of the proprieties ——" Abruptly Glamis broke off; then a smile bent the corners of her mouth. "Aren't I the old savage bearcat in the morning?"

Muriell patted her again. "I'll bring you coffee, honey. Get under the covers. You're all but nude."

"I am, aren't I?" Glamis said, smoothing her palms over the sheer gossamer of her garments. Then she laughed throatily, and her bare feet moved silently down the carpeted corridor.

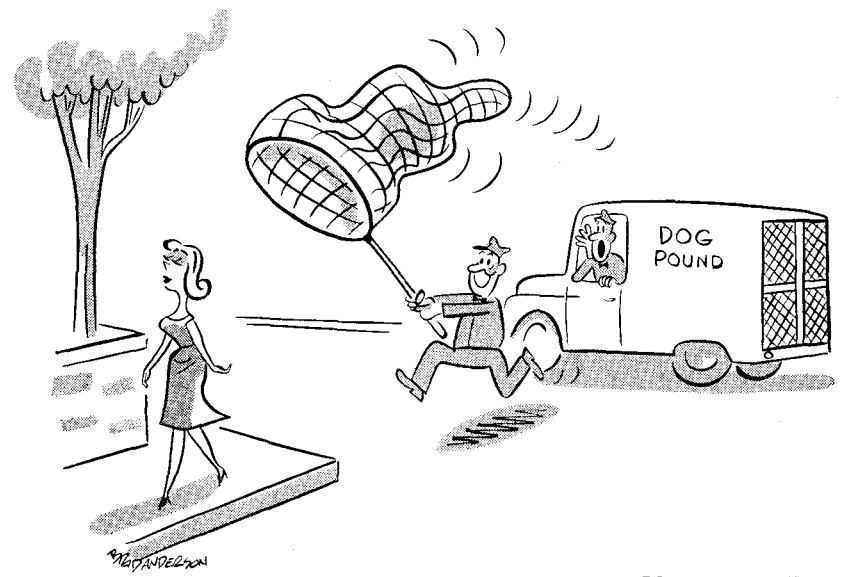
Muriell went downstairs, convinced now that for some reason her father must have gone to the office without coming out to say good-by. He must have thought of something that he had neglected to do; perhaps some important appointment that he had forgotten about. She was quite cheerful as she poured coffee from the electric percolator and put a couple of pieces of thin dry toast on the tray so that Glamis could have toast to nibble on.

Glamis was snuggled up in bed and duly grateful. "Oh, you dear," she said. "You thought to bring some toast!" She propped herself up in bed, ground out her cigarette in the ashtray, reached for the coffee cup and looked at Muriell. "I don't know how you do it, Muriell."

"Do what?"

"Keep that bodily machine of yours functioning so smoothly. You're just radiating calm, competent energy. I'm a clod until after I get my coffee, then it takes me half an hour to get human."

She broke off a piece of toast, bit into it and sipped the coffee. Abruptly she pushed the rest of the toast and the coffee cup away from her on the table, smiled at Muriell and dropped her head on the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just dogs, Edgar."

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pillow. "Thanks, darling," she said. "I'm good for a couple of hours now."

Muriell left the room, closing the door gently, went back down to the dining room. It was the cook's day off, but the maid who came in by the hour would be in later and clean up the dishes. Once more a feeling of uneasiness possessed Muriell as she looked at the dining-room table, the one egg on the plate, the sausage, the newspaper on the floor. It was so unlike her father to leave without saying good-by, so unlike him to be inconsiderate even in little things, and he knew that Muriell was out in the kitchen.

And then she saw his briefcase. Under no circumstances would her father have left for the office without his briefcase. She knew that he had some papers in there he had been working on the night before, and he expected to do some dictation on those papers the first thing at his office. He had even taken the cardboard jacket containing the agreements out of the brief case at the breakfast table long enough to verify some point and had made a notation.

Muriell crossed the room, picked up the briefcase and opened it. The agreements, stapled in their legal-looking blue covers, were in the briefcase. Muriell pulled them out, looked at them and then saw a notation on the cardboard jacket in which the agreements had been placed. The notation was in her father's handwriting. It read: "In case of any emergency call Perry Mason, the attorney, at once. Call no one else." There was also the telephone number, presumably that of Perry Mason's office.

Could this have been what her father had been writing at the breakfast table?

Muriell looked at her watch. It was ten minutes before nine. She replaced the briefcase, went back to the dining room and then, approaching the table, suddenly realized that her father's napkin wasn't on either the chair or the table. Her quick search revealed that it was nowhere in sight. Wherever her father had gone he had taken his napkin with him. It was then she thought of the workshop. Of course!

Back of the house was a huge, long, single-story building which contained three garages on the north end. Then to the south of the last garage there was a darkroom where Nancy did her developing and enlarging and, immediately to the south of the darkroom, the last room in the building was a workshop where Carter Gilman indulged in his twin hobbies—working with modeling clay and making wooden objects, inlaid cigarette cases of rare woods, jewel cases, sewing boxes and various ornamental gadgets.

Muriell made no effort to check the swinging door this time as she dashed from the dining room into the kitchen, then out the back door of the kitchen to the screened porch, out of the door from the screened porch, across a strip of lawn to the door which opened into her father's workshop.

She flung open the door and called, "Daddy!"

Stepping inside she came to a sudden halt. A chair had been overturned and broken. A sinister red pool had spread out over the cement floor. The floor, spotted here and there with fine sawdust, was covered with currency. The bills were all in a denomination of one hundred dollars, and to Muriell's startled eyes there seemed to be hundreds of them.

On the other side of the room to her right was a door which opened into Nancy's darkroom. In front of this door on the cement floor was her father's missing napkin. Muriell stepped over the napkin, pushed open the door of the darkroom. The acrid smell of fixing bath assailed her nostrils. Light, coming from the open door, served only to intensify the shadows at the far end of the room.

"Daddy!" Muriell called. Silence engulfed her voice. Muriell crossed the darkroom to fling open the door which led to the garages. The sports car and the club coupé were there in their proper places, but the sedan was missing.

Muriell, her heart still thumping, considered the problem of the missing sedan. Her father must have left the dining-room table, gone to the garage still carrying his napkin. Some sudden emergency had taken him out there before he realized the napkin was in his hand.

He must have gone to the garage first, from the garage through the door to the darkroom, then crossed the darkroom and opened the door to the workshop. What he had seen in the workshop had caused him to drop the napkin. Then what had happened? What was the significance of the overturned, broken chair? What was the significance of the money spread all over the floor?

Muriell, reaching a sudden decision, hurried to the telephone on the counter of Carter Gilman's woodworking shop, depressed the button which gave her an outside line and called her father's office. When she learned he was not there, she dialed the number of Perry Mason's telephone which had been written opposite his name on the filing jacket in Carter Gilman's briefcase.

The voice that answered the telephone assured her that Mr. Mason was not in but that his secretary was there.

"I'll talk with his secretary," Muriell said.

A moment later a reassuringly competent voice said, "This is Della Street, Mr. Mason's confidential secretary."

Muriell poured words into the telephone. "I suppose I'm completely crazy," she said, "but my father has disappeared. I found a note in his briefcase to call Mr. Mason in the event of any unexpected development and—well, there's just something mysterious about the whole thing. I ——"

"May I ask your father's name, please?"

"Carter Gilman. My mother is dead. I'm living here with him and my stepmother and her daughter. We ——"

"Your name, please?"

"Muriell Gilman."

"Can you give me your telephone number?"

Muriell gave it to her.

"And the address?"

"It's 6231 Vauxman Avenue."

"Mr. Mason just came in," Della Street said. "I'll call you back within five minutes."

"Thank you," Muriell said and hung up.

Perry Mason, walking over to his office desk, grinned a greeting at Della Street at the telephone, eyed the pile of mail on his desk with distaste and said, "Who is that you are promising to call back, Della?"

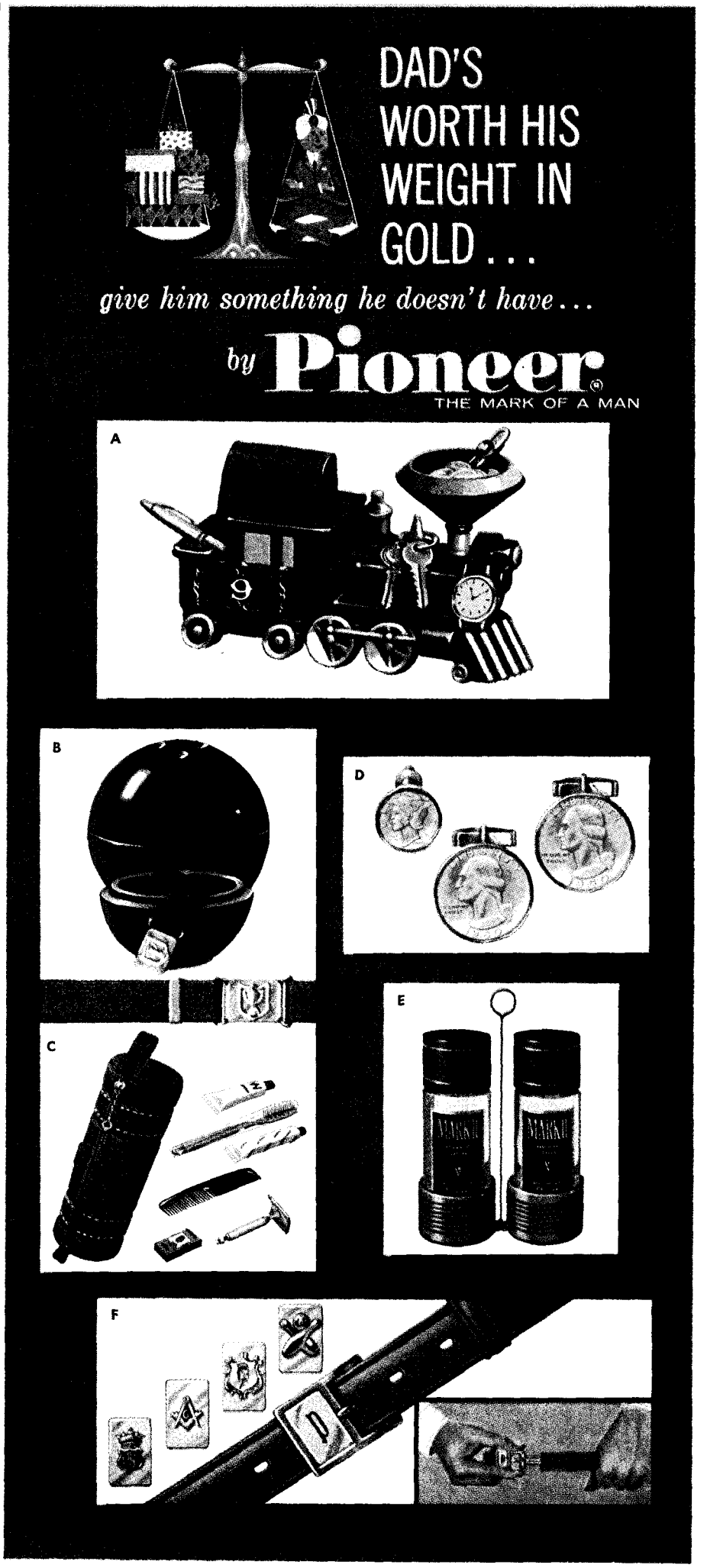
"A Muriell Gilman. Her father is Carter Gilman. I wanted to check the card index of clients, but I don't think we have anything on him."

Mason frowned a moment thoughtfully and then said, "There was a Gilman on one of my juries not too long ago. I've forgotten the first name. What's it all about, Della?"

"His daughter thinks he's disappeared."

"Gilman . . . Gilman . . . Carter Gilman. That name sounds familiar. Look him up in the jury cards, Della. I think he was one of the jurors in that case where it turned out there had been a mistaken identification."

Della Street moved over to the card index. Her nimble fingers ran through the cards of Mason's confidential file of jurors, and she said, "Yes, here he is. Carter



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Gilman. He was a juror on that Jones case. You have him marked as exceptional. It's the same address, 6231 Vauxman Avenue. Now wait a minute. Vauxman Avenue—*that* rings a bell."

Della Street turned from the file, opened the appointment book and said, "A man who gave his name as Edward Carter telephoned yesterday and asked for an appointment some time today. I gave him an eleven-thirty appointment. I asked him for the address and he said he was visiting here in the city with friends on Vauxman Avenue. Let me look up the number. . . . Yes, here it is, 6231—the same address."

"And this man gave the name of Edward Carter?"

She nodded.

"And Muriell says her father's name is Carter Gilman?"

"That's right."

"Did this Edward Carter say what he wanted to see me about?"

"Said it would be a consultation on a very confidential, personal matter and he'd like to have at least half an hour."

"And he has the appointment?"

"That's right, at eleven-thirty. I gave him the appointment. You'll find it on your appointment card."

"And what about the daughter?"

"I told her I'd call her back. She seemed terribly upset. I don't suppose there's anything anyone can tell her."

"Get her on the phone," Mason said. "I'll talk with her."

Della Street dialed the number and said, "Miss Muriell Gilman, please. Just a moment, Miss Gilman. Mr. Mason will talk with you personally."

Mason picked up the phone and said, "Mr. Mason, Miss Gilman. Now what was it about your father?"

"I feel terribly silly," Muriell said, "but my father was eating breakfast. I stepped out in the kitchen to refill his plate. I'd cooked fried eggs and homemade venison sausage. He'd asked for a second helping. He sometimes eats a very hearty breakfast and then seldom eats any lunch. When I came back with the sausage and egg he was gone."

"Nowhere in the house?" Mason asked.

"I couldn't find him anywhere."

"How many eggs had he eaten?" Mason asked.

"Two, and two big slabs of sausage."

"Let me ask you," Mason said, "whether Carter is his first name."

"Why, yes."

"What's his middle name?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, "Well, actually Carter is the middle name. His first name is Edward, but he prefers the middle name and doesn't like to part his name in the middle, so he just signs everything Carter Gilman."

"I see," Mason said thoughtfully. "Now, can you tell me just what happened, please?"

"I don't like to say over the telephone," Muriell said, "but—well, when I couldn't find him anywhere in the house I was very much alarmed. Then I couldn't find his napkin. Wherever he'd gone he'd taken his napkin with him, and so I went out to the workshop."

"What's the workshop?" Mason asked.

Muriell laughed nervously. "It's hard for me to explain, Mr. Mason, but his workshop is a part of the garage building where he works at his hobby. He does woodworking and sometimes some modeling in clay. I'm out there now. A chair has been smashed, and there's money all over the floor and a pool of—of blood."

"All right," Mason said, "you sit tight. I'm coming right out. I'll be there just as quick as I can make it. Have you said anything to anyone?"

"No."

"Don't say anything," Mason said. "Don't touch anything. Stay right there."

"Daddy's napkin's here on the floor," she said, "and ——"

"You sit tight," Mason said, "I'll be right out. Don't touch anything. Now this workshop you mention is in a garage building in back of the house?"

"Yes."

"There's a driveway into the garage, of course. Is there a vacant stall in the garage where I can leave my car?"

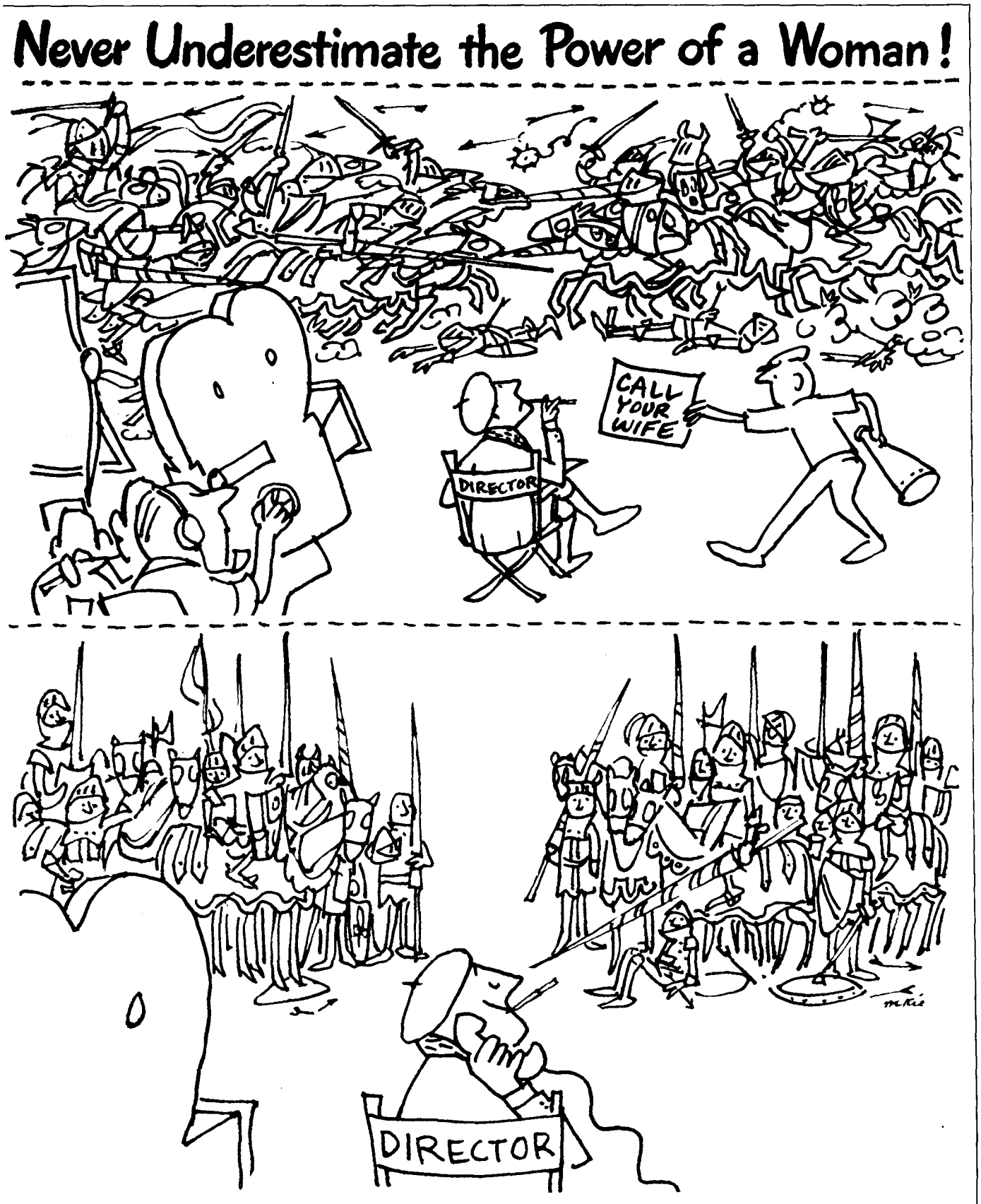
"Yes."

"I'll be driving my car," Mason said "I'll drive into the garage. You wait for me."

Mason hung up and glanced at Della Street. "You sit on the lid here, Della. I'm going out."

"What about this eleven-thirty appointment?"

"I'll be back for it," Mason said, "but I doubt very much if we're going to see Edward Carter."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Mason grabbed his hat, hurried down the corridor, took the elevator to the foyer, walked to the parking lot, jumped into his car and drove out into the congested morning traffic.

It took him twenty-five minutes to reach the address on Vauxman Avenue. As the lawyer turned into the driveway, he noticed that the big mansion somehow seemed austerely silent. He drove back to the garage and parked the car.

A door opened. A young woman, twenty years old with brown hair, warm, brown eyes, a good figure which radiated long-legged grace, stood in the doorway. She tried a wan smile.

"Mr. Mason?" she asked as the lawyer got out of his car.

Mason nodded. "You're Muriell Gilman?"

"Yes."

"Is this the workshop?"

"No, this is Nancy's darkroom. She's my stepmother."

"And the sports car?" Mason asked, indicating a car in the middle section of the garage.

"Glamis, Nancy's daughter, usually drives it, but sometimes Nancy does. The other car, the club coupé, is a family car. Daddy would have taken the sedan.

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Usually he walks to the bus—it's only four blocks."

"Are any of the others up?" Mason asked.

"Not a sound out of them," Muriell said. "They usually sleep until noon."

"Let's take a look," Mason said.

"If you'll follow me, please," Muriell said. "I'd better lead the way." She moved back into the darkroom. Mason, following her, noticed the shadowy outlines of photographic enlarging cameras, of a developing sink, of a printing box and filing cabinets.

"If you'll just stand by that door and hold it open until I open the other door," she said, "we won't need to turn on the lights."

Muriell crossed to the other door, opened it and said, "This is daddy's workshop."

Mason looked inside, then took Muriell by the shoulders and gently moved her back beside him so that they stood in the darkroom looking at the interior of the workshop.

There were lathes, saws, sanders and other woodworking machinery. Strung along rafters over the room were bits of rare wood carefully arranged so that all surfaces were exposed to the air. There were other slabs of wood on the work bench. The place was redolent of cedar, of sandalwood and of finely powdered sawdust.

On the cement floor were the red stain and the scattered hundred-dollar bills.

"This is the napkin your father was using?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

Mason bent to pick up the piece of linen and said, "There are some egg stains here."

"I'm sure it's daddy's, Mr. Mason. He had eggs and homemade venison sausage for breakfast."

"How many eggs?"

"Two."

"How many pieces of sausage?"

"There were two big slabs of sausage."

"It was put up in the style of a country sausage?"

"That's right, then frozen and thawed out for cooking."

"What else did your father have?"

"Cereal, toast and coffee."

"Any juice?"

"Yes, orange juice."

Mason inspected the napkin carefully, then thoughtfully folded it and slipped it in the side pocket of his coat.

"Then your father said he was still hungry?"

"He asked me if I'd mind cooking him another egg and another piece of sausage."

"That took a few minutes?"

"Quite a few minutes because the sausage was still frozen enough so I had to cut it in the center with a meat saw."

"I see," Mason said. He moved across the cement floor to study the sinister red spot. While he was making his investigation, Muriell kept talking, telling him about her father, the events of the morning.

The lawyer listened to her carefully, then bent over the red spot, looked puzzled for a moment, then gently touched his finger to the thick liquid. He rubbed thumb and finger together, smelled and said, "That's not blood. That's some kind of red enamel."

"Oh, for heaven's sakes!" Muriell said. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," Mason said, looking around; "and there's the can of enamel there on the shelf."

Muriell started over toward the can. "Just a minute," Mason warned. "Let's not leave any fingerprints on that can, if you don't mind. That can has been upset and then it's been picked up again. You don't have any idea when it was upset?"

"No, but there must have been a struggle and ——"

"A struggle, surely," Mason interrupted, "but we don't know when that struggle took place, Miss Gilman; and we mustn't jump to conclusions. It could be that your father entered the room and saw the can of paint lying on its side and the broken chair and decided to pick up the can of paint. You see, it's a can of enamel with a small slip-on cap. The cap was loose. In all probability not all of the enamel drained out. However, I don't want to touch the can to find out. Let's be rather careful not to leave any fingerprints."

"There must be some of my fingerprints here," Muriell said. "I'm out here all the time. I come out to watch daddy work."

"I see," Mason said. "However, I think it's better if we don't leave any fresh fingerprints. They might be superimposed on some other fingerprints. Let's pick up this money and count it. Tell me details while we're working."

Together they picked up the hundred-dollar bills and Mason put them together in a sheaf. Then he turned to Muriell. "How many did you pick up?"

"Forty-eight."

"Then," Mason said, "there are exactly a hundred of these bills making an even ten thousand dollars. Do you know anything about that, or have any idea where the money could have come from?"

She shook her head.

"How about some rubber bands?" Mason said.

"There are some in Nancy's darkroom. I know where she keeps them."

"All right, let's get some."

Muriell clicked on a light switch.

"Tut, tut!" Mason said, "I told you to be careful about touching things."

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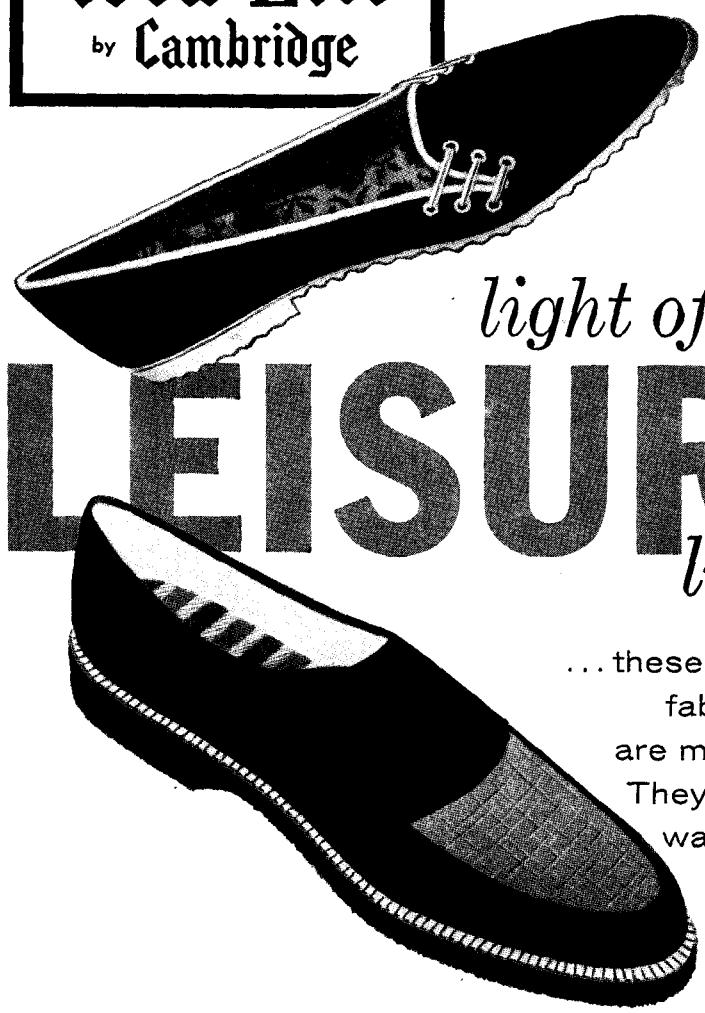

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"Oh, I forgot—how am I going to get the rubber bands without leaving fingerprints?"

"Use a handkerchief or the hem of your skirt," Mason said.

She raised her skirt to take the hem in her hand and opened a drawer. The inside of the drawer was divided into partitions, and each partition held rubber bands of a different size.

Mason used the tip of his fountain pen to lift out two rubber bands, then nodded to Muriell to close the drawer. The lawyer slipped the rubber bands over the ends of the stack of currency.

Then Mason said, "Now, do you have a picture of your father that you can get?"

"Why, yes, there's a framed portrait in my room, but ——"

"It might not be advisable for you to go to the house right at the moment," Mason said. "Are there any here in the darkroom?"

"Oh, yes, I guess there must be. Nancy has dozens of pictures. She likes to do portrait work."

"Then there should be some photographs of your father here," Mason said. "Let's see if we can find one without touching anything."

They moved around the darkroom. At length Muriell said, "I think there are some in this drawer."

She bent down to clutch the edge of her skirt between thumb and forefinger, raised her skirt and opened the drawer.

"Yes," she said, "here are several."

"We'll just take this top one," Mason said, taking an eight-by-ten enlargement from the top of the drawer. "Now, that's your father?"

"Yes, that's daddy."

Mason studied the rounded face with some interest.

"How old is he?"

"Well, let's see, daddy's forty-two or maybe it's forty-three."

"And your stepmother?"

"Heaven knows," she said, laughing. "She's in the middle thirties. She'll never tell you her age and we never ask."

"How old is Nancy's daughter, Glamis?"

"She's just twenty."

"And you."

"I'm just the same age. Mr. Mason, what are we going to do about daddy? He must have taken the sedan. Should we trace it?"

Mason said, "I'll call you back a little after noon. I'll try and find out something. Your father has an office here in the city?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where?"

"In the Piedmont Building."

"What does he do?"

"He has an investment business, buying and selling properties, both for himself and for a list of clients who form investment pools."

"He's in the business by himself?"

"Well, I guess daddy owns the business, but there is an associate in with him."

"And have you telephoned the office to see if your father is there?"

"I telephoned about—well, shortly before I called you, and they said he was expected in at any time. I left word for him to call me when he came in. I wanted to tell him about his briefcase."

Mason said, "Well, I'll try and get a line on things and let you know a little after noon. In the meantime, I don't think there's anything to worry about. You'd better take custody of this ten thousand dollars."

She seemed in a sudden panic. "Oh, no, Mr. Mason. I don't want to touch it. I don't know where that money came from. I don't know what this is all about and—well, now that I find that red pool was just red enamel on the cement I feel terribly sheepish about this whole business. I guess I acted like a fool, dragging you all the way out here.

"But I do want you to know, Mr. Mason, that I'll pay your bill, whatever it is. I have an individual checking account and—I guess I just went into a panic when I saw the money and the smashed chair and daddy's napkin and the red pool in the middle of the floor."

"I can understand how you felt," Mason said. "I think everything's going to be all right. Just don't say anything about my having been here, and I'll just drive back to the office. Now remember, you're not to say a thing about the fact I was here—not to anyone. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"At least not until after I've telephoned you," Mason said. "And I'll call you shortly after noon. You'll be here?"

"I most certainly will."

"All right," Mason told her, "I'll call you."

(*Continued on Page 106*)

"Do you have an appointment?"

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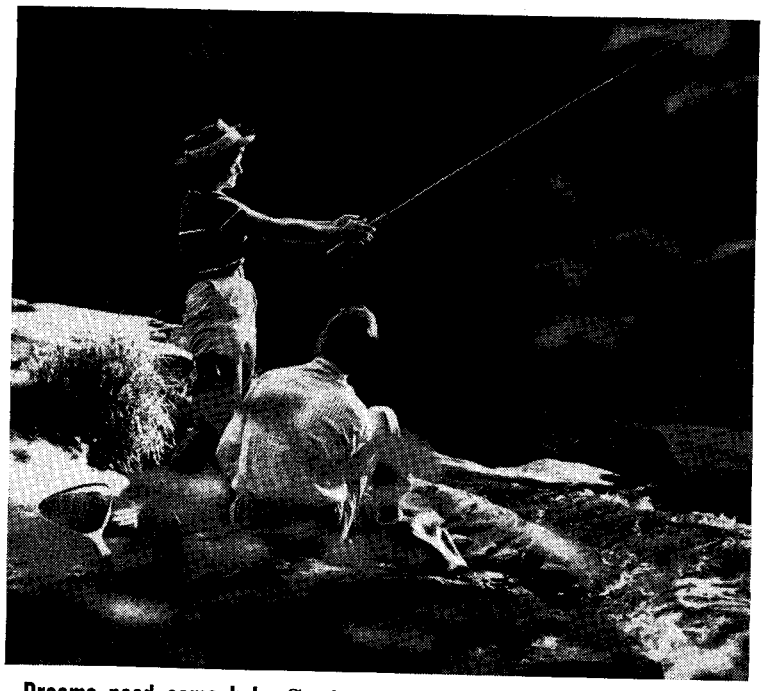

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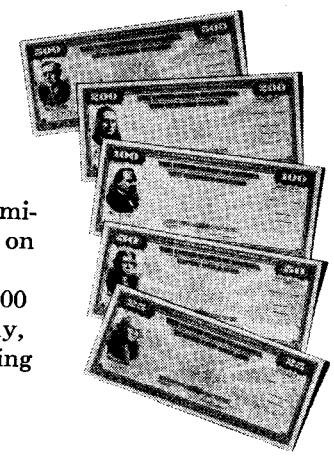

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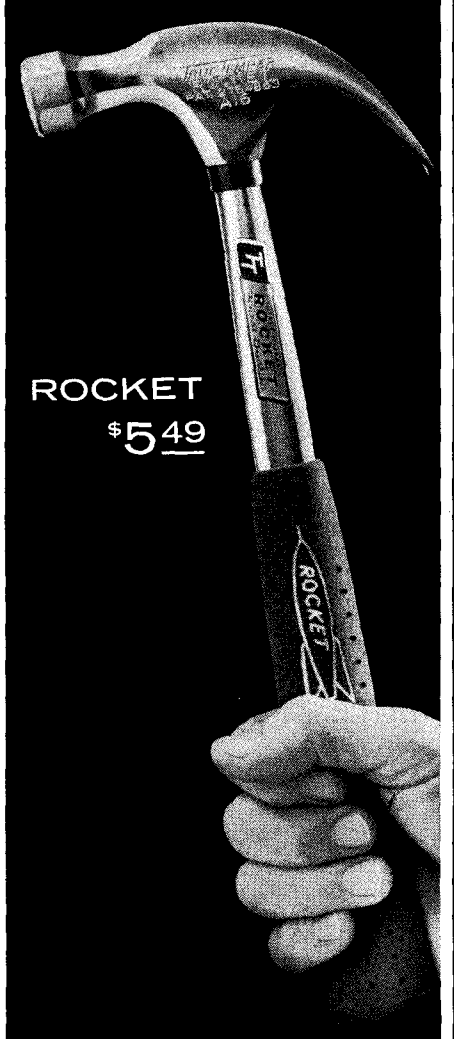

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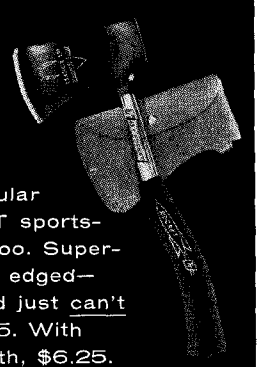

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(*Continued from Page 104*) Back in his office Mason reported to Della Street. "Put this sheaf of currency in the safe, Della. Here's an eight-by-ten enlargement of Mr. Carter Gilman, and for your information the sinister red spot on the floor, which she told about on the phone, turned out to be where a can of red enamel had been turned over.

"Carter Gilman had evidently taken the sedan to work. Usually he walks four blocks to a bus stop. This morning he got up, left the house without a word and took the sedan, unless he ——"

"Unless he what?" she demanded.

"Looked in his workshop, found an intruder, had a fight, spilled ten thousand dollars in currency on the floor and then was taken for a ride while he was unconscious. And in that event, whoever returns to look for the ten grand will perhaps have a little difficulty finding it."

"Perhaps not too great difficulty," Della Street said. "You may wind up as the target for an enterprising gunman."

"We'll have to take a chance on that," Mason said. "We have approximately half an hour before that appointment."

Della Street eyed Mason's desk. "You'll only have time to skim through the important letters on top of the pile."

"O.K.," Mason said. "Then at eleven-thirty we'll take a good look at Mr. Edward Carter Gilman and find out just why he should have made an appointment under an assumed name. Let's tackle this mail until then."

As Perry Mason more or less surreptitiously looked at his watch for the fifth time within ten minutes, Della Street smiled and said, "Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes. You're all worked up about that appointment, wondering if he's going to show up or not."

"It is now four and a half minutes past eleven-thirty, Della."

"At the sound of the chime," Della Street said.

Mason threw back his head and laughed. "All right, let's face it. I'm fascinated by this whole business."

"A father leaving the breakfast table without saying good-by to his daughter?" Della Street asked.

Mason shook his head. "A father eating two eggs and a couple of slabs of homemade venison sausage, then asking his daughter to go back to the kitchen and cook one more egg and another slab of sausage."

"Sounds like a workingman," Della Street said. "Especially when you add to that orange juice, cereal and toast."

Mason nodded.

"So then he takes ten thousand dollars and throws it all over the floor of his workshop," Della Street said.

"And drops his napkin, upsets a can of red paint, instructs his daughter not to call the police under any circumstances and leaves my name and telephone number for his daughter to find."

Della Street digested that information. "It sounds almost as if he might have planned to murder someone," she said.

"Now, as far as the food is concerned," Mason went on, "there is only one logical explanation for his asking for more food. He had to get rid of her for a few moments."

"Why?"

"Heaven knows. It may have been because of something he read in the paper. It may be because of something he saw out of the window."

"Now that's a thought!" Della Street said. "He ——"

The phone on Della Street's desk rang. Della picked up the receiver and said to the receptionist, "Yes, Gertie," then turned to Mason and smiled. "Mr. Edward Carter is here for his appointment."

"Have him come right in," Mason said.

"I'll bring him," Della Street said, hanging up the telephone and moving with supple grace to the door which led to the outer offices.

Mason watched her approvingly as she walked through the door, kept his eyes on the door and got to his feet as the somewhat chubby man in his forties came through the door and said, "Mr. Mason. I'm sorry I'm late."

"Edward Carter," Della Street introduced.

There could be no question but what this man was the man who had posed for the eight-by-ten photograph Muriell Gilman had given Perry Mason earlier in the day.

"Sometimes it's rather difficult to estimate traffic problems," Mason said. "You wanted to consult me professionally, Mr. Carter?"

"Yes."

"Of course," Mason said, "I'm not certain I'm at liberty to accept you as a client. An attorney always has to be careful to screen his potential clients so as to make certain he doesn't get conflicting interests. So perhaps before you tell me the particulars you had better tell me generally what it's all about. Now, my secretary has your address as 6231 Vauxman Avenue—is that right?"

"That's right. That's where I'm staying at the moment."

"Your business address?"

The man hesitated a moment, then shook his head and said, "I don't have any. I've sort of—sort of retired."

"All right," Mason said; "what is it generally that you want to see me about?"

"I am acting on behalf of a friend," the man said.

"Go on."

"This is a very dear friend, a woman who happens to be married to a man who is also a friend of mine."

"Her name?"

"Gilman. Nancy Gilman. I am visiting her and her husband at the moment. They are the ones who reside at 6231 Vauxman Avenue."

"I see," Mason said, his face expressionless. "Go on. What about Mrs. Gilman?"

"Mrs. Gilman is being blackmailed."

"You're certain?"

"Quite certain."

"And, as a friend, you want me to do something about it?"

"Let's take it one step at a time, Mr. Mason. One can't do very much with blackmail until he knows exactly what it is the person is being blackmailed over."

"And you have no idea?" Mason asked.

"Frankly, no. That's one of the things I want to find out."

"What else?"

"That's all for the present. After we find out what's in her past we'll probably know the hold that the blackmailer has over her."

"Do you, by any chance, know the blackmailer?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?" Mason asked, his voice showing his keen interest.

The man hesitated a moment, then said, "After all, I guess I have to be fair with you, Mr. Mason, and put my cards on the table. The blackmailer is a private detective named Vera Martel. Her middle initial is 'M.' Her business cards and stationery simply state the name as V. M. MARTEL, INVESTIGATOR. She has offices both here and in Las Vegas, Nevada. She seems to specialize in divorce business."

"Just what do you want me to do?" Mason asked.

"What makes you think your brain is powerful enough to carry this far?"

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The man took an envelope from his coat pocket, saying, "I prefer to handle things of this nature on a strictly cash basis, Mr. Mason. I have here seven hundred and fifty dollars."

He reached a well-manicured hand into the envelope, took out a five-hundred-dollar bill, two one-hundred-dollar bills and a fifty-dollar bill. "You'll want some money for expenses. You'll need a private detective agency and also a retainer," the man said.

Mason didn't move to pick up the money. "You'll be staying here in the city for some time?"

"Long enough for this matter to terminate, I hope."

"And if I want to reach you I can simply call the Gilman residence?"

"Heavens! Don't call me there!" the man exclaimed in alarm.

"How can I get in touch with you then?"

"I—I'd better call you. I certainly wouldn't like to have the folks I'm visiting think that I—well, even as an intimate friend of the family I don't want to seem to be interfering in their affairs."

"I see. You expect to be visiting there for some time?"

"Yes. However, *don't* try to get in touch with me there. I'll call you."

Mason studied the man, looked at the slightly chunky figure, the bushy eyebrows, the patient, thoughtful brown eyes behind tortoise-shell glasses.

"You're there during the day?" Mason asked.

The man became impatient. "I tell you, Mr. Mason, I'll get in touch with *you*. Please don't try to get in touch with me."

"I'm just trying to find out something about the arrangement there," Mason said, "before I can tell whether or not I'm going to take the case."

"I see. Well, I can explain it very simply, Mr. Mason. I'm an old friend, a very old friend, of Mr. Gilman. Mr. Gilman was married rather happily. He has one daughter, Muriell. She is twenty years of age. She's living there in the house.

"Mr. Gilman's first wife was killed in an automobile accident and he married again. Nancy, his present wife, had a daughter by a prior marriage. Her name is Glamis—Glamis Barlow. She's the same age as Gilman's daughter—twenty. They're a delightful family.

"I am very fond of them all. The two daughters are typical of the very best in young womanhood today. One is rather demure but smart as chain lightning; that's Muriell Gilman. The other is verbally daring, quick at repartee, but intensely devoted to her friends and exceedingly loyal. That's Glamis Barlow.

"I certainly wouldn't want anything to happen that would blight their lives."

"But it is Mrs. Gilman who is being blackmailed?"

"I believe so, but it could very well have something to do with either one or the other daughter."

"What does Mr. Gilman do?" Mason asked.

"Investments. He buys property, develops it, sells it—has rather a shrewd eye for real estate. He also manages investment pools."

"You've known him for a long time?"

"A very long time."

"And what about his present wife?"

"She's an artist—that is, she has artistic tendencies. She likes to paint and she's very much interested in photography. Right at the moment she's experimenting with portrait work."

"She does this commercially?"

"Heavens, no! It's just a fad. She's—well, I think she's rather well fixed."

"They set a good table?" Mason asked casually.

"Very good—although I don't see what that has to do with it."

"I like to eat, myself," Mason said, "but I've reached a point where I have to watch my calories—not enough outdoor exercise."

"I know," his visitor said. "People are supposed to keep from putting on too much weight. I'm supposed to watch my calories."

"I like a good breakfast," Mason said.

"So do I."

"What's your typical breakfast?" Mason asked.

"Oh, toast and soft-boiled eggs perhaps, sometimes a fried egg. What's the reason for this, Mr. Mason?"

"Just trying to get the picture," Mason said breezily. "What's Gilman's first name, by the way?"

"Carter."

"Oh," Mason said, "the same as your last name. You're not any relation, are you?"

"No."

"Can you describe Mr. Gilman?"

"Why, he's—he's about my age. He's—well, when you come right down to it, it's rather hard to give a physical description of a person, a friend. Let's see ——"

"Oh, well, never mind," Mason said. "I think I have the picture pretty well. I was just trying to make sure that you weren't being officious and butting into something that would cause hard feelings. But I guess it's all right. By the way, does Mr. Gilman by any chance know that you're calling on me?"

"No. He has no idea. I'm doing this on my own."

"And you want me to check into Mrs. Gilman's past and find out what it is that would lay her open to blackmail?" Mason asked.

"Yes," the man said. "I want you to start working on Nancy Gilman. Go back to the Year One. Find out everything you can about her."

"Well, what do we have to start on?" Mason asked. "Where was she born, how old is she?"

"She's thirty-nine. She was born in Los Angeles. I don't know too much about her marriage to Steve Barlow. I gathered that it was just an average marriage. She was young at the time ——"

"He died?" Mason asked.

"No, they were divorced."

"Where were they married?"

"In San Francisco. Barlow worked in San Francisco. He was in the insurance business, I believe."

"Has he remarried, do you know?"

"I don't know. I rather think he has."

"Where does he live? Do you know?"

"Las Vegas, Nevada."

"Do you have the address?"

"No. As a friend of the family, I'd hardly have that."

"Does this daughter ever visit him, or does he ever visit her?"

"I believe Glamis does see something of him. I think she visits him in Las Vegas. However, Mr. Mason, I can tell you very positively all this has nothing to do with what I want to find out. I want to know about Nancy's past, what there is in it which could possibly cause her to pay blackmail."

"There might be many things," Mason said dryly.

The man shook his head. "You don't know Nancy. If someone raked up a purple chapter out of her past, Nancy would simply laugh it off. She'd admit it and even furnish more details—and she'd get away with it. She's that type—vital, magnetic, unconventional.

"But this thing, whatever it is, has her worried sick. I can't imagine what it could be unless it's a—well, a murder."

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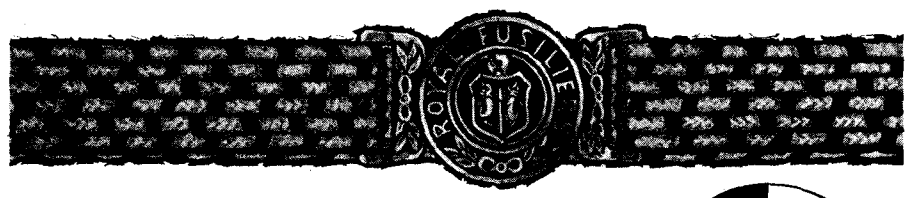

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The Trouble With American Tourists

(Continued from Page 36)

To illustrate, let us suppose you go to Europe this summer. The beginning of your trip is auspicious enough. The going-away party, in your stateroom or at the airport, is gay with flowers, telegrams, champagne and envious friends and relatives waving farewell. The voyage by air or sea is smooth, and there's a good crowd aboard, other Americans who have looked forward to this trip as you have and are determined to have a memorable time and miss nothing. Things look even better than you anticipated. And then ——

And then—sometimes within minutes of landing on foreign soil—you notice customs officials who are impatient and short-tempered, porters seemingly convinced you're not going to give them a fair tip, a maître d'hôtel who insists you want your steak well done when you've stated three times you want it medium rare. Suddenly it occurs to you that although this may be your first voyage abroad, several millions of your countrymen have preceded you. You may be arriving in a foreign country as fresh and innocent as milk. But the people who live in that country have the distinct impression they've seen you—or thousands like you—before.

It is at this point that you begin to wonder about the fellow who came before you, how he treated chambermaids and taxi drivers, what he told the headwaiter, whether he undertipped or overtipped, and if he spoke the language. What you are really wondering, reduced to essentials, is which tourist school of thought he adhered to. For there are two great groups of American tourists, easily differentiated by their attitude or approach. School of Thought A maintains that travelers are the guests of the countries they visit and should treat the peoples of those countries with courtesy and understanding. School of Thought B's philosophy is: *Who's paying for this trip anyway?*

Both groups have been, and still are, adequately represented among our voyagers abroad. And thus an element of chance enters into your trip. If you fall in behind tourists of Group A persuasion, your path will likely be strewn with roses of good will; if behind Group B tourists, it will be thorns, thorns all the way.

Of course, it is patently unfair that you, a perfect stranger to foreign parts, should be judged and served and treated according to the behavior of Americans who have gone before you. Yet fairly or unfairly, you often will be. To console yourself, you have only to think of the Americans who will come after you, how they'll be judged and treated according to the way *you* behave. Take it one step further, and you realize that to a certain extent the entire United States is being judged abroad by the way her citizens—including you—comport themselves away from home.

This can be an extremely disquieting thought. As a matter of fact, it has already disquieted the State Department, the Department of Defense and the President himself. Recently the State Department has created a Bureau of International Cultural Relations, to "reconcile the antagonisms" created by American tourists abroad. The Defense Department has begun to crack down more heavily on United States soldiers, sailors and marines who misbehave in foreign lands. For the last four years every American passport has included a note from President Eisenhower beginning, "Dear Fellow Citizen," and ending with the admonition: "To all the varied peoples of these countries, you, the bearer of an American passport, represent the United States of America." Obviously the President would like all of us to belong to Group A.

It is dismal to report that the State and Defense departments and the President were a little late in their concern. Since 1948, when United States citizens got their first big case of postwar wanderlust, 12,000,000 of our compatriots have wandered abroad, and in those twelve years have left footprints everywhere, many of them on other people's shins. As a result, many foreigners have a conception of the average American that would, I think, shock most of us. Today the nicest compliment a European can think to pay an American is: "But you *can't* be American! You're so nice!" (Or "so polite." Or "so thoughtful.") Wincing at the backhandedness of such compliments, the responsible American realizes that the problem now is not only one of creating a Group A image of America abroad but also one of erasing a Group B image already there.

That image, in very broad, sweeping lines, is of a wealthy and ill-mannered barbarian who carries his Americanism around like a chip on the shoulder. And although it is a hideously inaccurate pic-

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Even in middle age most men are ready for anything—provided they can do it sitting down.

HAL CHADWICK

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ture of most of us, it has not sprung full-grown and fully formed out of nowhere. If we want to correct it, it may behoove us to examine how it was formed in the first place. Let us take a few examples from this writer's memory alone:

The scene is the Spielhaus or Casino of Wiesbaden, in West Germany. The actors are the croupier and a reeling, bantam Texan who is playing roulette. The dialogue is short and angry. Croupier: "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs.*"

The Texan, bellowing, raking in stacks of chips: "Will you cut out talking that damned German language! Talk English!"

Croupier, meekly: "Make your bets, please, gentlemen."

The scene is the bar of the fashionable Plaza Hotel in Madrid. Actors are a Spanish waiter in a starched white coat and a middle-aged matron from Chicago in unstarched mink. Chicago matron, comfortably: "I'll have a Scotch on the rocks." And to her companions: "You know, I'm surprised people don't get more diseases when they travel! Some of these places *look* clean, you know, but underneath ——" One minute later our matron is complaining because she's been given the smallest Scotch on the rocks in the history of firewater.

The next scene is a restaurant on the water front at Cannes, on the French Riviera. The actors are a French bartender and some American tourists. Around midnight a fracas blows up in the restaurant bar, and a few Americans walking past on the street step in to see what they can do to quiet it. They find the bartender being roughed up by a young man from Omaha. Rescuing bartender, bottles and glasses, the Americans discover that their Omaha compatriot has tried to pay his bar bill with an unsigned traveler's check, which the bartender refused as worthless.

The rescuing Americans, sternly: "You wouldn't try to get away with that at home. Why do you try it here?"

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Young man from Omaha: "Aw, what the hell. These Frogs don't know the difference."

The scene now is a bus making a Cook's tour of Istanbul. The principal actors are a Turkish sight-seeing guide and a fat, brassy-voiced American woman with red hair. Having flirted kittenishly with the guide and got nowhere, the red-headed woman ostentatiously wraps her Americanism around her and declares loudly that in America they have "decent" sight-seeing buses, that British and Turkish money are both "crazy," that if the Turks could only develop the Bosporus shoreline, they'd really "have something."

Then, spotting the new Hilton Istanbul Hotel, she remarks belligerently, "You see? It takes an American to build a hotel in this country!" The other passengers, British, Italian, German and one other American, squirm in their seats, and by the time the tour is over, walk quickly away.

These are only a few examples that come to mind. Some of them, although embarrassing, can have their humorous side:

American in London: "Why the hell can't you Limeys learn to drive on the right side of the street?"

American eating a *tournedos Rossini à la béarnaise* at Maxim's in Paris: "I gotta scrape the guck off this meat."

American in Switzerland (which has the hardest currency in the world): "How much is that in *real* money?"

American in the Ginza in Tokyo: "Let's go back to the hotel. There're too many Japs around here."

Americans everywhere abroad: "Lord! And they call that *coffee?*"

Not necessarily the worst, but far from the most endearing of our tourists abroad are those junketeering congressmen and senators and their staff employees who, in the mistaken impression they are still running for office, spend much of their time abroad extolling everything American and pooh-poohing everything foreign. Recently one of our congressmen was touring Lisbon escorted by two Portuguese architects, and everything the architects showed him the congressman found puny and insignificant compared with construction in the United States. The big football stadium at Jamor, a suburb of Lisbon, couldn't hold a candle to the Rose Bowl or Cotton Bowl. The new four-lane *autostrada* to Estoril couldn't touch the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Lisbon's fine new buildings were nothing compared with Rockefeller Center and the Empire State Building. Finally, after an entire day of this, the two architects took the congressman to his hotel room, and there, in the middle of the bed, was an enormous turtle. The congressman blanched.

"What's that?"

"That," said one of the Portuguese sternly, "is a cockroach. And if you say you have bigger in America, we will kill you."

Naturally we would all like the foreign people we meet to determine at a glance whether we are of Group A or Group B. Their answer is that they try to, but we come in such droves that there is seldom time. Considering how we must appear to them—jangling with dollars, jamming their hotels and restaurants to capacity, clambering all over their monuments, descending on their cities and beaches in summer like a swarm of camera-bearing locusts—it is surprising that they can distinguish between us at all. Yet in a simple preliminary way they do, when they can get around to it. When we come alone or in small groups, and stay long enough to evince an interest in their country and its ways, their response is one of warm gratitude. When we come in bus- and planeloads by the hundreds, or whiz through a continent allotting only a few days to each country, the people along our way are doing well even to get our names straight.

This may well be the nub of the problem—the oddly ambivalent attitude the Group B tourist has toward his own anonymity. On the one hand he tells himself happily that this is France or Ceylon or Sweden or whatever; because no one knows him here, he can get away with things he would never do at home. On the other hand he complains that people keep treating him as "just another damned tourist."

Since he cannot make up his mind whether he appreciates his anonymity or resents it, it seems unreasonable of him to want to have it both ways—to be treated both as an irresponsible tourist and as a responsible individual.

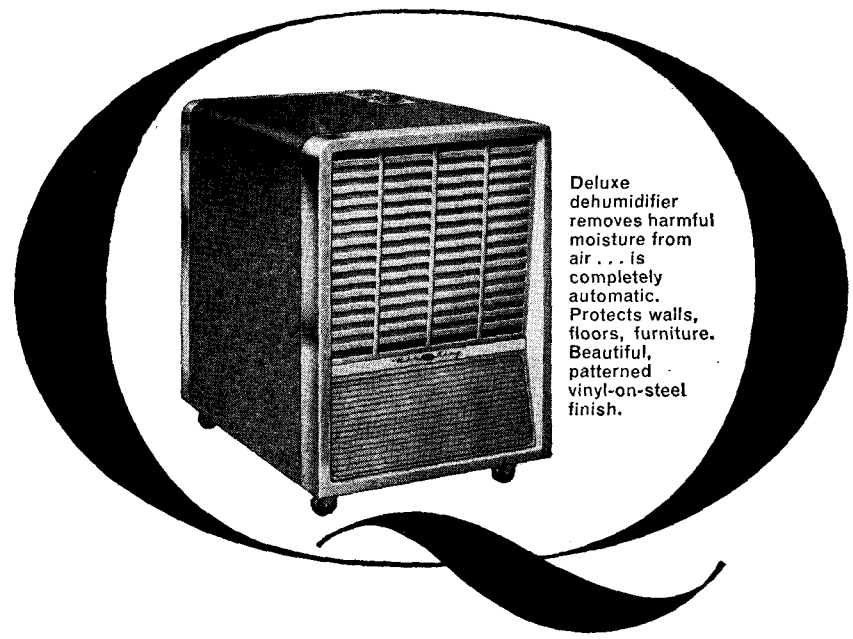
This brings us to the more specific resentments, real and imaginary, that he has against the way he is treated. Foremost among these—way out ahead—is the deep, dark suspicion that he is being cheated at every turn. Secondly come his harassments with foreign moneys, foreign languages, the strange, incomprehensible customs of foreign people, and the un-American food and drink. These latter he could presumably take, or so he claims, if he didn't feel he was being gypped all the time. Seldom does he realize that it is his unfamiliarity with the money, language and customs of a country that makes him ill at ease and therefore suspicious of every bill presented to him.

Sometimes he is cheated, for big sums or small. More often he is not, but can only take it on faith. Many an honest *garçon* or Herr Ober has stood perplexed at the wrath of a departing American customer to whom he has patiently tried to explain that a *couvert* is a legal cover charge, that a special vegetable costs extra. Many an honest American, too, has looked at his change in shillings, francs or drachmas with puzzlement, wondering whether he is counting it wrong or whether this is the moment to blow his top. Most such misunderstandings could have been avoided, had the tourist only taken the time and trouble to learn a little something about a country's language and currency before going there.

For some mysterious reason, never explained to me, the American at home in the United States regards a restaurant check as something faintly repulsive, which he must avoid looking at, and so slaps a banknote on top of it and shoves it away fast, leaving the change with a grand, absent-minded wave of his hand. The same American in a foreign country will grab up the check as if it were a personally delivered insult, scrutinize it with microscopic care and immediately, in a ringing voice, call for the maître d'hôtel.

If the tourist travels from country to country, the question of money becomes geometrically confounded as he struggles to relate a new foreign currency not only to the dollar but also to the last foreign currency. In this case he is like a child who has finally straightened out his relationship to all his aunts and uncles and cousins, but can't quite relate them to each other. Translating lire into Deutschmarks, and kronen into rubles, can become a pretty tangling experience and generally leads to that old saw we mentioned earlier—"How much is that in *real* money?"—a question non-Americans throughout the world bitterly resent.

The same holds true of languages. Unless he is a language expert, which the average tourist is not, the American abroad soon gets lost in a jungle of incomprehensible jabber from which he may try to fight his way out by speaking a



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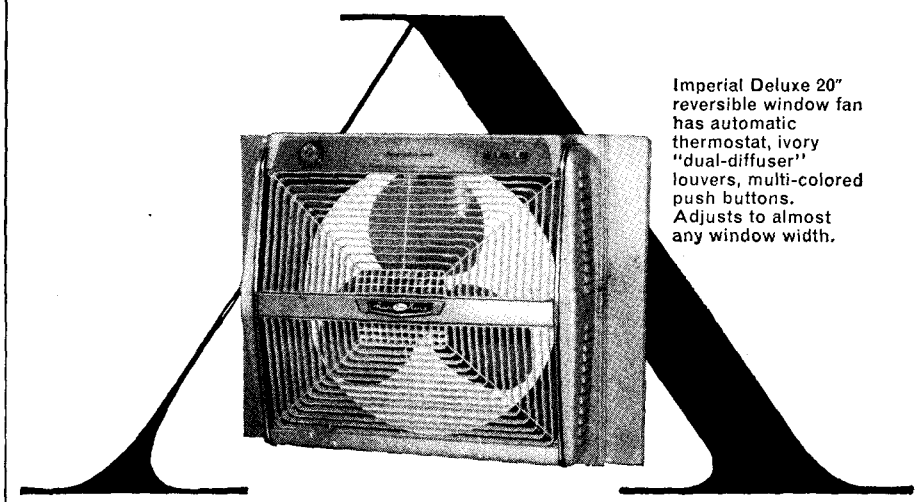

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kind of pidgin English slowly, distinctly, in a loud, firm voice, often accompanied by gestures which would do credit only to Tarzan and Jane. This is not a bad ploy in many situations, as it appeals to the foreigner's maternal or paternal instincts and allows him to practice his English, which he is generally eager to do. It is not, however, recommended when anything of importance needs to be conveyed, such as road directions—it can lead to misunderstandings which may cost the tourist days.

If the tourist has a light smattering of a language or two, he has a great advantage, but still a tenuous one. For no sooner does he get a bite into the language than someone snatches it out of his mouth. Speaking to a *trattore* in Italian or a concierge in French, if he doesn't rattle along like an atomic-powered locomotive, the *trattore* or concierge will invariably interrupt him somewhere between the dative and the accusative with a polite, impeccably pronounced, "May I help you, sir?" in English. For anyone with knowledge of a foreign language, one of the joys of finding a place off the beatnik path is that you can sometimes speak something besides English.

Another great area of discomfiture is the question of tipping. Here the tourist is really caught. If he is a Group A tourist, he tends to overtip, realizing how little the money means to him and how much it means to the tipped. If he is a tourist of Group B, he will either undertip scandalously or overtip scandalously, depending on who's watching him. In restaurants and hotels abroad the tourist is usually not required to tip at all, since a 15 per cent service charge is automatically included in the bill in most European and South American countries and some Asian ones as well. The catch is that natives of these countries scrupulously avoid tipping over the 15 per cent service charge and deplore Americans' doing it because "it spoils the help."

And so the confused American, caught between an avaricious waiter and the sharp-eyed foreigners at the next table, is back on the horns of his familiar dilemma. If he doesn't tip, the waiter will grunt, "Typical tightfisted American." If he does, the other customers will jeer, "Typical show-off American." He can't win; he really can't.

He can't win with a cup of coffee either, and rarely with a dry Martini. Indeed, these two simple items do more than any others to embitter the traveling American. The constant lack of soap and toilet paper, the strange roaring contraptions sometimes offered as "sanitary installations," the plethora of cathedrals and the penury of central heating can never even hope to compete with coffee and the dry Martini as sources of international friction.

Coffee is perhaps the sorest point of all, a rallying ground for national sentiment, a common bond for all tourists. In England they boil it, which gives it a rich taste of the pot, if you like pots. In many Latin countries they add a pinch of chicory, which is fine if you like chicory. In France, where it is generally known as a *filtre*, it is served in a cup with its own individual filter through which it is supposed to *filtrer* and sometimes does and sometimes doesn't. It is rumored that in hidden corners of the Café de la Paix in Paris there are lonely tourists of the 1950's still sitting, patiently waiting for their *filtre* to filter. In the rest of Europe the farther south you go, the stronger the coffee gets, until by the time you reach the Middle East it's no longer necessary to enclose it in a cup; it can stand on its own two feet. Small wonder an occasional American grabs a plane and hurries home to get a cup of "good old American coffee."

As for the dry Martini, there are few oases outside the United States where it exists in anything approaching pure form. (East of the Iron Curtain it is considered an act of capitalistic aggression even to order one.) And yet the very existence of these few oases has much to do with American tourist togetherness. For it is here where the dry Martini exists—places like the George V and Ritz bars in Paris, the Excelsior in Rome, the Hiltons in Madrid and Berlin, the Ritz in Lisbon and the Connaught and Savoy in London—that the American abroad has established his own beachheads, on which comparatively few foreigners tread. Here the moneyed tourist is safely barricaded in with his own kind. Here all is peaceful and noisy, and no voice is raised that is not American. Let an unwary foreigner walk into one of these happy hovels speaking German or Italian or French, and all heads turn and all spines stiffen. The nerve!

"Found him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On the other hand, any American drink in foreign lands has one big black mark against it, and that is the reputation it has given Americans for being loud and unruly. In this, our foreign critics are being grossly unfair, and I can prove it. It is not American drinks, which are expensive abroad, but other countries' wines and liqueurs that have tarnished our reputation. The explanation is simple: Never one to give up his American way of life just because he's crossed an ocean, the American abroad drops into one of the aforementioned oases and has two or three cocktails before dinner. He then proceeds to a restaurant where, because the wine is cheap and plentiful and good, he has a couple of bottles of wine with his meal. After that, when the wine stewards come around with a cart loaded with bottles of brandy and *grappa* and assorted liqueurs, he has a couple of those to help him bolt down that coffee. Finally, if he's with an interesting crowd, he may revert to Scotch and soda or a bourbon highball or two. All he is really trying to do is solve the same old dilemma of remaining faithful to his American ways and at the same time doing as the Europeans do. If this results in an overturned table or a slight disagreement among friends, there is still no reason to blame the simple American cocktail.

It is the same with the tourist's reputed forgetfulness. Airline stewardesses and railway porters claim that Americans go through the world strewing their belongings everywhere, forgetting their cameras, light meters, books and magazines, coats, hats, umbrellas, spectacles, suitcases, wallets, children and gloves. The police of various countries insist that their lost-and-found departments could furnish an American department store. Yet, who wouldn't forget things when he's leaping from city to city and country to country in an ever-growing snarl of foreign plane tickets, railway timetables, customs regulations, police questionnaires, hotel bills, laundry receipts, inoculation forms, hat checks and luggage stubs?

A cab driver in Naples once told me of an American movie director who checked out of the Hotel Santa Lucia in a whirlwind of haste, stashed his luggage in the cab and said rush him to the airport, *presto*. Halfway to the airport the American sat up and yelled: "Good Lord! I forgot my wife!" Whereupon they had to turn around and drive back, missing the plane, to find the lady sitting quietly in the lobby of the hotel, waiting.

Telling me this, the Neapolitan cabby laughed—a rather sinister laugh, I thought. "That proves, eh?" he said. "They will forget anything, the Americans." It was impossible to convince him that wife-forgetting was not an everyday occurrence in America.

And so the poor tourist, trying to get his money's worth, trying not to lose more than a fair share of his belongings, trying to get someone to understand what he's saying, wanders the earth in search of a cup of American coffee, a dry Martini, and a steak like he used to get at Joe's. Sometimes one wonders if this type of tourist ever left home, and if so, why. What he's looking for is not abroad; it is back in his own back yard. In this mood he'd have done better to save his time and money and go to Yosemite National Park.

Sometimes, in his search for a home away from home, the tourist receives welcome support from friends of the family who "live here," Americans who have taken up residence abroad and who can help him with his hotel and travel and shopping problems with all the past mastery of old foreign hands. More often than not, however, even these who are fellow Americans unconsciously betray him by giving him the biggest case of inferiority yet. I refer to the seasoned American harpies of both sexes who frequent cocktail and dinner parties in capital cities like Cairo, Rome, Moscow and Paris for seemingly no other reason than to put the casual American visitor in his place. Listening to them, one quickly gets the impression that anyone who can't converse intelligently in five or six languages is a hopeless meathead, and anyone who doesn't know Europe and the Near East like the palm of his hand was brought up in a cave.

As they go on, place-name-dropping like mad, comparing the airports of Khartoum and Karachi, the ski runs at Zakopane and Pontresina, and the temples at Baalbek and Delphi, the tourist's morale sinks lower and lower. Just as he is congratulating himself on beginning to know his way around Europe, these incredible Americans are off on a merry discussion of whether you can get better woolens in Galway or Jidda, better silver in Aleppo or Aalborg, better baths in Turku or La Spezia. Or just as he has begun to feel he can almost hold his own in passable French, they're all off talking German with an Austrian accent. It will do him no good to try to outdo these people in overseasmanship—they've been playing the game for years, and besides, they made up all the rules.

With all these problems, plus all those inherited from yesterday's Group B tourist, why then do Americans continue to stream abroad? Some psychiatrists write it off as simple masochism, and have even invented a term: The Inconvenience Collectors. But there are more rational explanations as well: Since travel abroad is held to be broadening, it is a good way to get rid of $2,250,000,000, which is what Americans are currently spending on foreign travel. Also, with the new jet planes, it is getting so fast that one can now hop a plane for Tokyo or Paris or London as a kind of short-order adventure, as one would cross a street to see what's on the other side. Perhaps one reason so many people are traveling abroad these days was given me by a woman I was trying to persuade to visit Athens.

"Well, maybe I will," she said pensively. "I always did want to be able to say I'd been to Greece."

Yet Americans should go abroad if they can, if only to find a basis of comparison for their own culture and civilization. The tourist who is willing to listen and observe and comprehend will find it a highly rewarding experience; particularly if he is willing to bone up a little before he leaves and find out something about the countries he intends to visit—where they are, what form of government they have, something of their customs and history and culture. This, of course, will put him squarely into Group A, but the results will be gratifying.

If, in addition, he is willing temporarily to forget the cup of American coffee, the dry Martini and Joe's steaks, keep out of the American enclaves in the big cities and roam around for himself, he will learn a great deal about the countries and peoples he visits. If not, he will at least learn a great deal about his fellow Americans. THE END

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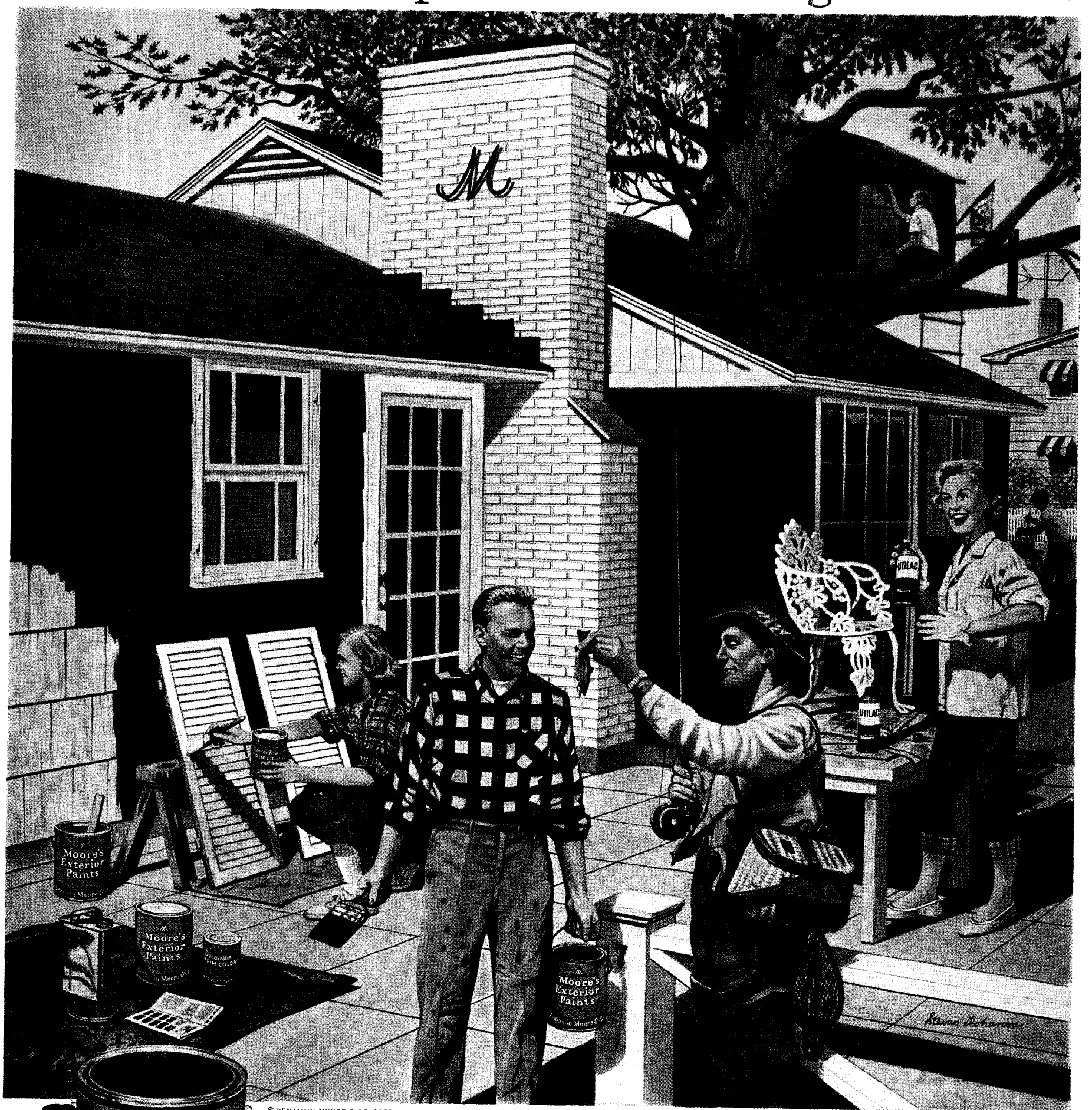

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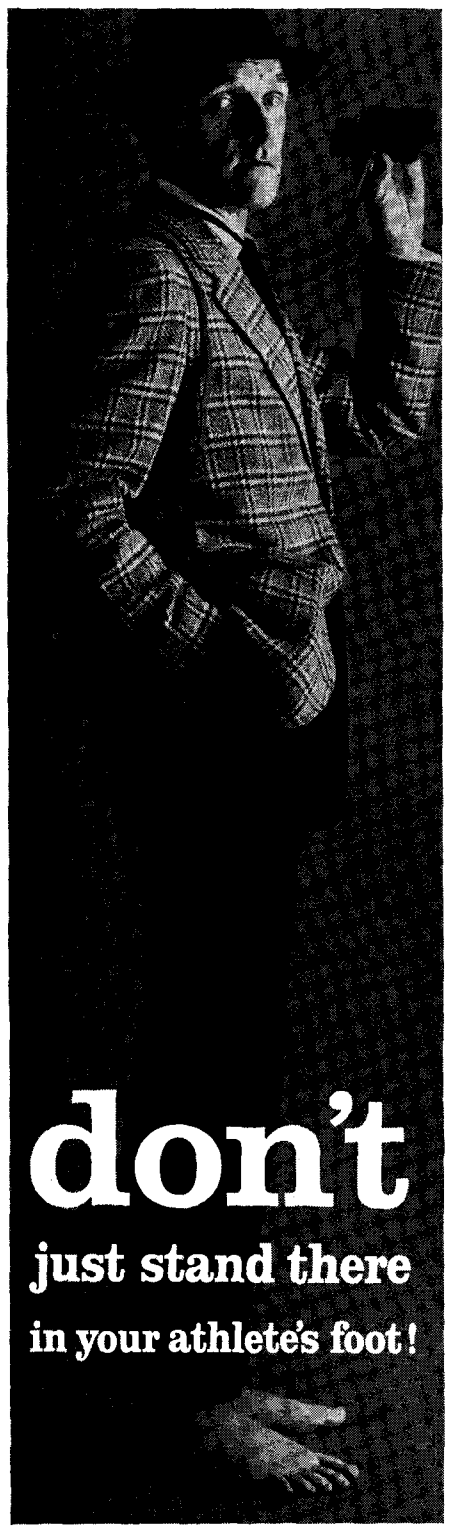

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Keeping Posted

The Lady Loves Islands

Girl reporter **Norma Lee Browning** was born in Trenton, Missouri, earned a master's degree in English literature from Radcliffe College, and for the past fifteen years has been reporting on Chicago's more unsavory citizens—fortunetellers, quack doctors, prostitutes, skid-row hillbillies—for the Chicago *Tribune*. She and her husband, photographer Russell Ogg, live in a converted wallpaper factory. Their hobby is island hopping and they have visited Tahiti, Bora-Bora, Samoa, Fiji, Bali, Hong Kong, Ceylon, Devil's Island, the Virgin Islands, the Netherlands West Indies and the Canary Islands. ("From the Canaries we went to Africa and took a native boat up the Niger to Timbuktu, just to make sure there really is such a place. There is, but you can have it.")

The Oggs discovered Mackinac Island, Michigan, last year when they went there to celebrate their anniversary. "But an island does something to me that is difficult to explain, and before I quite realized what was happening I was spending my anniversary vacation working on an island story." The result—MICHIGAN'S ISLAND INNKEEPER, page 38—is her first *Post* article.

The traveling Oggs begin trans-atlantic voyage at Chicago pier.

Good Old 1926

Juliet and Heather Jaffray with their halfway-hospitable father.

When poetry editor **Peggy Dowst Redman** reached Santa Barbara, California, on a recent West Coast trip, she rang the bell of versifier **Norman R. Jaffray,** who responded with the red-carpet treatment. "When I was leaving," says editor Redman, "he not only was gracious enough to assure me he'd enjoyed my visit but added, 'Besides, you've given me some ideas for verses.'" Presently Mrs. Redman's mail contained one of these ideas—a grumbly thing about guests who overstay their welcome, which may be found on page 77.

Jaffray insists that this curmudgeonlike attitude is merely a mask for his sentimental softness toward the fair sex, of which two young examples are shown in the picture at left. They are Jaffray's daughters Juliet, thirteen, and Heather, ten, and they have inspired many of their father's 427 contributions to this magazine.

"When I broke in, in 1926, POST SCRIPTS wasn't even POST SCRIPTS," our nostalgic poet recalls. "It was SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES. Ah-h, 1926. Scott and Zelda and the Ritz bar, Coolidge, Daddy Browning, Coué, mah-jongg, one-piece bathing suits, the Charleston, Jaffray breaking into *The Post*—gad, what an era!"

Tales of the Authors

Dublin, Ireland's **Brian Cleeve** serves up on page 30 a chivalrous Welsh sailor who aids a maiden in distress in a port on the Red Sea (BEAUTY IS THE PRIZE). "I was in the Red Sea a few times during the war as a sailor," Cleeve tells us, "and since as a passenger. I've stopped off in little ports like the one in the story and drunk Turkish coffee and mastic with sailors off the Arab dhows. I've caught the gist of stories that would be more fun than the Welsh knight if only Western printers hadn't rather stern ideas about what is decent to print and what is not." We do wish author Cleeve didn't have such stern ideas about Western printers.

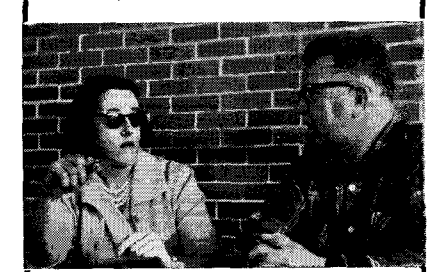
Since **Susan Morrow's** last *Post* appearance, she has published a suspense novel called *Murder May Follow*. Because of this avowal of her preoccupation with crime, her friends treat her gingerly, and her husband, Donald C. Fitch Jr., introduces her as Miss Morrow. "I haven't decided," says this citizen of Dallas, "whether that is a mark of respect or a disclaimer." Mystery-writer Morrow's story on page 26 (THE PERFECT MATE) deals with the mysteries of the fair sex.

We were pleased to learn that the 1960 Pulitzer prize for biography went to Rear Adm. **Samuel Eliot Morison,** USNR (Ret.), for *John Paul Jones*, a condensation of which appeared in our August 1, 1959, issue under the title, THE REAL JOHN PAUL JONES. It was the second Pulitzer for this distinguished Harvard historian, who reports that the roof caved in—literally—on the day the awards were announced in the papers. Morison had just left his study to show Mrs. Morison some congratulatory telegrams when—crash!—an antique chandelier and a ton of plaster ceiling ("in chunks like old tombstones") fell on the spot where he had been sitting. The admiral reckons that if his friends hadn't sent those telegrams of congratulations, they might have been obliged to write letters of condolence to his widow.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"My Friend, Trotsky's Assassin"

By MARION BELL WILHELM



An exclusive report from the only journalist granted interviews by Stalinist hatchetman "Jacques Mornard" during his long imprisonment in Mexico.

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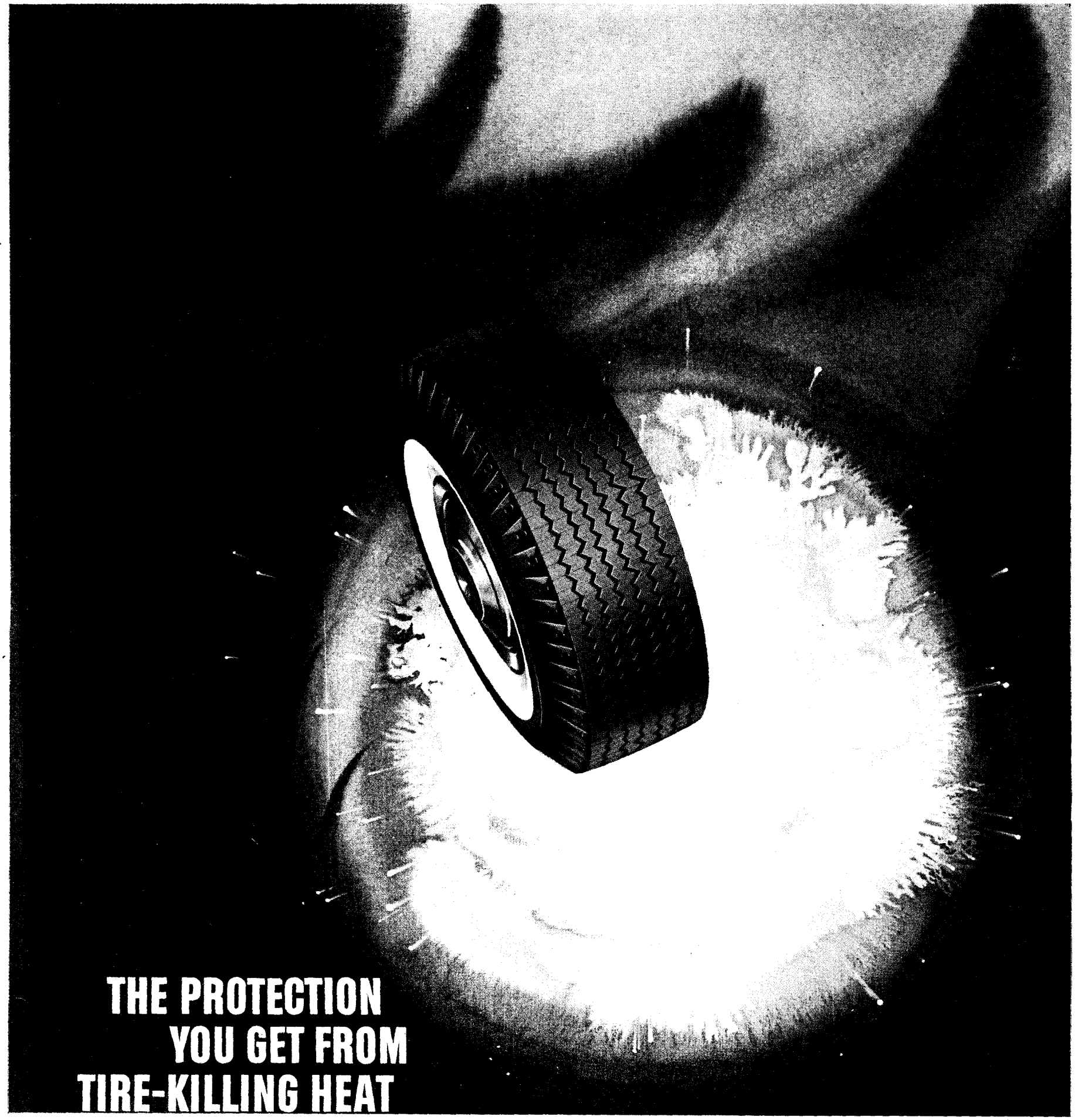

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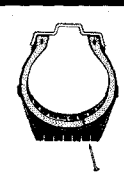

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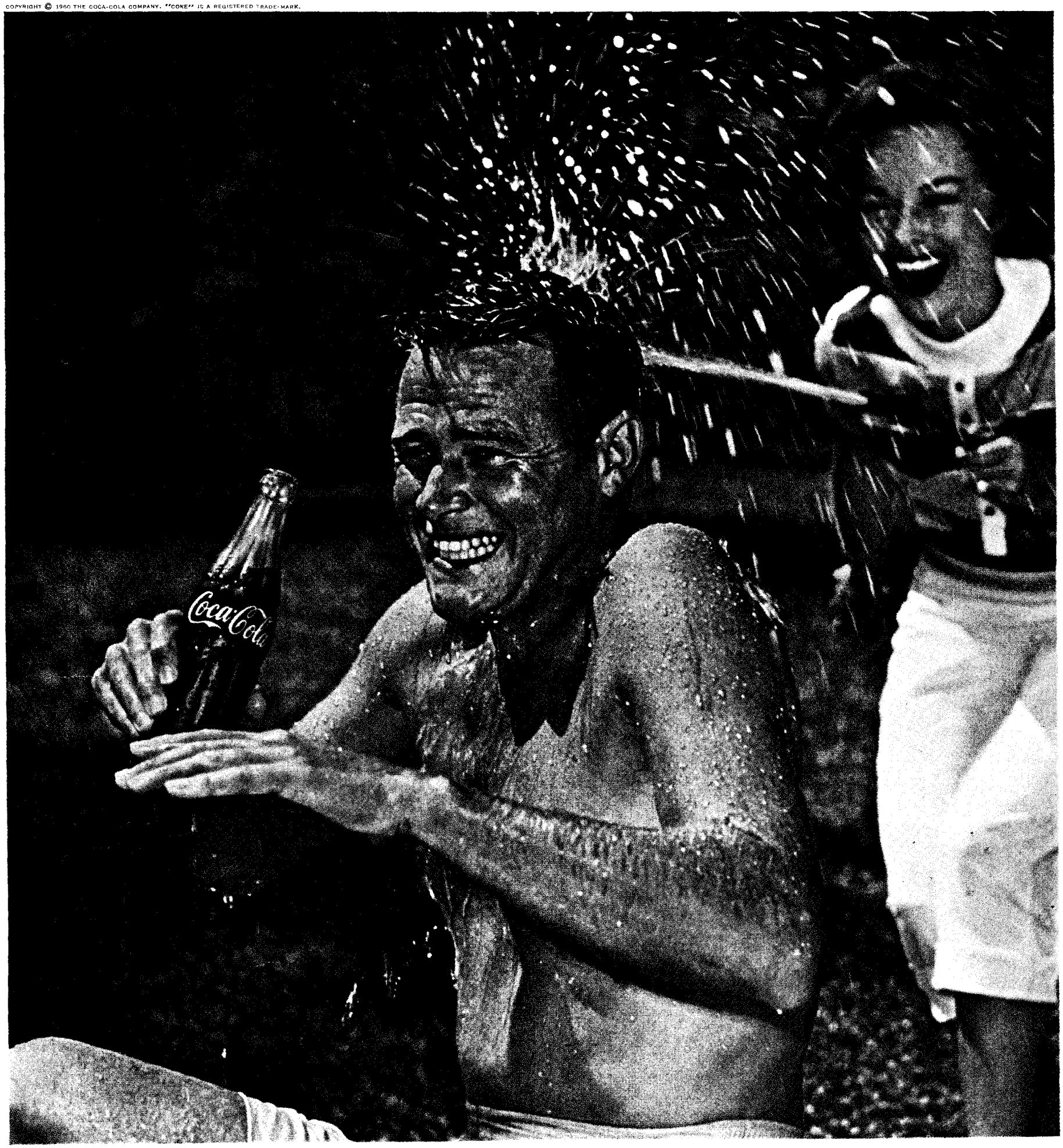

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